

Vol. 12

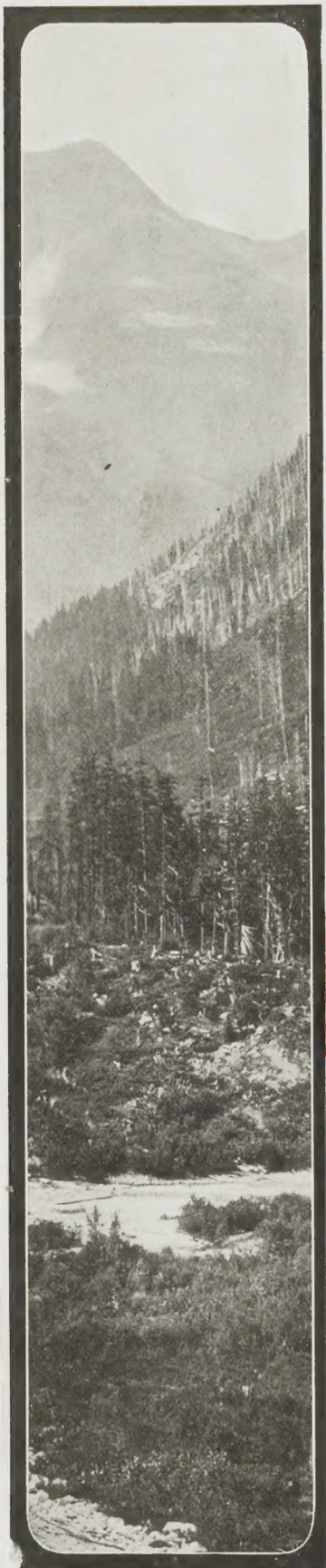
Western Home Monthly
1911
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THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

HOME PUBLISHING CO., WINNIPEG.

JANUARY, 1911.

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THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

Vol. XII.

Published Monthly

No. 1.

By the Home Publishing Co., McDermot and Arthur Sts., Winnipeg, Canada.

THE SUBSCRIPTION PRICE of the Western Home Monthly is \$1 per annum to any address in Canada, or British Isles. The subscription price to foreign countries is \$1.50 a year, and within the City of Winnipeg limits and in the United States \$1.25 a year.

REMITTANCES of small sums may be made with safety in ordinary letters. Sums of one dollar or more it would be well to send by registered letter or Money Order.

POSTAGE STAMPS will be received the same as cash for the fractional parts of a dollar, and in any amount when it is impossible for patrons to procure bills. We prefer those of the one cent or two cent denomination.

WE ALWAYS STOP THE PAPER at the expiration of the time paid for unless a renewal of subscription is received. Those whose subscriptions have expired must not expect to continue to receive the paper unless they send the money to pay for it another year.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—Subscribers wishing their addresses changed must state their former as well as new address. All communications relative to change of address must be received by us not later than the 29th of the preceding month.

WHEN YOU RENEW be sure to sign your name exactly the same as it appears on the label of your paper. If this is not done it leads to confusion. If you have recently changed your address and the paper has been forwarded to you, be sure to let us know the address on your label.

As Others See Us.

It is pleasing to note that our efforts to make the Western Home Monthly more and more acceptable to our readers' tastes are meeting with a ready response. Many of our friends have been kind enough to take the trouble of writing to us and expressing their appreciation of the way in which their favorite magazine is forging ahead, and gaining for itself such a high and enviable position in the magazine world. We are unable to resist the temptation of reproducing here a few of the many kind criticisms which have recently come to hand.

Thedford, Ont., December, 17, 1910.
To the Editor,

Western Home Monthly,
Winnipeg.

Sir:—I have been a reader of the Western Home Monthly for over a year, and am taking the liberty of telling you just what I think about your magazine. What specially appeals to me is the high moral status of the contributions. I greatly admire "The Young Man and His Problem," as I think the subject discussed is the greatest theme in the universe; namely, the young man. We may boast of the greatness of our nation from the standpoint of our educational institutions, also our agricultural products, shipping, and commerce, but they are all only secondary matters. The real basis of true greatness is the moral qualities of the people, and it is just here where the value of such an article appears, as it encourages the building up of all moral fibre in the youth of our rising nation. Just here let us ask ourselves the question, what makes the difference between the best man of a community and the worst? It is not education, it is not wealth measured by dollars and acres, it is the presence of moral qualities in the one, and the absence in the other. A ship with 3,000 horse power machinery, but no steering apparatus, is worse than useless, for you cannot control and guide it to any desired destination, for the power she possesses will drive her into the pier and destruction. Just so the man with a mighty intellect minus moral qualities; for instance, Lord Byron is evidence of this.

The article "The Young Woman and Her Problem" has a genuine ring and is of a high type. The matters discussed should be of interest to every young woman.

With reference to the editorials, I say all honor to the man who will not be yoked in thralldom to any political party. I admire the manner in which live problems of the day are discussed. There are few journalists who are not hampered in partisanship. Long live the Western Home Monthly to carry on the strife of the masses for the betterment of their conditions.

In a recent number I noticed a letter from a young man suggesting debating on some live problem of the day, for instance, woman suffrage. I heartily agree with the idea, and if this subject is discussed I should be glad to contribute a letter, showing why, in my opinion the franchise should not be extended to women. I think debating is very educational.

Yours truly, C. Medcoff.

Webb, Sask., November 12, 1910.
To the Editor,

Western Home Monthly,
Winnipeg.

Sir:—I have just been reading the October number of your magazine, and

found on page 39 a most interesting article, "The Economic Position of the Farming Communities," in which the writer offers his solution for solving the problem of social evils. I would like to make a few comments about this subject myself. Look about you, the products of labor are on every hand; you could not maintain for a moment a well ordered life without them. Every object in your room has in it for discerning eyes a mark for ingenious tools and the pressure of labor's hand. But is it not the cruelest injustice for the wealthy, whose lives are surrounded and embellished by labor's work, to have a superabundance of the money which represents the aggregate of labor? In every country the laborer is kept so busily at work that he has no time to acquire the education and refinement of life which would make him and his

family agreeable companions to the rich and cultured of the country. I shall look forward to seeing further articles of this description in forthcoming issues of your magazine.

I think that the Western Home Monthly improves with every issue, and there is no magazine which I anticipate with such pleasure as it.

Yours truly, A. G. Olsen.

Caron, Sask., November 22, 1910.

To the Editor,

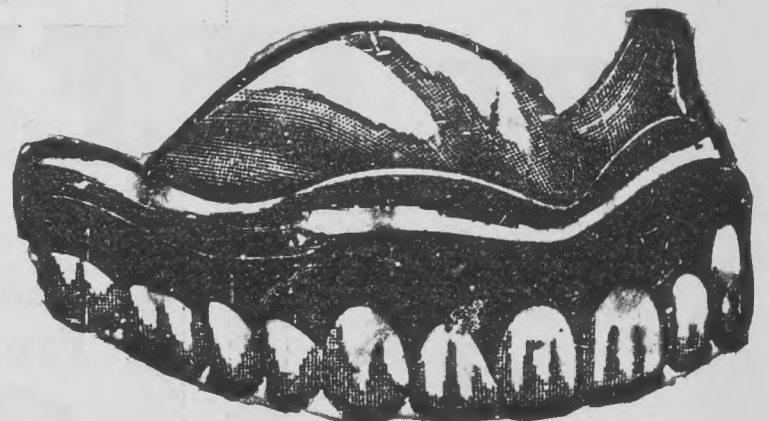
Sir:—Your paper comes to hand every month, and I must say we enjoy reading its columns very much. I was greatly interested and profited by your recent editorials on the Hudson Bay Railway and protection. Hope you will continue to hammer away at these monsters who are endeavoring to enrich themselves at our expense. Coal and lumber are two items which I would like to see you attack. The latter commodity is beyond reason.

"The Young Man and His Problem" is very interesting, as well as "The Philosopher," but we think the Correspondence Column falls a long way below the rest of your paper, which is excellent and entertaining.

Long may you continue your good work. A suggestion: Instead of the weaker sex spending their health on the suffrage, let them advocate homesteads for themselves. Would like to see the subject discussed. Another subject worthy of discussion is: How best can we assimilate the different nationalities into good Canadian citizens?

Hoping I have not trespassed on your valuable time, I remain,

Yours truly, A. E. Sturgeon.



If you require a new set of teeth or are not satisfied with the set you are wearing, consult our specialist in plate work. We are sure we can give you the best satisfaction it is possible to get in this line of work. Our plates range in price from \$10.00 upwards, and include every form of rubber or metal plate made. The metals usually used are gold and aluminum, both of which give the greatest comfort possible in plate work. This is due to the thinness, the strength, and the fact that the mouth is always cool, as in its natural state when the roof is not covered by anything. Patients using metal plates claim that they can taste and speak much better than with rubber. Ask to see our samples, which include a set of all porcelain gum teeth, the most natural and lifelike in appearance, as well as the strongest teeth made. Your teeth are a part of your body which are always in demand. You require them every time you smile, every time you speak, every time you eat, and wherever you go. Therefore, you require the best, and we are sure we have them. We have the equipment to make them perfectly, the experience to overcome difficulties, and the stock of teeth to select from. Therefore, why should we not be able to satisfy you?

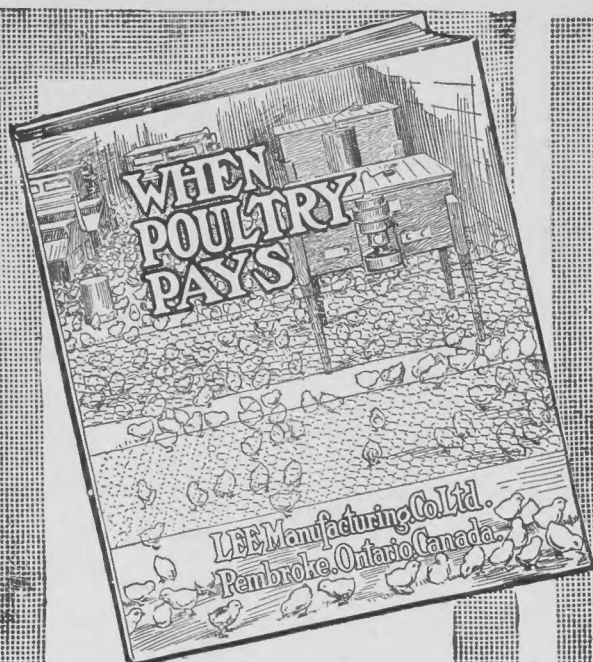
If you require teeth extracted before getting your plate, we have two methods, one which is absolutely painless, and the other by a local treatment, which, although it cannot be guaranteed to be perfectly painless in every case, is so in many cases, and in a large number of the remainder nearly so. At any rate you will be used gently, carefully and skilfully.

If you do not wish a plate, ask to see our samples of Alveolar and Bridge-work, by means of which you can have new teeth inserted without a plate, and have them as strong, comfortable, and durable as your own teeth. You couldn't distinguish from your own teeth after you had worn them three or four days. Do not be afraid of dental work. We will use you as gently and as carefully as it is possible to use a patient. Make up your mind now that you have got to have something done sometime, and the sooner, the easier and cheaper for yourself.

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LEE

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CO-OPERATION, the corner-stone on which The Peerless Way rests, is the factor that is building up the poultry industry in Canada,—is the factor that has made possible the big profits in this business. This book, "When Poultry Pays,"—the book that goes to you FREE on request—is a volume you cannot afford to be without if you are even the least bit interested in better-strain fowl, more eggs, higher prices, assured markets; in short, in

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market at highest prices—and for spot cash! That is an important part of the service. The Peerless Way guarantees absolutely to put you in touch with buyers who will take off your hands every cent's worth of your entire output at topnotch figures.

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15,000 Canadian poultrymen to the possibilities of the industry—and CAN show you. The Peerless



Way will show you the unequalled opportunity for extension that exists in the poultry business—how its numerous and varied branches are capable of rhythmic combination and unison; it will illustrate how the business may be adapted to your locality, either as an individual business of considerable size or as a work secondary to some other, either upon enlarged or confined limits.

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When you stop to consider how the prices of both poultry and eggs to the consumer have doubled within the last ten years, you can readily see that the market must be a tremendous money-maker for someone. Why should not you be among those who are taking the easy profits? You can be as successful as any poultry-raiser in Canada if you will only let The Peerless Way show you how—if you will only follow out our methods, and devote just a little time and more or less common-sense to the work. Poultry-raising is a long way from being over-done. One user of The Peerless Way sold nearly a quarter of a million fowl last year—over twenty-five carloads. And he started just as YOU can start—with practically no investment at all. Do not put this off—it only costs a two-cent stamp to know—write now for the book and the proof. Put the burden of proof up to us and make us prove our case—we can. Merely send the coupon.

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The Programme for 1911.

During the first two weeks of January, in numberless places of business throughout this country, managers and clerks will be engaged in the interesting business of taking stock. A week or so later, those in charge will be consulting the figures and laying their plans for next year's work, so that there may be greater returns for less expenditure of money and effort. Similarly, it will be quite in order for the people of any community to review the work of the year, and to plan for intelligent action in the year that is to come.

CONSERVING OUR RESOURCES.

One of the first lessons we have learned during the year is that if our country is to become permanently wealthy, and the people permanently happy, we must conserve our great national resources. The protest that has been made in many quarters against the dissipation of wealth has been heeded, and on every side there is a demand that the natural resources of the land be used not for the enrichment of the few, but for the good of all the people.

There is a demand, in the first place, that our forests be preserved to us. It is evident that unless the railroad companies are held responsible for the disastrous fires that have entailed millions of dollars loss to our people, matters will not grow better but worse. No corporation should enjoy any rights that are not equally shared by the humblest individual. If a private citizen, through carelessness or by design, were to set fire to the prairie or forest, he would be summarily dealt with. There is no reason whatever why legislation should not demand that great railway companies should exercise the same care and be subject to the same penalties as individuals.

Then our mines must be conserved for the people. The day of giving over great coal areas to the owners of capital has passed by. The member of parliament or legislature who will agree to any arrangement of this kind must be considered as a traitor to his country. No man has a right to a seat in the parliament of the nation whose first interest is not that of the people whom he represents. Most fortunately, in the legislatures of the nation and the provinces there is arising friction within the parties themselves, and in this there is some hope. What the people cannot get by right, they are going to get because of the jealous rivalry of opposing factions.

The fisheries of this country must become to us a great asset. The Fisheries Commission has done good work. We have yet the wealth of the great northern lakes, although the lakes near the centre of civilization are depleted. It is too bad that we must seek for a remedy after the damage is done, yet, if great care is exercised, perhaps we shall retrieve our position.

MANUFACTURES.

It is not enough that our resources be conserved. Our progress will depend upon our capacity for utilizing these resources. Manufacture must be encouraged; power must be developed. It seems that the best way to encourage manufacture is not by bolstering it up artificially, but by confining attention to those branches which may be operated more cheaply than in any other country. There is nothing to be gained by an unnatural policy: there is everything to be gained by focalizing our efforts on the things that we can do.

INTELLIGENCE.

But even though our natural resources are conserved to us, and though manufactures are established it will not follow that we shall become a great people. A wise writer has said that "no nation

ever attained to permanent greatness in art, science, literature, or politics, which derived its wealth too easily from the soil." There is just a possibility that, with us, wealth is too easily obtained, and that our people may degenerate for this very reason. In the long run the permanent welfare of a nation depends upon the character of its people. The first characteristic that they should possess is intelligence. An ignorant and superstitious people cannot attain to distinction, but where people know clearly what has been done in other parts of the world, and where they are free to benefit by racial experience, they are bound to make progress. It follows that schools of general culture and technical schools of every kind must be established if the nation is to live up to its opportunities. In the leading technical schools of Great Britain, the United States, and Germany, there are to be found men from China, Japan and Corea studying diligently day by day

THE NEW YEAR

By Mrs William G Matheson

He stands at the door—but his face is veiled
From our wistful eyes—with the yearning gaze,
And he bears in his hands—the mooring lines—
That sends on their voyage—the coming days

Would you peer neath that veil—so dark—to know
What the New Year brings for your heart to bear?
Would you scan his chart for the hidden shoals?
Ah no! we just pray—that the way may be fair.

For we trust the Pilot—who holds the wheel,
He can still the waves—on the troubled main,
He will bring his own—to the "harbor buoys"—
Till the ripples of Time—turn back again.

While He steers the course of the rolling years—
We are safe—no matter what wind prevails,
And we'll have no fears at the morning's dawn
When the New Year looses—the thrashing sails.

in order to carry back to their native lands the best that is known, so that these countries may lead in the competition of the world. It is only a few years and we shall find the east the greatest rival that we have. It has such a population and such a wealth of resource, that unless our people lead in intelligence we shall find that we must cease to be the dominating power in the world, and this will apply not to trade and commerce alone. In every field of endeavor we shall be outstripped. It is of the utmost importance then, that our activities from the lowest to the highest should be grounded in intelligence. This means to us very much more than the establishment of the poorest kind of elementary schools in the country. It means well-equipped high schools, and the very best of technical schools in connection with the Universities. Any cheap-John policy may be pleasing to those who do not look beyond their own immediate interests, but it is nationally ruinous. It will not make for permanent stability.

BEAUTY.

If we are to become permanently great we must become refined. The character of all our productions must be dominated by this thought of refinement. The soul of a man comes out as he beautifies what he has created. In a country so rich in material wealth, we are apt to overlook this element of beauty. We cease to feel and to enjoy because we make no room for the appreciation of the lovely and the artistic. It must be a point with us to surround our children with all that is beautiful in speech, in thought, and in deed. There must be beauty of environment in the homes, and on the streets, and in all places of business, otherwise we shall continue to be, in our own eyes and in the eyes of the world, a low-grade people. It is particularly necessary for us to keep this point in mind. Though savage races first sought decoration and then dress, it is the very opposite with people like ourselves. We first endeavor to obtain the means of subsistence and then to guarantee ourselves against future mishap by amassing fortunes. Consequently we become worldly and gross. This will never lead to permanent excellence, for excellence depends primarily upon what we are, and not upon what we have.

MORALITY.

Even though the conditions mentioned have been fulfilled, a truly ambitious nation must go a step further. It must be imbued with morality. In the long run, it is the conduct of people that establishes their place in the world. Therefore, in all our institutional life, we must emphasize right doing, right living. This does not mean that our homes and our schools shall devise systems of moral instruction, but that they must insist upon consistent moral practices. Nor is morality a term that is limited in its application to the individual. It has reference to institutions, to corporations, to governments. One of the greatest needs today is that in our political life, and even in our religious life, the people should become thoroughly honest and upright. Behind the exploitation of natural resources, and behind the greed of manufacturers, there is the wrong mental attitude which permits these things. The cure for any ill is not in superficial coercive legislation, but in the regulation of the passions and the appetites of men. It is therefore necessary in our schools and churches and homes, that first importance be attached to moral culture.

CO-OPERATION.

But even if our resources are conserved to us, and if they are developed through manufacture, and even though personal righteousness is secured, our people have yet another step to take. They must become co-operative in the highest sense. They must recognize that no man can live to himself. He must live for others, and he must be free to benefit from the labors of others. There is a socialism which is not the result of coercion by law, but the outcome of voluntary self-sacrifice. This is the kind of socialism that we would see in every place in our land. It is that socialism which is included in the phrase, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," and this seems to be the only socialism that is worth while preaching or practicing. If, then, during the year 1911, our country is to make progress, it must be along these lines. We must take all the treasures that kind Nature has given us; we must preserve them for our own people; we must utilize them to our best ability; and in using them we must be guided by intelligence, and dominated by ideals of beauty and morality. And in all things we must learn to make progress together without class distinction, class hatred, or division of any kind.



The above picture was made from a negative on a WELLINGTON 'Xtra Speedy Plate, and the half-tone from a print on Carbon Bromide.

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White Dress Linen, 44in. wide, soft finish, .48c yard. Coloured Linen, 44in. wide, 50 shades, .48c yard. Heavy Canvas Linen, in colours, 48in. wide, .42c yard.

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Ladies' All Linen Hemstitched Handkerchiefs, $\frac{1}{2}$ x $\frac{1}{2}$ in. hems, .84c doz. Ladies' Linen Handkerchiefs, hemstitched with drawn thread border, \$1.08 doz. Gent's Linen Hemstitch Handkerchiefs, $\frac{1}{2}$ in. hem, \$1.66 doz.

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Ladies' Nightdresses from .90c ea. Chemises trimmed embroidery, .56c ea. Combinations, \$1.08 each. Bridal Trousseau, \$32.04. Lingerie, \$15.00. Irish Lace goods direct from workers at very moderate prices.

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Gentlemen's Collars, made from our own linen, from \$1.18 doz. Dress Shirts, "Matchless" quality, \$1.42 each. Zephyr, Oxford, and Flannel Shirts, with soft or stiff cuffs and soft fronts, at manufacturers' prices.

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The Scarecrow.

A Fantasy. By Alec Lambie.

THAT was a pleasant shower," said the scarecrow to himself. "So sudden, so fresh and, withal, so cool! The song of the robin and the lilt of the lark are not more welcome. No weather like April weather. A light breeze, a bright sky, a streaky cloud in the west. A sudden shadow, a swish of raindrops and the sun in the tail of the shower again, like a marriage gift in the pocket of a lover. To feel the joy of it all is to be more than recompensed for the long, weary winter's incarceration in the dusty hay loft. Truly, the vernal impulse is beyond question, the most tranquillizing thing in Nature. The oat in its husk, the bee in its hive, the wild duck and the swallow flying north, all feel its genial influence as much as does this old withered form — this battered and weather-stained piece of masculinity I call myself."

"Everyone who is at all observant must have noticed that we scarecrows are a profoundly meek and modest race, and that, like all other servitors of man, we are each of us endowed with our own particular degree of sense and sensibility. To this broad rule I profess myself no exception. Although duty invariably compels us to wear a ferocious aspect, I am, nevertheless, at heart as mild and gentle as the burnished dove. The clothes that adorn my somewhat angular anatomy, and the hat which, with unmistakable artistry protects my venerable locks, proclaim, in no uncertain manner, the transparent simplicity of my life and the amiable quality of my sentiments. Indeed, I am disposed to have it accounted unto me for righteousness, rather than matter for self-condemnation and reproach, that I hold the fashions of today in light esteem. I cannot but admit that those of yesterday have an irresistible fascination for me. Rather a thousand times would I prefer to hold true to the customs, forms, manners and dress of yesterday than trick myself out in all the gay absurdities of the hour. How often have I beguiled the solitude of moonless nights, in sad-eyed contemplation of the apathetic attitude of present-day people towards the dress and ceremonies of their fathers and mothers? When I reflect that what is the joy and pride of one generation, becomes, inevitably, the pet aversion of the next, I confess to a boyish desire to put my tongue in my cheek. But, after all, the difference between my point of view and theirs is not to be stated with the gravity of a clown in a circus ring. For the truth is, most people dress to create a good impression, whilst I dress to create a bad one. Of my own success there can be no question, but, in the language of Dave Carruthers, "I hae my doots about their's."

"Yesterday was my first day in the open this spring. As usual, my long imprisonment had reduced me to the condition of a frosted bean-sheaf. I was wilted and woe-begone. Today, thanks to the genial April breezes, I am already beginning to fill out a little. But I must guard against any expansive tendency in my general appearance. No self-respecting scarecrow, I am convinced, would ever think of cultivating a rotund form. A lean and hungry aspect is the one adorable quality of our race: our hall-mark and patent-office number, our cover design and frontispiece.

"It was early morning when Dave Carruthers, otherwise known as "Westerha," brought me down from the dim regions of the hay-loft, and set me in this pleasant corner of the field, over-looking the river. I had not seen the old man for many months. He was bright and cheerful as ever, but his appearance served to confirm a belief I had previously entertained, namely, that he was guilty of occasional lapses in the matter of sobriety. From various expressions I had overheard in the field, I was aware of a secret sorrow that gnawed like a canker, at the old man's heart. It required no great stretch of fancy, therefore to connect the one circumstance with the other.

But there was no sign of trouble in his face as he raised me upon his shoulder and started across the yard. Indeed, before he was clear of the farm buildings he was humming one of his favorite tunes.

"Aye work awa, my frien', aye work awa;
'Mang the simmer sunshine, and the cheerless snaw;
Never lippen to yer frien's, though they may loudly blaw,
Help yersel' where'er ye gang, and aye work awa."

"Westerha's song ceased as he entered the field, but in a little he began to speak his thoughts aloud:

"He's comin' hame! He's comin' hame!" he mused with evident enjoyment. 'Do you hear that, you auld bogle? He's comin' hame! It's eight lang years since we parted, but there's an end to grief at last, — and he's comin' hame! Haud up your heid, you puir misshapen bundle o' clouts, "Mang the simmer sunshine and the cheerless snaw." Let me tell you, my frien', it was a cauld day and a bleary ane when Magnus went oot frae amang us. Nae blither lad e'er stepped ahin a ploo, till that feckless, faithless limmer jilted him on the very night we met to celebrate the waddin'. Magnus, puir callan, took his trouble without a word, but eh! the heart o' him was wae! and, like a shadow across the face of the harvest moon, he drifted oot o' oor ken. But even as he went the judgment o' God was on the track o' his heartless queen. Her rinagate loon proved as wicked and as cruel as hersel'. And within a year she and her bairn cam' back to spend her last hours in the hame she had done her best to wreck. The laddie, I'm free to admit, has been a source o' comfort through it a', but what have I tawld you? Magnus has written and there's an end to a' oor grief at last. He's comin' hame! He's comin' hame!"

"As Dave concluded, I spied from the vantage point of his own broad shoulder, two boys start from the farmplace towards the wood on the right of the field we were traversing. Something in their manner told me that they did not desire to attract the attention of Westerha. The wood was separated from the field by hawthorn and beech hedgerow. Behind this the youngsters ensconced themselves for a little, then proceeded to creep along the edge of the wood towards the angle of the field of which, (I say it with unassumed humility,) I am the sole warden. By the time that Dave had set me in mine own appointed place, the boys had reached a point immediately behind us. Westerha did not return by the way he had come, but dropped over the fence on to the roadway and proceeded along the river path. Not till he was out of view did the lads venture to speak above a whisper. It was Hugh, the old man's protege, who broke the silence:

"I aye said I wad dae it, Tam," he exclaimed. "Last summer I often thoct aboot gettin' an auld pair o' shoon for the scarecrow. It seemed gey cruel to let the puir chap stann' nicht and day in the field without onything on his feet. Hoo wad you like to be treated like that yersel', Tam? Juist tell me, Nannie, the hooosekeeper, says it was wet feet that gaed her the sair hoast that keeps her at hame frae the kirk on sawbath. I'm thinkin' a tattie bogle wi' a hoast like Nannie's would be a fearsome thing? What do you say, Tam? Often at night when the raid played dire on the window, I used to lie and think of the puir bogle shiverin' in the field. Ane I dreamed I saw him cow'rin under the hedge, blae and chitterin', his een stelled in his heid and glourin' like a tabbie-cat in a damp cellar. I minded this when I saw grandfeyther carry him doon frae the hay loft this mornin', and sae I slipt into the hooose and brocht this awld pair o' Sunday buits. I ettled to bring a pair o' stackin's forbye, but Nannie kind o' jaloused I was up to some mischief. She watched me over her specks like a weasel watchin' a rabbit; and when the hooosekeeper looks that gait it's time to steek the door

on the outside, I dandered out, but I brocht away the buits to prove she's no sae gleg as she thinks, wee thing, she is."

"There was now no danger that westerha' would detect their presence, accordingly Hugh crawled through a gap in the hedge, dragging the boots behind him. Tam followed a moment later. They made directly towards me with their backs bent. With the haste of a pair of rabbit poachers laying a net under cloud of night, they proceeded to put the frayed ends of my trousers into the boots. I cannot honestly say, however, that I experienced a single pleasurable sensation throughout this performance. Indeed, my esthetic sense of the fitness of things received rather a rude shock when I indulged in a furtive glance at my extremities. I had become so decidedly respectable that, with the addition of an eyeglass, I felt I might easily have been mistaken for one of Armour's true-blue hunting aristocrats crawling out of a ditch. However, I was fain to excuse the deed because of the humane, I might almost say tender, sentiment by which it was actuated. Their mission fulfilled, Tam and Hugh turned to go. It is doubtful if they observed my lips move, or were cognizant of a bosom heaving under the influence of an almost poignant emotion; but in the moment of their departure, I had the happy inspiration to invoke a bogle's benediction. It is seldom that this act of blessing is performed nowadays, but, (and they may laugh who will,) it is a well-attested fact that no harm can befall the recipient of such an expression of goodwill.

"The day passed without further incident, sunshine and shower filling the interval with that uncertain glory which is the inalienable heritage of April. Towards evening I was attracted by the sound of someone singing on the road-way. It was a man's voice, strong and clear, yet of a melting quality and fullness of tone seldom heard on the King's broad highway. As the singer approached I began to distinguish the words of his song."

* * * * *

"And the wild waves cleft behind us
Seem to murmur as they flow,
There are kindly hearts that wait you
In the land to which you go."

"He stopped at the fence; and while he proceeded with the chorus of his song, he honored me with a searching glance. I naturally returned it with a fixed stare. Somehow I had a creepy feeling that this tramp had designs upon my apparel. I fervently hoped he was not attracted by my coat. The truth is, I didn't specially prize this particular article of attire; but I have been compelled, from motives of policy, to change it so often that I am in imminent danger of being taken for a politician. So far as our respective garments were concerned, there was little to choose between us. I say it with reluctance, but I honestly believe, that my own appearance would have been considered by any unprejudiced observer as, at least, a degree less outrageous. The newcomer could not be more than thirty; he was big and broad-shouldered, but his unkempt beard and massy head of hair made his age a matter of mere conjecture."

"My friend," said he with great cordiality when he had concluded his song. "It almost appears to me that we have met before. The cut of your coat and the unhappy manner in which your trousers fall away at the knees, support me in this belief. Was it at the club, I wonder; or the theatre; do you think? Neither? You deny the soft impeachment? Well, perhaps it was only a chance resemblance to myself that caused me to think we were no strangers to each other. Certainly, the gay nature of your habiliments, or properly speaking, your general sartorial effect, gave the impression of a familiar acquaintance. Believe me, it is so long since I had the pleasure of meeting a person of such a prepossessing exterior and suavity of manner that I am disposed to improve the shining hour by establishing a somewhat closer intimacy. If you will be so condescendingly obliging, therefor, old chap, as to overlook the fact that I neglected

to send in my card by the butler, I will drop over the fence at once. There is just a possibility that we may find some thing to admire in each other before we separate. Not to put it too bluntly, I hope to be able to persuade you to part with an upper or nether garment. Mark you, I do not desire that we should do this after the sordid fashion of two miserable Jew pedlars. But, hang it all, as a bona fide exchange transaction between two gentlemen, and solely on the ground of mutual advantage. But what is this? A scarecrow with a pair of boots? Sir, I am a mild man, accustomed to put things in simple, temperate, double-refined, sugar-coated phraseology; but, sir, this giddy, immodest, frivolous departure from ancient custom takes the inevitable biscuit! My inner conscience forces me to a sudden resolution. For the sake of the social amenities, I verily believe I must relieve you of your footwear. I do not doubt your clothes are of incalculable service to you in the exercise of your calling. But inasmuch as they are somewhat oldfashioned and out of date, it is my gracious will and pleasure that you retain these for the present."

A moment sufficed for this genial wayfarer to relieve me of my boots. Seated close behind me he proceeded to kick off his own and substitute "Westerha's" less worn pair. Scarcely had he completed the exchange when the sound of wheels on the hard road made him look up. Rising at once and running half the distance which lies between me and the hawthorn and beech hedgerow, he halted suddenly. Pushing his hat well back on his head and raising the collar of his coat over his ears, he stood stiffly balancing himself on one leg, his hands thrust deep in his trousers pockets. His attitude, which was obviously meant to caricature my own, was so manifestly grotesque that it was with difficulty I succeeded in suppressing a chuckle. At this moment a polo-cart, in which were seated two men, came into view. Surprise spread upon their features at sight of two scarecrows placed in such close juxtaposition. One of the occupants was Dave Carruthers, the other a neighbor farmer. Both had been imbibing "not wisely but too well" and they viewed the curious spectacle with alarm.

"Westerha," said the younger man, as he brought the horse to a stand close by the fence. "Just take a keek over yonder and tell me what you see. I'm mair than hauf persuadit my een are deceivin' me."

"I perceive—I behold," Dave stammered, hardly prepared to admit the truth. "Indeed, Rab Struthers, I see naething byordnar, but I ken what you think I see."

"Then," said the other, though more to himself than his companion. "I'm no' juist the wastrel I was beginning to think masel'. As an honest man and faither o' a family, I wad ask you, Dave Carruthers, for what purpose you have placed twa bogles in this corner o' your field?"

"Twa bogles, Rab Struthers?" Westerha exclaimed as if he had mistaken the cause of his companion's apprehension. "I tell you there's but ane. Wi' my ain hands I installed him there this mornin'. Take my advice and don't think too much about this illusion, Rab. I've been like that masel' mony a time."

"Although you're an older man than me, Dave," his companion returned, "I wandna permit you to say you can ploo a straughter furrow, or carry a glass to your mou with a steadier haun' than I dae masel'. It's near the gloamin' but you canna' persuade me I don't see twa bogles where you say there aucht only to be ane."

"You display a contentious speerit, Rab," the old man complained. "But I trust I can affix the blame in the proper quarter. You remind me of a story I ance heard aboot twa blithe fellows like corsels that wandered into the strangers' gallery in the Hoose o' Commons. 'I canna see the Speaker,' says one. 'Dod, man!' says the tither, 'that's maist extraordinar' for I can see twa.' And Westerha' laughed immoderately at the obvious moral which adorned his tale."

"Gin you put it like that, Westerha'," answered Struthers somewhat nettled



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by the other's obstinacy, "there's but one way to convince you."

He sprang from the polocart and proceeded to tie the reins to a fence post. Perceiving his intention Westerha' likewise clambered down. Rab was the first to essay the fence. The several lines of wire of which it was composed sagged considerably with the weight of his hands and feet. He mounted with difficulty to the fourth strand. As he was on the point of throwing his right leg over the topmost wire, however, his left wriggled unsteadily for a moment and he dropped to the road again. But success crowned his next attempt. He now signified to Dave his intention of assisting him across the barrier. Several times Westerha' rose upon the unstable strands but fell heavily back at each turn. With the desperate intention of dragging him over at the next attempt, Rab mounted the inner side of the fence and laid hold of the collar of his coat. For a time they hung in the balance swaying backward and forward. After a mighty effort they at length found themselves on the same side of the line. But it was Rab who had returned; not Dave who had clambered over. Standing in the roadway they glared at each other for a moment. Struthers happening suddenly to lift his gaze across the field uttered a startled exclamation. Beyond all doubt there was now but one scarecrow! While the farmers busied themselves trying to clear the fence, my friend the tramp had darted behind the hedge, the gap

before he plunged he succeeded in ridding himself of his worst incumbrance—his boots. When he rose he lay inertly on the surface for a moment, his hands clasping his head. In the deepening twilight he had not noted a tiny ripple at the point where he dived, and he had struck his head a fearful blow on a hidden rock. Blood now streamed through his hands and dyed the surface of the water. Recovering himself he spread out his arms and with all the energy of which he was capable swam to where the boy struggled in midstream. He reached him and caught him in a strong grasp. The blood from his wound almost blinded him, but he struck for the bank with skilful overhand strokes. A low, branching elder offered a safe landing place and he made directly towards it. Hugh, frightened and gasping, clutched at a limb and dragged himself ashore. His rescuer, faint from loss of blood and breathless from sudden exertion, clung for a little to one of the succouring branches. But even as he waited for renewed strength his head suddenly fell forward, his arms relaxed, and his hands slipped from the limb. The eddying current carried him twice in a wide circle, then flung him out, like a bit of wreckage, to where in midstream the torrent leapt and danced in heartless glee.

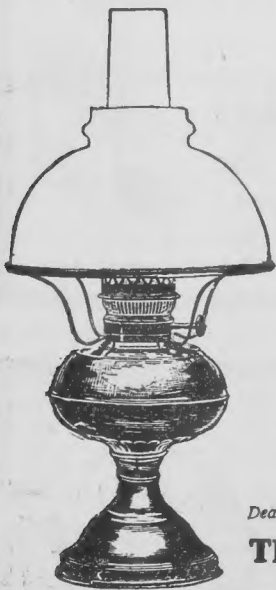
There has been diligent search for the body of the tramp, but it will never be found, I fear; already it is sunk in



(Photo. "Canadian Alpine Journal, 1910.")
 The Bank, St. Pierre, July 8th, 1902.

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made by Hugh offering a ready means of escape.

"It's gay queer," said Rab, "but I truly thought there were two."

"To be quite honest, I had some doots masel' admitted Dave with a glance in my direction. "I now perceive—I now behold,—in fact, we hae been deceivin' oorsels."

They got into the polo-cart again and clattered along the road towards Westerha'. Two minutes later the tramp re-appeared in the gap of the hedge. Crossing towards the fence he wriggled through between two of the strands and reached the road. As he struck towards the bridge he resumed his song:

"Twice a thousand miles behind us,
 And a thousand miles before
 Ancient ocean heaves to bear us
 To that well-remembered shore;
 New-born breezes swell to waft us
 To our childhood's balmy skies
 To the glow of friendly faces
 To the light of loving eyes."

His words had scarcely died away when I saw Tam Struthers, the companion of Hugh, rise suddenly from the bank of the river and run screaming towards him. The two boys had been fishing all afternoon and were making their way home. Tempted, however, by the sight of a trout sporting close to the banks, Hugh had decided upon a final cast. In his eagerness, he had fallen into the river and was now drifting towards the further shore. At the alarm, the tramp ran down the path with the speed of a deer, tearing off his rags and throwing them away as he went. Just

the cruel embrace of the ocean. Last night, while the search was going forward, Westerha' had an experience from which it will take him many days to recover. He was returning home about midnight with a lantern in his hand, when he stumbled upon an old coat, a hat and a pair of boots. The moment he saw the boots he knew them for his own.

"I kenned there was something gey mysterious afoot tonight," he groaned, "and somehow, I feared for Magnus. It's beyond the poorer o' man to explain every manifestation o' Providence, but something tells me that this nameless wayfarer was my ain boy. I know it, I feel it. Wae's me! I'm just like a man in a big room when a' the lights are doused. I ken nae what to dae or where to turn. Oh! Magnus! Magnus! my callan, but my heart is wae!"

Ha! there goes the sun behind a cloud again! Swish! I can see the raindrops dancing on the river. In a moment they will be here. There they come across the road and over the fence. Truly, there is no weather like April weather, my friends. The song of the robin and the lilt of the lark are not more welcome.

*One of the artists of Punch, famous for his sketches of the hunting-field.

Money—The root that most men are willing to dig for, regardless of soiled hands.

Bongoline.

The Story of an Advertisement. By W. Freeman.



HE car, with a hic-cough, came to an abrupt halt by the side of the road. I was alone, and because the machine was new, unfamiliar with its mechanism.

I climbed down, and had been tinkering about for ten minutes without the slightest success, when a gate on my right clanged, and a stoutly-built man of about fifty, with rubicund cheeks, diminutive whiskers, and a general air of having himself and the universe well in hand, approached.

"In difficulties?" he inquired.

"Yes."

"Don't quite know what to make of her—hey!"

"Not exactly," I confessed.

"Better let me send my chauffeur" (he pronounced it "shuffer") to overhaul the works; he's somewhere about here. And while he's doing it come in and make yourself comfortable."

"I am extremely grateful," I said, as indeed I was, "and if it isn't trespassing on your kindness too much—"

"Lord, no! I'm in the mood to offer the hand of friendship to all creation just now. What do you think of our decorations?"

He had led me though the gate, and we faced a big, sober stone building, decked with strings of flags and Chinese lanterns. The effect was startling—as startling as the spectacle of a bishop in tights and spangles.

"Very fine!" I said.

My host turned to send a boy who was passing with a message to the chauffeur. Then he looked at me again and smiled.

"Considerin' how the thing ended, it's not surprisin', is it? And it was a bully advertisement while it lasted!"

"True," I said. I had not the slightest idea as to his meaning, but illumination might come to me, as to the lanterns, in due course.

He led the way into the house. Here also the flag-and-lantern combination prevailed. In a snug little smoking-room he produced chairs, cigars, a syphon, and an open tantalus.

"Now," he said, "did you know what I was drivin' at, or was it swank?"

"Swank," I admitted.

"Thought so. Then, sir, your ignorance is amazin'!"

"I am only just home from South Africa," I said meekly.

"Then, since you're my guest till the car's repaired, perhaps you'll allow me to improve your education."

I expressed my gratitude, wondering meanwhile at the accent, that was neither English nor American, but an unequal mixture of both.

"Very well, then. When I tell you that my name is Bosking, I suppose I needn't offer a visitin' card as well?" he remarked.

"Bosking's Beneficent Bongoline," I murmured.

"Exactly! 'May be taken internally and externally with confidence and pleasure from the age of eight months to eighty years.' That's me!"

A memory of certain painfully vivid advertisements crossed my mind. My host chuckled, and bent to select a cigar. Through the window we had a distant glimpse of the road. Already it was strewn with disconnected fragments of my car, among which the chauffeur was grovelling happily.

"You must understand," said Mr. Bosking, leaning back in his chair, "that I came from New York about six years ago with the notion of galvanising this blessed little backyard of a country into appreciating the beauties of Bongoline. Mamie came with me. She's my adopted daughter (her mother refused me nine times, and then married a brute who broke her heart)—and a peach! She was nearly fifteen at the time, and I reckoned that if she was going to be left anything of a pile, she ought to have an education to match. I'd heard that Paris was the only place that could give

the final polish, and I shipped her over with an old lady who called herself a Marquise to lay in the latest thing in accomplishments, while I stayed here to try and lick a little business into a big one. My, but you're a conservative crowd where a novelty's concerned! However, by the time Mamie was twenty, Bongoline was just beginning to be talked about, and I'd got a factory running in the north, and a wholesale depot in London.

"I'd been over to Paris a good many

times to see Mamie, and I'd bought this house and fitted it up in style against the time when she would be coming back for good. Last Christmas she came—the finished article!"

Mr. Bosking stared gloomily into the fire for several moments. Then the gravity of his face relaxed a little.

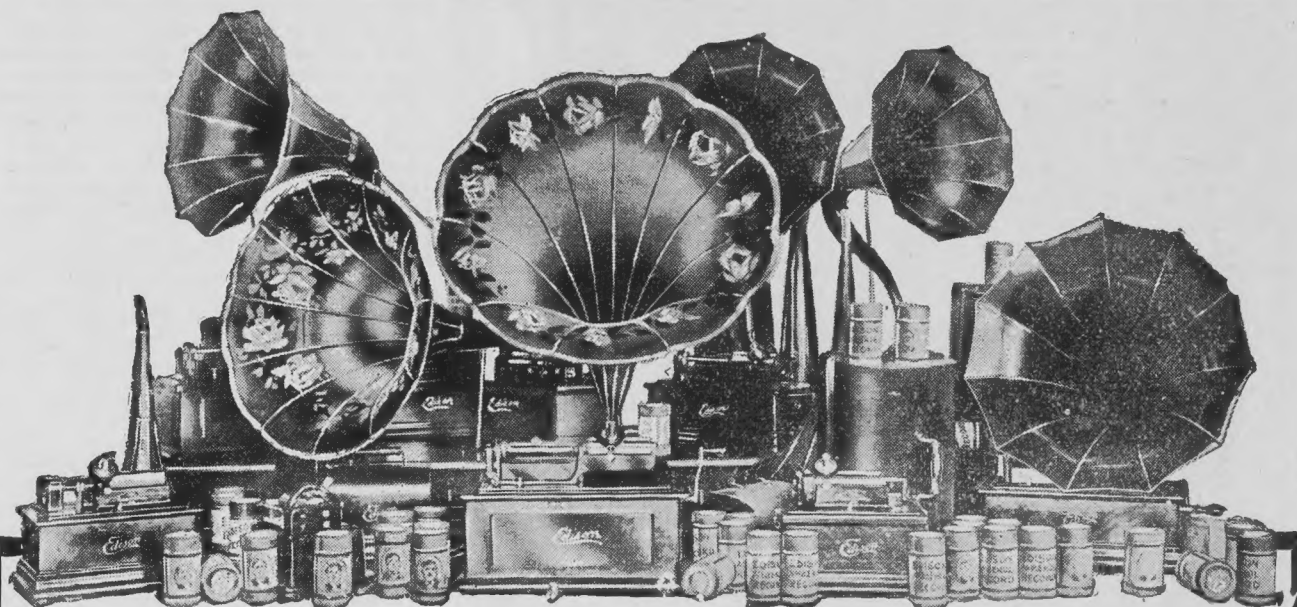
"You'll believe me when I say that I don't set myself up to be a critic of Society. I'm an ignorant man myself, but that's no reason why Mamie shouldn't speak French and German. But they'd taught her a darn sight too much. A princess couldn't have turned up her nose in the style Mamie did when she saw the house and furniture, and watched the way I dressed, and fed, and spoke! And as for Bongo-

line, she said the mere sound of the word made her ill, and she wouldn't touch a bottle of it if she were at the point of death! That trade of any sort was vulgar and debasin', and that dealin' in a patent medicine was the most vulgar and debasin' of all! Lord—but she said what she thought, forgettin' that she owed every blessed thing, schoolin' included to Bongoline!"

He took his cigar from his mouth, and right at all! But I put up with that, and more, without grumblin', thinkin'

"It warn't right, you know, it warn't contemplated it thoughtfully.

perhaps that things would improve, until after Easter, when, havin' gone on a yachtin' tour with some of her high-class friends, she comes back again



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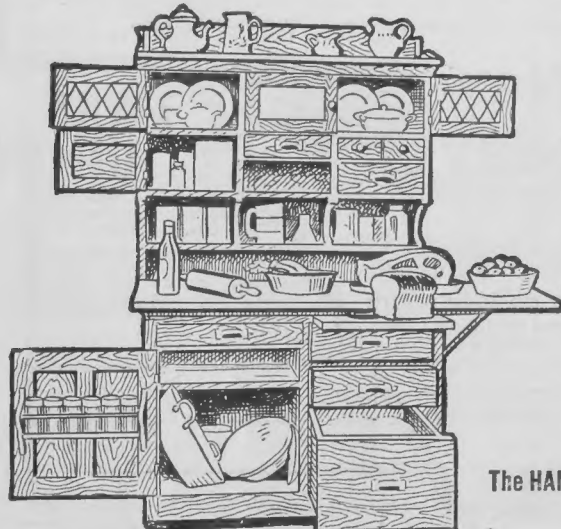
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HAMILTON KITCHEN CABINET

The HAMILTON INCUBATOR CO., Ltd.
HAMILTON, ONTARIO

NOTICE—WE WANT DEALERS TO HANDLE OUR GOODS IN SOME LOCALITIES

more contemptuous than ever. Nothin' would suit her but that I must quit the business entirely, pull down all the advertisements, and retire to some ghost-infested old ruin twenty miles from anywhere that she discovered. When I wouldn't she showed a bit of her mother's temper, with a few Parisian extras thrown in. I'm fond of Mamie—she doesn't guess how much—but I thought it was time to put my foot down, and I did. I said I'd give her three months to think things over. She could go back to France, or Scotland, or any darned place she pleased, with a companion—though Mamie no more needs a chaperon than she does a wooden leg, for the man who sassed her would stand a good chance of being frozen stiff on the spot—and that after that she was to come back to me, and say if she still felt as bad about Bongoline.

"At the end of a week I had a letter from her, written in a style that made me madder than ever. I sorter crystallised a plan that had occurred to me before. I'd no other relatives or friends, and it looked as if, when I'd gone, a flourishin' concern would be chucked away simply because the girl who should have been mistress of it thought it de-basin'."

Mr. Bosking plunged a fat hand into his breast-pocket, and withdrew a slip of paper.

"If you were travellin'," he said, "you mayn't have seen the English papers. But ten days after Mamie left, this appeared in about twenty of 'em."

I read the cutting which he handed me. It ran:

WANTED TO ADOPT, by wealthy Manufacturer, young, unmarried Man as Heir. Three primary essentials—good health and character, good business abilities, and comprehensive knowledge of "BONGOLINE." Write, or apply personally, between 4 and 6 p.m., at 20 Mulligrew Street, S.E.

"And the result?" I asked, as I handed this amazing advertisement back to him.

He smiled.

"In the first place, I had to explain to the staff at the depot that they weren't concerned in any way with what was simply an experiment of my own. In the second I had to set aside a special room to deal with the correspondence, and engage half a dozen temporary clerks simply to wade through it. And then there were the reporters! I saw fifteen before lunch the day the advertisement appeared, and about a dozen while I was feeding. Every blamed Editor in Christendom had spotted that notice, and worried over it, and sent round another idiot with a notebook or camera to make inquiries! Before four o'clock came I was fagged to death. I remember goin' to the window to get a breath of air, and then wantin' to crawl away and hide myself! The sidewalk was blocked with a solid army of men, with the police—who'd made inquiries on their own account earlier in the day, and seemed sorry they couldn't arrest me—marshalling 'em in fours. On the stroke of the hour, the big constable at the head of the procession stepped aside, and the first applicant entered my office. He was a pale-faced, determined-lookin' chap, with red hair, and I learnt afterwards that he'd been waitin' outside since two o'clock to make sure of bein' in time for the performance.

"I saw people until past eight, and then Fewkes—the clerk—put his head out of the window, and shouted that no further applications could be considered until the next day. This nearly led to a riot, but eventually the street was cleared, and I managed to get home.

"The next day I repeated the advertisement, but added:

"No candidate need apply who is not prepared to undergo a searching examination on the origin and properties of 'Bongoline.' Particulars with every bottle.

"Then I telegraphed to the factory to work at top pressure until further orders. It was well that I did. By noon on the following day you couldn't get a shilling bottle in London for less than one-and-nine, and before six the hawkers were selling copies of the

pamphlet that goes with the stuff all the way up Ludgate Hill at threepence a time.

"The first man who saw me at the second reception was a bit different from the others. He was decently dressed, physically fit, and very much alive. But instead of the usual slobber about his qualifications, he said:

"Look here, sir, I can't expect to get the berth because I've had no experience worth speaking of. But I want something to do. Give me ten shillings a day to weed out the riff-raff, before passing the balance on to you for inspection."

"Well, I liked the way he spoke, and the idea seemed reasonable enough, for all the other clerks were up to their eyes in work, and I was gettin' sick of the whole business.

"Very well," I said, after thinkin' it over a little. "But you must first understand exactly what is expected of the successful candidate."

"What's that?" said the young man, whose name, by the way, was Halesham.

"Assumin' that he's everything that the advertisement stipulates, he will first be required to spend a month in my business simply as an employee at a fair salary, to learn the ropes a little. If at the end of that time we're both satisfied, he will have to go abroad—probably to France—"

"To France!" says Halesham, pricking up his ears.

"And to find out the whereabouts of a young lady named Mamie Wilton, who is at present travellin' there. Havin' found her, he will interview her. He will bring back, in writin', her opinion of Bongoline."

"Yes," says the young man, lookin' as though he was ready to start on his own account immediately.

"If her opinion is favorable—and by that I mean a good deal—she will share with him and myself the whole of the profits of the business durin' my lifetime, and afterwards inherit my share as well as her own. Understand?"

Halesham nodded.

"If, however, her opinion is not favorable, she will simply receive the interest on a few shares I hold independent of the business, and when I'm gone, the shares themselves. The whole of the business will go to the young man."

"How about the shares, if her reply is favorable?"

"They'll go to the man, in addition to the one-third of the business. . . . Got it clear?"

"Quite," he says. And begins to deal with the problem of pickin' one man out of about seven thousand that same evenin'.

"He worked hard, and I found that I had to tackle only about three per cent. of the applicants. We kept it up for a week, and by that time there was a book full of the addresses of men from whom a final choice was to be made. The one that I had my eye upon was named Williams, a good-lookin' chap with curly hair, who answered every question like a gramophone, and told me a few facts about Bongoline that had escaped my own memory.

"I'll write to him, and settle the matter," I told Halesham at the end of the week, when the last man had been turned away, and I was more tired than I'd ever been in my life.

"Very good, sir." His manner was respectful enough, but there was a kink in his voice that didn't satisfy me.

"What's wrong with him?"

"Nothin' that I know of," says Halesham. "Merely a sort of instinctive distrust that I haven't had time to analyse. His testimonials were too dazzlin'."

"Then, if that's all, he's comin'," I told him. "And I've somethin' else to say. You've made yourself fairly useful, and I understand that you're in want of a job pretty badly. If you care to remain here as a sort of private secretary, I'm willin' to continue the three pounds a week salary."

"Thank you sir," he says. "But what about my references?"

"I'll attend to them," I told him—though to tell the truth I took no more trouble about the matter.

"Well, he wrote to Williams, and Williams came along by the next train like a hungry dog after a bone. He flung himself into the job at once and in

about a week had picked up most of what the countin'-house could teach him. At the end of a month I packed him off to find Mamie. Of course, he knew all the rules of the game, though we hadn't signed any agreement.

"It must depend upon her answer," I told him, when he asked.

"He left by the night boat for Dieppe on Thursday, with Mamie's last hotel address in his pocket, though, as a matter of fact, I hadn't heard from her for a fortnight. Four days later I had a letter from him, sayin' that he'd had a long interview with her, and inclosin' her reply. It read:

"Dear Mr. Bosking,

"I have heard all that Mr. Williams has had to say concerning Bongoline. I can only tell you that the subject is odious to me, that I decline to have anything to do with it, and never wish even to hear the word mentioned again.

"Yours very sincerely,
Mamie Wilton.

"Well, you can guess that that letter was a regular facer. 'Dear Mr. Bosking'—'Yours very sincerely!' And I'd been fancyin' that when she found that I was in earnest, she'd drop that can't-touch-it-with-a-ten-foot-pole attitude towards Bongoline, and be something like her own self again. Well, I was wrong!

"I showed the letters to Halesham—he was as keen as if the affair were his own, and I'd got to trust him.

"Does Williams know the value of the shares you hold?" he asked.

"No," I said. "But I fancy he's a pretty general idea that they aren't worth much."

"So that it would pay him a great deal better to own Bongoline outright than one-third of it plus the shares?"

"Looks like it."

"And when is your agreement with him, one way or the other, to be signed?"

"Immediately on his return."

"Mr. Bosking," says Halesham, solemnly, "I'm convinced that the letter's a forgery. It doesn't strike me as bein' the genuine thing!"

"The signature's Mamie's right enough," I said, yet feelin' a twinge of suspicion myself, "I'd recognise it at the bottom of a coalmine."

"Very good, sir," he says, handin' back the papers, and didn't allude to them again that mornin'.

"But what he said buzzed in my head all day. I looked at the letters a good many times, and the next mornin' called young 'Sharpshins' to my desk.

"Look here," I said. "You're mighty suspicious about Williams. Suppose I give you the chance of runnin' over, and findin' Miss Wilton yourself? She's stayin' at Brown's Hotel, Rouen. I'll wire this afternoon for Williams to come back, and if you start at once, you'll be pretty nearly there before I see him. Savvy?"

"Very good, sir," says Halesham.

"So he packed his grip, and caught the mornin' service an hour later, and I felt the better for knowin' it.

"At about noon on the day followin', Williams, who had my wire the previous evenin', turns up, spick and span and smilin'.

"Good-mornin', Mr. Bosking," he says, half holdin' out his hand.

"Good-mornin', Mr. Williams," says I, without lookin' up from the cable layin' on my desk. It had come an hour before.

"He gazed around and seemed to find the atmosphere of the office a bit chillier than he expected.

"To tell the truth," I said, after a pause, "I'm a bit worried. Someone's been forgin' your name!"

"What!" said Williams.

"Two days ago I had a letter which looked as if it came from you, sayin' that you'd seen Mamie, and inclosin' her reply. I've just heard that that reply was never written by her, though it's true enough that she met a man named Williams at Brown's Hotel. It's also true that he managed to get hold of the visitors' book, make a copy of her signature from it, and disappear. That's all. But for barefaced attempts to ruin a promisin' young man, those Continent-al sharpers beat everything!"

"Well, he looked at me pretty hard for a moment, and then he reached for his hat, and began to make tracks for

the door. But I stopped him half way.

"One moment!" I says. "You'll perhaps be interested to hear that the shares I hold in the 'Lucky Juggins' copper mine have jumped from seven shillings to about as many pounds within the last week, owin' to a fresh discovery of ore. At the present moment they're worth about fifty thousand pounds."

"He opened and shut his mouth like a fish, and then went out and slammed the door behind him. And never even sent me a picture postcard to say he'd got home safely!"

"By the evenin' mail comes a letter from Halesham:

"Dear Sir,

"I beg to confirm my previous cable, and to inform you that I have had a further interview with Miss Wilton on the subject of Bongoline.

"She requests me to state, however, that—with every respect and affection for yourself—she cannot consent to become a partner in a business for which she feels little or no inclination.

"Yours faithfully,
Arthur Halesham.

"Well, that was facer Number 2. But I guessed it wasn't his fault, and I wrote back telling him to take a holiday till the end of the week. I wanted to adjust my bearings and put in a day or so's close grind at the business—and it was time! All the habitable globe seemed to have spotted that blessed advertisement, bought a bottle of Bongoline to find out what it was for, and been satisfied with the result. The sales hadn't climbed up—they'd shot sky-high! I had to double the staff, have fifteen hundred letters printed apologising for delays in delivery, and hire two disused mission-rooms and a town hall to put the extra machinery in till I'd time to run up fresh factories.

"But I found myself handicapped without Halesham at my elbow, and at last I decided on a plan that would have saved me a heap of trouble from the first.

"Cut holiday short and come back," I wired.

"By the very next boat he came, rigged out in a new suit, and smilin' as if he'd come in for a fortune—which was a fact, though he didn't know it.

"Look here," I said. "About this adoption business! I was an imbecile to start the darned thing, but since I did, and the post is still vacant, I'll make you an offer of it!"

"Many thanks," he says, lookin' mighty pleased. "But my business abilities—"

"Hang your business abilities! I want to punish that ungrateful minx who doesn't know a good digestive tonic and cold cure when she sees it!"

"H'm!" he says and then, casual-like, "I rather think she's waiting outside at the present moment."

"Well, sure enough she was, with the Honorable Augusta Thingummy attending on behalf of Mrs. Grundy. I sent one of the messengers down—he has Bongoline in gold letters four inches high across his chest—to ask her to come up. She came.

"Well?" says I. She'd changed—had got back that sort of warm sparkle that I'd missed before, and looked prettier than ever.

"Well, daddy!" said Mamie.

"Aren't you quit of this foolishness yet?"

"You—you haven't kissed me!" she says, evadin' the point, woman-like.

"I want to know first if you're still keen on a mouldy castle and the chance of a titled husband," I told her, tryin' to warm up my temper.

"Ye-yes!" says Mamie, blushin' like a poppy.

"I got my breath after a minute, and then I said: 'I knew there was somethin' at the back of all this. Who is he?'"

"Sir Arthur—Sir Arthur Halesham," says Mamie. "And I didn't really mean what I told him to write. It was only to punish you for being so—so unk-k-kind. Boo-boo-hoo!"

"And there she was, sobbin' in my arms, and there was Halesham, standin' like a ninny and stammerin' out that he'd met her before in Paris, and had come over to ask my permission, when he happened to see the ad. in the papers, and thought it would be rather a novel

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YOU NEED NOTHING BETTER.

BRITISH MAKE

way of making the acquaintance of his future father-in-law-by-adoption. It seemed that he'd a big house in Oxfordshire that Queen Elizabeth had slept in half-a-dozen times, but that he liked work, and—well, well—I'd nothin' particular to grumble at.

"So that's the reason of the lanterns, and so on. I'm expectin' 'em back from the honeymoon every minute, and—"

A servant came to the door.

"Mr. Latimer has asked me to inform you that your car is now in going order, sir."

* * * * *

I departed, leaving my host in the hall to inspect, for the twentieth time, his scheme of decorations. At the gate I came upon two people alighting from the station fly, so utterly engrossed in each other's society that I doubt if they even saw me. But I heard a clear girlish voice say:

"Hurry up, Arthur dear, or daddy'll have to adopt another partner for Bongoline!"

And I beheld a sudden vision of Mr. Bosking, his face wreathed in smiles, running frantically down the drive to meet them.

The Tin Box.

By John Barton Oxford.



THE rocking hansom swung the corner from the avenue, rolled along a shabby little cross street and turned finally into one of the narrow, crooked thoroughfares close to the waterfront. It pulled up at length before a decidedly unattractive house, and the man who sat grimly on the cushions pushed open the apron and alighted.

"I'll be down in a few minutes," he called to the cabby, as he mounted the steps and gave the bell a vigorous tug.

The door was opened by a frowsy woman, who surveyed the man on the stoop with more or less suspicion. He was a tall, well-built man, broad shouldered, clean shaven, and apparently in the early thirties. His clothes were faultless in cut and texture. His gray eyes were clear and steady. Decidedly he was not the sort of man who generally rang the bell of this particular house.

"Well?" said the frowsy woman, the suspicion in her own shifty eyes growing momentarily more pronounced.

"I'm looking for a party named—er—" The man on the step drew a bit of paper from his pocket and glanced at the scribbled lines upon it.

"A party named Shannon," he finished. "I'll find him here, won't I?"

"No," said the woman shortly. "He's moved."

The other elevated his eyebrows.

"Aren't you mistaken?" he asked politely. "You see, Dan Ryan sent me."

Immediately the woman's expression changed. She grinned, nodded her head, and opened the door wide.

"Three flights back," she instructed, and forthwith shuffled away down the gloomy hall.

The man mounted the three flights of creaking stairs, paused before the door of the back room, and tapped smartly upon it.

"Come in!" a gruff voice on the other side commanded.

He pushed open the door and entered a large bare room, which was filled with a blue haze of tobacco smoke. Opposite the door through which he entered was a wide bed, and stretched upon it in all the luxury of shirt sleeves, collarless neck, and shoeless feet, was a big freckled faced young man, with a mop of fiery red hair above his watery blue eyes. Beside him was a pile of newspapers and between his lips a cigarette sent out its clouds of smoke.

The man on the bed made no motion to rise. He surveyed his visitor with a cold and none too cordial scrutiny.

"This is Mr. Shannon, I take it," said the newcomer.

"That's wot," the other replied tersely.

"Ryan sent me—Dan Ryan, you know."

"Uh-huh!"

"I have need of a man in your profession," said the visitor, with a slow smile, "and Ryan suggested you. Now then, how are you fixed for time? Anything particular on for to-night?"

Mr. Shannon grunted and shook his head.

"Then perhaps you can find time to do a little job for me," the other suggested. "Maybe," said Shannon cautiously. "Wot is there in it?"

"I'll tell you what I want you to do and let you set your price," was the answer. "I shall want you to go with me this evening to a certain house out on Claverly Road, and get for me a little tin box—just an ordinary strong-box, black japanned tin, handle on top and two yellow stripes running around the lid. You know the kind; you couldn't possibly mistake it."

Mr. Shannon nodded.

"I'm not positively certain as to just where it is," his informer went on, "but I can make a mighty good guess at the place. In all probability you'll find it in a little old fashioned safe set under the shelves in a china-closet, just at the left of the side-board in the dining-room."

It is a woefully old fashioned safe," he added. "I'm quite sure it will give you no trouble at all. Now then, what will it be worth to you to get that tin box for me?"

Mr. Shannon meditated for a moment. He took a fresh cigarette from the box beside him and lighted it from the glowing one he had just finished.

"A hundred plunks," he decided at last. "Fifty now, the other fifty when I turn over the box to you. And if it aint where you say, or there's any trouble—a holler from the folks in the house or anything of that kind—the fifty already paid is mine just the same."

"That's all right," the broadshouldered man agreed.

He drew a roll of bills from his pocket and stripped off several of them.

"Here's the first fifty. We better go out there about eleven. I'll meet you in a motor in front of the Day Building in Jefferson Square. That all right? Good! Don't fail me, will you?"

"I'll be there at eleven," said Shannon. "So long!"

He picked up one of the papers, and arranging the pillows more comfortably under his head, resumed his reading.

At five minutes of eleven that evening, he stood on the curb before the Day Building, his hands in his pockets and a cap pulled low over his eyes, watching the stream of traffic on the glistening pavements. A drizzling rain was falling, and the biting wind which whistled sharply about the neighboring corner, made him turn up his overcoat collar and tap his feet on the curbing for warmth.

Presently, from the long line of passing vehicles, two lights swung in his direction. A low, rakish road car shot up to the curb and the man at the steering-wheel craned forward to peer into Shannon's face.

"On time, I see," said the familiar voice of his caller of the afternoon.

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"All ready?"

"Sure," said Shannon, climbing into the car.

They sped away from the square, headed up the avenue, and were soon making good speed to the north. Shannon sat huddled silently, his hands in his pockets, and his head lowered to the driving mist. The man beside him, too, was silent. No word passed between them until they reached Claverly Road with its row of imposing houses each set in its ample expanse of well-kept grounds.

Presently they stopped before one of the houses, and the man at the steering-wheel alighted.

"This it?" Shannon asked, climbing stiffly from the car.

"No, fourth house down," the other replied. "I left the car here because its dark under these trees. Come on."

He led the way down the road, turned into a gateway flanked on either side by tall stone posts, and made his way up a winding drive. Between the trees Shannon could see a big, rambling house looming dimly. They kept to the drive until they were close to the house. Not a light showed in any of the windows.

Shannon's companion drew him into a clump of syringa bushes on the lawn. "I'm going to wait for you here," he whispered. "It won't take you but a few minutes at the most. Open the third basement window on the back. That will bring you into the lower hall. Then go up the stairs and you'll find two doors on your right. Take the second of them. It opens into the dining-room. You know about the rest of it. Safe's in the closet at the left of the side-board. Open it and bring back that tin box. Go ahead, now."

Shannon kicked off his shoes and replaced them with a pair of sneakers he drew from his coat-pocket. Then he slipped like a wraith through the mist to the back of the house, found the third window, and in the twinkling of an eye had it open and was crawling cautiously

through it. He pulled the little electric lantern from his pocket, took a swift survey of the place, and noiselessly ascended the stairs. Another quick blink of the lantern and he had opened the second door and was in the dining-room.

There was a sideboard, and to the left the little china-closet. He opened the door and saw beneath the lower shelf a little old safe—the sort of safe the veriest tyro might open without trouble.

He sank to his knees and pulled a bit of steel from his hip-pocket. In a trice the knob of the lock was off and Shannon with his finger was clicking the falls. It was child's play to him. He grinned to himself as he thought of the man out there in the bushes. A hundred for a job like this was like robbing a blind man. Had the man outside but known it, Shannon would have gladly done a job of this kind for a quarter of what he was getting.

Silently he swung open the door of the antiquated safe. The whole thing had taken less than five minutes. Once more the lantern winked briefly. Sure enough! There within the safe was the tin strong box. He lifted it out and arose from his knees.

And then suddenly the room glowed with light. Shannon sprang up, blinking and sputtering inarticulate oaths. For a moment the flood of light blinded him; but in another moment he saw, standing by the table and surveying him with steady eyes, a young woman in a blue bath-wrap.

She was a very beautiful woman, tall, willowy, with great dark eyes, in whose depth was no hint of fear. Indeed, her beauty—the satin smoothness of her skin, the soft waviness of her loosened hair, the roundness of her superb throat—filled him with a vague shame, like some potent accusation. His hand which had intuitively gone to the gun in his right coat-pocket, was suddenly withdrawn empty. He stood there with the tin box in his fingers, staring motionless.

"What are you doing here?" she demanded in a low, cool voice.

Shannon said nothing, but over his puffy features stole a sickly, apologetic grin.

"Put down that box you have," she went on. "You are making a mistake in taking it. It is of no earthly good to you."

Shannon looked down stupidly at the box. Then he remembered that box was worth fifty dollars to him.

"Say, don't make no holler," he advised, his heavy brows drawing together ominously. "Don't try to put up no squeal."

"I'm not foolish enough to attempt to make any outcry," she said in the same guarded voice. "You may take anything else you find and I won't say a word. Only—only," there was a choking sound in the low tones, "leave that box. It is nothing to you. You don't want it."

"Maybe I do, at that," Shannon growled.

"Open it and see," she demanded. Shannon merely stared.

"Open the box and see what's in it. Then tell me if you want it," she persisted.

A sudden curiosity as to just what the box contained took possession of him. Moreover, through his mind flashed the sudden suspicion that it might be more valuable than he thought; that this woman was taking a desperate chance with him; that the man out there in the bushes had put him up to a big job, after all.

The woman was quick to note his hesitation.

"Here's the key," she said, tossing it across the table to him.

Shannon slipped it into the lock and jerked open the cover. Within was a pair of tiny, much worn shoes, a rattle, an ivory ring, and two bits of pale blue ribbon.

"Surely you don't want those—not

those," the woman was saying in the same choking voice.

Shannon grimly locked the box and stuffed it under his arm. For the first time fear came into the woman's eyes.

"Listen," she almost sobbed, "I have money—a lot of it—here in the house, but you could never find it. I'll give you the money gladly—all of it, if you'll leave the box. Or you can have more tomorrow—"

Even men of Shannon's type have their code of ethics, however warped and distorted these may be. To break faith with a pal was perhaps the most heinous offence in Shannon's particular private code. It was something he prided himself he had never done; and the man out there in the bushes was a pal for the time being. Shannon had accepted his money and pledged his word in this thing.

"Sorry, Ma'am," said he, "but—"

"You don't mean you still want it, after you know what's in it?" she said breathlessly.

"Uh, huh," he grunted tersely, and like a flash he had jumped to the French window on the other side of the room.

The wonder of it all to Shannon was that the woman did not scream. There was a quick catch of her breath, a smothered, broken and wholly from Shannon's point of view—ineffectual cry, and she, too, sped to the window, just as Shannon pulled it open, leaped out on the wide verandah, vaulted the rail, and sped down the drive. Behind him the patter of footsteps told him of the pursuit.

He neared the syringa bushes, running hard and panting.

"Come on," he gurgled. "The house is up. They're after me. Cut for it."

The other man jumped from the bushes.

"Bungled it, eh?" he growled. "What's this?"

He had caught sight of the woman in the bath-wrap running down the drive.

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He caught Shannon by the arm in a grip that made that gentleman wince, and calmly faced the breathless woman.

"Mary!" he said simply.

The woman stopped short. Her hand went to her throat. Her breath was coming hard. She came a step nearer and scanned his face in the darkness.

"You!" she cried in unbelief. "You! Then—then—you were behind it all?"

"Yes," he said.

"Why?" she panted. "Why?"

"This is no place for explanations, he said coldly. "It is raining, and this ground is sopping wet. You shouldn't be here in slippers and a bath-wrap. Go back to the house."

"Not—not without——"

The man wheeled on Shannon.

"Bring along the box," he commanded.

Shannon, thoroughly mystified, followed the silent pair to the house. They mounted the verandah, and stepped through the French window into the big dining-room, where the lights still burned brightly.

The woman stood by the table, very cold and straight, but her lips quivered now and then, despite her evident efforts to control them. Opposite her, grim, white faced, stood the broad-shouldered man, while Shannon, with the tin box in his clutches, leaned against the French window, and stared in perplexity.

"You are not going to take it now, are you?" the woman said at length, and despite all her outward calm, her voice trembled in anxiety.

"No," he replied. "Put the box on the table," he added to Shannon.

"What—what does it mean, anyway?" she demanded. "Why should you attempt this?"

The man did not reply at once. He stood for a moment looking at her frowningly.

"I have been living in London since—since we separated," he said at last. "It was there that I heard about the boy—that he was dead. I wanted something of his—some little thing associated with—with those days."

"Why didn't you ask for it then?" she said haltingly.

"Perhaps you'll be good enough to

remember that all my letters have been returned to me unopened—even since he died," said he bitterly. "As I say, I wanted something of his. I didn't suppose you'd let me have it if I asked—not after all that has happened. I came over here from London for just this purpose—to get it—somehow, anyhow, at any cost. I shouldn't have kept them all just a rattle, perhaps, or one of the shoes. I should have sent back the rest."

"I—I didn't know you felt that way," she said. "I didn't suppose you knew or cared. I—I thought we had both gone out of your life—he and I. I—I was sure that to you it was as if I had never been—nor he either."

He was still standing very stiffly erect, and he was still frowning.

"May I have one of those things now—just one?" he asked rather huskily.

"You may have them all—all," she said, "and then suddenly she sank into a chair, and burying her arms began to sob like a child."

For a moment or two the man stood motionless. Then he turned almost fiercely to Shannon.

"You bungled it," he said, "and I'm glad you did."

His hand went into his pocket and came out with a roll of bills.

"Here, take this," he went on, thrusting the roll into the astounded Shannon's hand. "Whatever there is over the fifty is yours, too. You earned it by bungling. Now go."

He glanced at the woman's shaking shoulders and a great light was in his eyes.

"And for God's sake, go quickly, will you?"

Shannon with the bills in his hand, slipped through the French window once more. On the verandah outside, he turned to look back. The man had opened the tin box and spread its sorry contents on the table. Moreover, he had knelt beside the woman and her head was buried on his shoulder.

Shannon paused only long enough to light a cigarette and then thoughtfully effaced himself in the shrouding, dripping mist.

Never to Wed as Indians Wed.

A Story of Seventeenth Century Love and Strife.

By C. M. Storey.

They are far away days when Canada was New France and the Fleur de lis floated over Cape Diamond. But it was then that the exigencies of bad government and brave soldiery were making thrilling history and enchanting folk lore. The intervals of peace between the Indian allies of the French and English colonies were rare indeed. Sometimes it seemed as if the dove of peace was about to become omnipresent, when lo! a waiting and vindictive chief with painted warriors would swoop down upon an unsuspecting victim to avenge some personal quarrel. Then savage warfare would spread like an epidemic from tribe to tribe.

It was during a lull in the strifes of the seventeenth century, that Kondiaronk, a chief of one of the Abenaki tribes, returned from a three days hunt to find his wigwam burned, his squaw sitting in its ashes and his only daughter carried off by a band of Senecas.

For some act of perfidy, real or supposed, Kondiaronk's father had been a marked man during his lifetime, and when he died the unsatisfied vengeance was visited upon his son. The unexpected attack was made with the hope of finding the victim unprepared—but to secure the lovely Winona was vengeance more exhilarating than wine. They burned the village and departed, carrying with them only one or two prisoners beside the girl, and proceeded to demolish other enemies.

But a feminine prisoner of Winona's rank was somewhat of an encumbrance, and passing through a Mohawk encampment, they left her with the chief's wife, Cheega, and a not over zealous Seneca warrior as guard.

Among the councillors whom Kon-

dioronk called to discuss means of rescuing his daughter and punishing her captors, was a young Frenchman. Swarthy of skin and rather handsome was this young man, but life in the woods had almost totally eclipsed the culture of his early environment. The Spirit of Abandon called to him from the rivers and forests of New France, and Pierre la Salle answered, "Here am I," and went the way of the Coureur de bois.

The hunting expedition from which they had just returned was to have provided the luxuries for the festivities which were to celebrate his marriage with the chief's daughter. Like the Baron St. Castine, who had married another Abenaki maiden, Pierre was to "wed as the Indians wed," and great preparations had been made by the women, for the Frenchman was very popular and Winona was much beloved. But now, the daughter and bride-to-be had been stolen.

Alas! the enemy had two days' start, and by the time the Abenaki warriors got on their trail the girl was no longer with them and no trace of her could be obtained. Pierce and vengeful as her captives were, Kondiaronk had no fear of torture or death for his beloved child. His worst fear was that, in failing to rescue her, she would in time be adopted by the tribe and married to an antagonist. This was the worst he feared, but it was maddening.

Three months passed and the Senecas did not return to the Mohawk camp for the prisoner. She began to fit in her place in the chief's tent and gradually pick up bits of their language. But in spite of this, she was often lonely, for none came to whom she could talk of

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her people and the home she had been stolen from, until one day.

Thoughts of the wigwam at home by the glistening river repeated themselves day after day. She wondered where they were searching, for she never doubted that her father and Pierre, with the bravest of the tribe were still looking for her, and then, with a deep sigh, if none were by, she wondered when Pierre would come to her. But Winona had a friend, though she was unconscious of it—one whose friendship would cause her much anguish.

Carrokese was the son of a Mohawk chief, and had for a long time been a prisoner of the Abenaki Indians, but was released when a temporary peace brought about an exchange of prisoners.

During his captivity, Carrokese and Kondiaronk had, in a measure, buried the old animosity. The Mohawk had received many kindnesses from the hand of the native chief, and it's an old saying that an Indian never forgets a kindness. This was when Winona was very small, and once the prisoner had brought her a white rabbit. After that, to the little girl, he was always the "White Rabbit." This was the only name by which she knew him. Carrokese was a member of the tribe with whom she was now a prisoner, and was sometimes invited to the councils, and occasionally visited the chief's wigwam. In this way he saw the girl and learned her story, but it was a long time before he found an opportunity to speak to her. At last it came. The guard was sleeping off a debauch and the women were preparing for a banquet—all but Winona, she sat at the door of the tent weaving a basket of sweet grass.

"Why is the chief's daughter sad?" he asked.

Amazed at being addressed in her own tongue by one who was to all outward appearance a Mohawk, and unable at once to find words to reply, her dark eyes only answered.

"Is Cheega not kind?" he continued, encouragingly.

"Cheega is good," she replied, but low as the voices were, they disturbed the sleeper, and Carrokese was compelled to await another opportunity to ask, "Does Winona remember the White Rabbit?"

Then, like one just awakening, she remembered who this stalwart warrior was, and knew why floods of childish memories always attended his coming. She knew he was her old friend, the White Rabbit.

The days wore on slowly and drearily enough, and the guard becoming weary of the monotony of his charge, hid him off to other scenes, leaving the prisoner with the women of the camp, who were almost as indifferent as the Senecas themselves seemed to have become. Then she had comparative freedom, especially when the warriors were absent, and many were the walks she took and tortuous the paths she followed. Sometimes the White Rabbit walked ahead. Sometimes he only crossed her path, but whether he walked with her and talked of Nanrautsouak, or only crossed the trail, the sun shone brighter for it, and brought the girl the nearest approach to happiness she had known since leaving her home on the banks of the Kennebec.

June came with its glorious sunshine, and July with its ripening fruits and wealth of blossom. Though the son of a chief and the hero of several small expeditions, Carrokese had no special claim to distinction above his fellows, but now he was going to meet the crisis of his life. He was going off on a glory campaign in company with other young men of his tribe, but Carrokese was the leader—to him would belong the honor or the shame of the expedition.

On the morrow a great tribal council would be in session. All the warriors of the tribe would be there, and Decanesora, the greatest orator of the Confederation of Five Nations was to address them. In the evening, the Festival of Dog's Flesh would be held in honor of the glory campaign. Carrokese and his loyal friends would be the principal entertainers. Seated in two rows, facing each other, the participants of the feast would listen while the leader told of his plans and hopes; then of the heroic deeds he had already accomplished and the torture and suffering he had endured with fortitude, making the

recital graphic with gestures and contortions of the body, keeping time with the monotonous sounds of musical instruments of crude Indian construction. Then the others would follow, and in turn each recount his feats of glory and prowess, till of heroes and martyrs there were only superlatives.

This was all to happen on the morrow, but it was still today when Winona followed in the steps of the White Rabbit while he told her of his going away and of the enemies he would conquer—never for a moment did he dream of defeat. That had no place on his programme. Victory, however savage, was his goal. But Carrokese had other visions that he told not to his friends. He dreamed of a wigwam all his own, and to preside over it and cook his venison, a tall, beautiful Abenaki maiden. He would buy her from the Senecas, whose prisoner she was, and he could bring about peace with her father. But he counted without the star of his hopes—and without Pierre. Today, on the eve of his departure, he ventured to hint to the girl that she might share, if she would, the great distinction that should be his, and asked:

"Would the Sunlight like to return to the chief's wigwam, where clouds have been so long?"

"Is there peace?" she asked.

"Not yet," he replied, "but when the White Rabbit returns he will have wampum belts a plenty, and one for Kondiaronk if Winona wishes it. Would Winona like to carry the sunshine back to Kondiaronk and Miamosa?"

"And Pierre?" she asked, with more animation than is usually displayed by these people; but she had learned it from her betrothed, who was all vivacity.

"And Pierre," the Indian hissed. "Never!" Turning swiftly, his dreams dispelled like mists before the wind, he strode homewards, the girl following with bowed head, hardly knowing what she had done, and never a word spoke these two for many a long month.

On the day following the feast of dogs' flesh, those who were to join the glory campaign bedecked themselves in their most savage finery—warpaint and wampum, feathers and furs—and in a silence strongly contrasting with their hilarious boasting of the night before, marched to the point of embarkation, while the women in their most savage rags followed to convey back to camp the grandeur of their lords and masters. And poor Winona, conscious now that she had two lovers and that Pierre had a bitter enemy, followed meekly and sorrowfully behind Cheega.

Tradition tells us that they peeled the bark off a huge tree and committed to its trunk pictures depicting the deeds of valor they went out to perform, and emblems of the tribes they went out against, and many a tribal emblem was emblazoned, but that of the Abenaki was not among them.

Startled at the revelation of the White Rabbit's feelings towards her, and greatly troubled on Pierre's account, she prayed the Great Spirit that her two lovers might never meet. Oh! if she but had the courage of some of her ancestors, what a good use she would make of her freedom, and Pierre, dear Pierre, should be saved. Was she a weakling and a craven she wondered that she could not find her way to him. But try as she would, she could not carry out the plans of escape that came to her as she lay awake in Cheega's tent at night. The wind swaying the boughs above her seemed to whisper them to her.

Carrokese had been gone almost a moon, as the Indians measure time, when by a sort of telepathy hope began to stir her being. She began to tell herself that something must happen soon. She must escape before the White Rabbit's return. Then she would fall to musing; if it were not for Pierre she might be happy with the White Rabbit. He was brave, but then Pierre was handsome. He was kind, but Pierre told her stories of the great white father across the sea, who would one day reward with gifts and favors those who had been loyal to him in the forests of his new kingdom. The Mohawk would be a great chief some day, but he was the enemy of her people, while Pierre and the French were their friends. Yes, she would be true to Pierre.

Pondering over her troubles, she ac-

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quired the habit of talking softly to herself on her solitary wanderings through the forest.

"Pierre," she would whisper, then louder, "Pierre," and one day an answer came. She had followed a trail through the thicket to the willow-draped shore of a stream whose rippling sounds she sometimes fancied were trying to convey her messages from the beloved ones on a kindred stream far away, and she would bend her state-ly head close to the surface that she might catch the message; but always it went on singing a song she could not interpret. On the opposite shore there were two tall boulders that she was fond of imagining were Kondiaronk and Pierre waiting for her. Often she addressed them in plaintive tones, telling them how long she had waited and how weary she had grown, and now that they had come, how glad she was—but never a word of the White Rabbit.

One day, as she talked to these imaginary people, a voice as low and musical as the rippling of the stream answered. The things she had been imagining had become so real that the voice occasioned no surprise, nor was she startled when the bushes parted and the head and shoulders of Joncaire, her father's friend, protruded.

"Pierre, where is he?" she asked.

"Pierre is with the braves fighting and searching for his Winona. Thy father, the chief, is looking elsewhere, and sorrow is making an old man of him since the Senecas carried the Sunshine from his home. I have lately left him, and on my way I met a Seneca, wild with fire water, who told me where to find you. For two days I have waited for you to come."

"And now Winona can go with Joncaire to Pierre?" she asked.

"Not yet, my child. We are among enemies. I must get some of our people and together we will take the Sunshine back to the Kennebec. Meet me here when five suns have set and then you shall come with us. Till then, farewell."

It was all so like a dream come true. Could it really be that she was going back to her people? Would Joncaire find Pierre, and would he come for her? At the full of the moon Carrokese would return with glory and prowess, but she would not be there to see it—she would be gone.

At sunset on the fifth day the girl took a silent farewell of the wigwam and all that had become so familiar in the last few months, and went out as if only for her usual walk. One treasure, and only one, she carried with her from

the Mohawk camp—a rabbit's paw that Carrokese had given her.

True to his appointment, Joncaire and his comrades waited by the overhanging willows for their ward, and messengers had been sent to Kondiaronk to convey the good news. Joncaire's plan was to join the Baron St. Castine, who at that time negotiating with the Five Nations, and to travel under his protection as far as their trails lay together. By that time they would be met by Kondiaronk and Pierre, and the long delayed restoration take place.

Happy at last because her captivity was over, and reflecting that, after all, it had not been so bad—certainly not so bad as if there had been no White Rabbit—lulled by the dripping paddles, she fell asleep.

Travelling mostly by night, and concealing themselves by day, for they had to pass through the territory of the Oneidas Onondagas, they arrived at the rendezvous almost simultaneously with the Baron. They now hoped to travel in comparative safety, for the French and English were treaty-bound to peace. It seemed, indeed, that Winona's troubles were over. But in those turbulent days nothing was certain except Indian craft and cunning, too often aided by the white man: and so it was now. The negotiations with the Baron were

but a ruse to secure his person. He with his party, as well as Joncaire and his friends were made prisoners. This time, the Abenaki girl was really a prisoner. No solitary strolls, no White Rabbit, and she longed for home and freedom as she had never done in the Mohawk camp.

A courier brought the news of the capture to Pierre, who raged like a Frenchman with seven devils, and swore a fresh vengeance on those who had a second time stolen his bride-to-be. But helpless to rescue her with his handful of weary and discouraged men, like a madman he plunged into the solitude of the forest, followed by only one or two devotees who were loth to leave him alone in his grief.

Meantime, Carrokese had found more glory awaiting him than he had anticipated even in his most extravagant boasting. The harvest moon had waned and September's gold crescent hung in the sky ere he wended his way campwards. It was then that Pierre was wandering through the woods brooding over his sorrow. Canassatiago, next in rank to Carrokese, leading the band, espied two men ahead of him, one of them a Frenchman, whose nationality marked him as a prize not to be missed. He took aim and fired. The man fell, and Winona had but one lover left. Pierre's two companions were captured, and Carrokese, coming up, learned from them who the dead man was, and forbade his being scalped.

Was it Indian diplomacy, or was it the seed springing up that had been sown years ago by the Jesuit missionary when the White Rabbit was a prisoner himself? What was it that saved Pierre's scalp? Ask Winona!

Poor Pierre would never "wed as the Indians wed," but he would be buried as the Indians bury, in kneeling posture, with food and tomahawk on a light to burn above his grave, thanks to his magnanimous enemy.

At last the Baron and Joncaire were released, but the girl was detained, crushed with a grief that her stoic nature dare not indulge as Pierre had indulged his. Joncaire had often acted the part of ambassador to unfriendly tribes with much honor and success, and he now determined upon interceding with the Confederation for the release of Winona and the other prisoners.

He arrived with much dignity and many gifts and asked for an audience. It so happened that once again all the chiefs were in council together, and Carrokese, now a most distinguished person, was among them. With true Indian eloquence and French diplomacy, for there was French blood in Joncaire's veins, he pleaded, promising not to avenge the death of the Frenchman if the girl were released unharmed. Carrokese listened, apparently unmoved, while the man interceded, and when the council adjourned for consultation, knowing their own superiority, numerically and strategically, they were all opposed to making any terms with the half-breed except Carrokese. His was the dissenting voice, and his newly acquired prestige won the day. Not only were the prisoners released, but a band of Mohawks escorted them to the borders of their own land.

When the springtime came again, a proud warrior chieftain paid a visit to his old friend and enemy Kondiaronk at Nanrautsouak on the bank of the Kennebec. When it became known that his mission was peaceful, there was much banqueting and exchanging of gifts, and when he came away, a daughter of the people, an Indian princess, followed, carrying his gun and powder horn, and from her neck hung a rabbit's paw.

The sounds represented by the letters A and O are, in English, compound sounds, the first ending in E, and the latter in OO. The Scotsman does not add these final touches, and then wonders why people discover from his pronunciation that he is "Scotch."

"Pibroch" is a martial strain adapted to the bagpipes. Lord Byron, who had some Highland blood without much Highland experience was sharply criticised for (apparently) mistaking "pibroch" for bagpipes. The reviewer said, "Pibroch no more means bagpipes than duett means a fiddle."

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British Columbia's Trails and Waterways.

By Bonnycastle Dale. Specially Written for the Western Home Monthly.

Photos by Fleming Bros. and the Author.

The canoe and the pack horse are the things one learns to use out here if he would penetrate to the unknown places. I well remember going down one of my first spring-freshet, swollen rapids. The guide in the stern was young but experienced in his own stamping ground. Here we were darting over a dark, swiftly rushing river—the water was up to the forks of the low dike-land trees. The night was pitch black. He had never made the run to the Sound this way. Ahead something roared like a thousand bulls. We backed water until the unaccustomed muscles made us seek the danger ahead as a relief. Our progress now reminded me of sea lions I had seen plunging along in swift water—

stern by the bow striking the bottom ahead of the surf and the entire craft "pitchpoling"—turning a complete somersault—and again striking the bottom and splitting clear in half. If you want a moment of unequalled excitement go out along the Olympic Peninsula, where the sea lions mate on the barrier reefs, where two lines of surf exists, the barrier line and the shore line, and let the guides put you ashore on that nice white shell beach a quarter of a mile or so ahead. We had been studying the Otary on the barrier reefs, watching the big male sea lions and their harems on the dry tops of the syenite rocks, watching them drive off each aspiring rival and then embracing the favored



A Pack Train.

as much below as above—As the noise increased the water turned whiter until finally we were in one long, deep, high-rolling, swiftly breaking run of the rapids. Luckily the water was so high that very few glacial boulders showed. The roar and torment about these made me wish to close my eyes in despair that any human thing should pass alive, yet I had to swing the canoe continually bow on. One great crest, tortured into foam, completely covered me, but let little water in the long craft—in a moment more the roar was dying away behind us and we were heading for the camp fire on the little diked field near the river's mouth.

If you come to this land of swift, snow-fed rivers, where every stream is filled with trout and every river literally gorged with salmon, during the run, do not bring any patent canoes, the one right canoe for you to use lies in front of the guide's ranherie. You will think that a twenty-foot long hollowed cedar log, deftly shaped, weighing a quarter of a ton at times, is too big and heavy a craft for you to canoe the rivers in. How if you float her out on to the sea where the shore surf pounds, I have seen the cleanly divided halves of even these strong craft split from stem to

females with their long sinuous necks, howling and barking the meanwhile (the surf prevented us hearing the sound, however). It was twenty-five miles back to the little cove harbour where our expedition lay. The great swells made the long craft roll and dip so much that the mid-day meal was not to be thought of.

"Ya Yat Le-ma," I asked the Indian in the stern ("Go on the beach" in English).

Ade-de-cualoens-gung-ilisa." ("Friend, look! We will try.")

Ahead a mountain of dark green water arose. Behind us another mountain came and passed beneath us. When we were on the summit I could see that desired beach, but twice between it the walls of water broke in long, rolling, air-filled cylinders of surf that broke and sent feathery spurring columns some thirty feet into the air. A word was passed along the crew. "Les," ("Go") We translated it, and go we did. Right beneath us was a huge hill of shore speeding water. Just behind its crest we swept along with a curious dragging sensation. Instantly it broke into a myriad swirling white eddies, whirlpools, rapids—everything it seemed that water could form. Now the pad-



Watch them poling up stream in a seven mile current.



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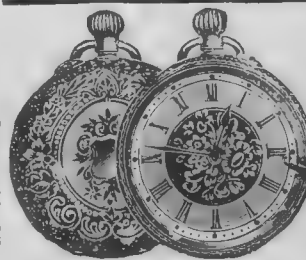
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"Hope you win"

"Thank you, so do I"

41



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This famous remedy is made of two curative agents of proved efficacy in diseases of the throat and lungs.

Beech Tar directly relieves a cough or cold, and at once begins to heal the delicate passages; Cod Liver Oil strengthens, and builds up the system. These two ingredients are scientifically combined in the pleasant tasting Mathieu's Syrup.

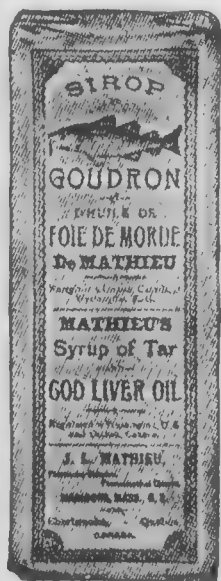
Mathieu's Syrup does not merely suppress the symptoms of disease, it removes their cause. It not only relieves—it cures.

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are completely cured with inexpensive home treatment. It absolutely removes the pain, swelling, tiredness and disease. Full particulars on receipt of stamps. W. F. Young, P. D. F. 138 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

dles were flying swiftly and we were over the barrier reef and into the still rough water beyond it. Ahead leaped the second surf, running away up the beach and returning with a hollow clattering of the stones dragged in its wake. Again the crew called "Les." Again the paddles flew in strong brown hands. (Odd that at this, the supreme moment of danger, I was deeply interested in the muscular action of the bare toes of the Indian nearest to me; he kept time to the swing of his paddles by the beat of his big toe). I was rudely awakened by a roaring wall of white water all about me. A sudden grounding of the long craft, an athletic leaping over of all the Indians (in this I joined), and hands on the gunnel we ran that thirty foot canoe rapidly ahead of the next advancing surf billow.

We launched her by going out with the retreat and leaping in and paddling slowly but strongly into the next surf wave. This wet us completely, but beyond this it did no damage.

These Coast Indians, originally Asiatic bred, crossing afoot before the Behring Isthmus became the sea floor, or being swept to sea and driven ashore on this Pacific coast, are literally water dogs. Watch them poling up stream in a seven-mile current. They use an unshod pole, a second growth. With this they can take a long, high-lipped canoe almost anywhere where there is water enough to float it, and they do the most heroic things without a grunt or a murmur. I saw one big flat-faced chap take a canoe up a raging current that was momentarily rising with the early summer flood. It swept beneath him with that deadly oily drag that



Note the heroically carved bow of this huge Cedar Canoe

current-disturbed surface. Now came his hour of trial. He had started above the head of the rapids. No power could stop him at that starting place in the height the water had now reached. Whole trunks of trees were sweeping down like laths, although they weighed some fifty tons apiece. We saw him make one long inward draw and the pole was aboard. With a motion too fast for us to see he snatched up a pointed paddle and steered the plunging craft through the rapids, down hill. He filled her on the way down, swam ashore below the rapids and emptied her, tied her up, walked back the trail to our camp, squatted beside the fire, silent, as usual, although he had risked death many times within the last hour.



Dragging the Shallows.

is so indicative of force. Ahead he urged her, while the pushed pole bends. No human power, unaided, could have made the landing place below the falls, yet he kept on. Now he was absolutely stationary—push as he might. Now the canoe waved up and down like the tail of a fish. Now it started back. Instantly that squat, brown figure leaped and stood facing the new bow—as the stern was now the bow. Like a projectile from some mighty weapon that huge cedar log sped over the

To see a band of these natives making up-stream, poling in the swift water, dragging in the shallows, carrying over the portages, is to watch a very interesting sight. But when it comes winter we intruding whites have them at a disadvantage. We can paddle in the open places and as soon as we strike ice we can run the light bows of our cedar board canoes up on the edges, creep gingerly out and drag the canoe after us and launch her in the next pen water. We acquire much unearned glory from the interior tribes in this manner.

Then, in this long, straggling, coast-wise province we use man's best friend as a beast of burden. These dogs of domestic mothers and sired by wolves in many cases, have acquired a hardness unequalled by any animal of similar weight. Daily our men owe their lives to the courage of their dog teams. Alas, and very rarely, when a chap is overcome by cold, when he stumbles and pitches head foremost on the blinding, unmarked sheet of snow, the wolf strain overcomes that part which has been man-tamed during centuries, and the unconscious driver is torn to pieces. The magnificent team I present are Malamutes. Bob, the black-headed leader, is worth \$750. He would instantly attack, and possibly kill, any dog in the team that disputed his leadership while on the trail. The eight dogs are worth twenty-five hundred dollars. Some of the records of these endless trails in the for north in Yukon and Alaska are grim and ghastly. Ever seeking gold, one big, husky lad, one whose mother in an English mansion yet, perhaps, waits for the familiar foot on the path, penetrated further north than his food permitted. He found the camp he sought.



While the push Pole bends.

He found the gold his dead partner had left there. Then he turned south with very little flour in the sack and no fish for the dogs. Well, that man-destroying bag of gold was found again later, literally surrounded with human and canine remains, torn and tangled harness. Truly, it has been a trial of the survival of the fittest, and all had finally passed out.

Then we have the horse for a pack beast, and a nimble-footed one it becomes out here. I have seen them take the precipitous side of a shale-covered slope, a slope never trod by foot of do-



Pushing the canoe on the ice.

mesticated animal before, make their way across in a first descending and then ascending river of sliding thin rocks, then step out on the rock-crop covered firm hillside and whinny back for the next horse to follow in its path. Over the great frozen plateaus, in the long muskegs and marshes, these heavily laden animals patiently trudge, crossing the trail of the caribou, where, perhaps fifty thousand have pressed a path like unto a city road.

Returning for just a moment to the



Pushing the canoe up on the ice.

dog teams, the Huskies and the Malamutes. A friend of mine living in the north had a very handsome dog in camp. She was part collie and part Huskie; this gave her a slight wolfish strain. At the top of the snow-capped hill, a male wolf had appeared daily for a week. Orders had been given not to molest it. Finally the female answered the long yelp of the wild male and left the camp for three days. In due season



Where Locomotive and Dog Teams meet

she produced a litter of the usual strain and they grew to hardy, big puppies. Again the gaunt wolf appeared on the hill's crest. One of the pups saw and answered the call. Nearer crept the wolf down the hill. Farther up gambolled the playful, barking puppy. Now they meet, and wolf and pup play together—ever leading upwards in their gambols. Finally, they reach the crest and pass out of sight—the pup for ever, for when my friend's son made the climb to bring back the pup, all he found was just a few blood drops on the snow—the trail showed that the wolf had instantly leaped upon the pup the moment the crest of the hill hid them from the camp below.

So if, brother sportsman, you come out here to hunt bear, or deer, goat or sheep, moose or caribou, we can provide you with the natural picturesque methods of traversing our trails and waterways.

Tea Cup Invades the Office.

An Old Country Business Practice Making Headway in Toronto.

(Special from Toronto, Nov. 11.)

A reporter called yesterday afternoon, shortly before four o'clock, on a department manager of one of Toronto's large industrial concerns, and promptly at four o'clock a young lady brought in two cups of tea. The reporter was invited to partake of what proved a most delicious and refreshing beverage, and business being laid aside for a moment, the manager explained that a few months before he had been to England, where he had found the four o'clock tea custom practically universal among business houses. He had enjoyed it so much and it had seemed to fit in so well that after coming home he had adopted it in his own office. He said that he always used Red Rose Tea because it had the fine flavor and smooth richness of some of the choicer kinds he had got in the old country.

Upon inquiry at the office of the Red Rose Tea Co. it was found that the practice had been begun there only a few days ago, and that with their usual ambition to be a little ahead of the procession, they served a cup of delicious tea not only to every member of the office and warehouse staffs, but to every stranger who happened to be within the gates at the appointed hour. The tea is served to everyone at his or her desk, the drinking occupies only a minute or two and the tea is so deliciously refreshing and stimulating that the working efficiency of the staff is increased for the rest of the day.

The remarkable success of Red Rose Tea, and the high esteem in which the firm is held by the trade throughout Canada is a striking tribute to the forceful and progressive business methods steadily pursued by Mr. T. H. Estabrooks, of St. John, N.B., the proprietor of Red Rose Tea. This success has made Mr. Estabrooks a national figure in the tea business.

Vicious Horses Easily Subdued.

The value of Prof. Jesse Beery's correspondence training course in horsemanship was never better shown than when his students successfully handled the wildest and most vicious horses in the recent exhibitions given in connection with the convention of the pupils at Pleasant Hill, O. Prof. Beery picked the men to go into the ring at random from the 300 representatives of his 7,000 students. Every student who was called into the ring succeeded at whatever he was called upon to do. Students who had never met before worked together with perfect unison.

Only a master mind and a keen psychologist could write on a subject so plainly that a student can follow written directions and accomplish the same results as the teacher.

Prof. Beery will be glad to mail to any reader of this paper a copy of his Prospectus on Horse Training. Write him personally at Pleasant Hill, Ohio.

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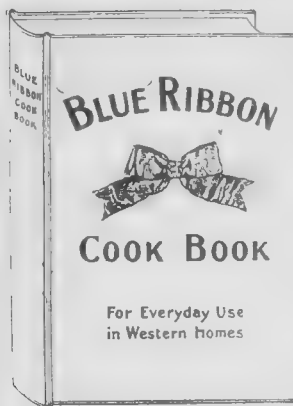
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your chance to get it.

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you a copy of Blue Ribbon Cook Book, FREE.

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Take stock, some afternoon, of the old things you have
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again, just like new, with

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can give bright, fresh, fadeless colors, without muss, fuss or bother, with one
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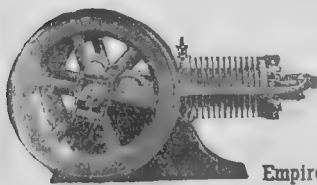
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The Fortune of Graham Hopkins.

By E. J. Rath.



GRAHAM HOPKINS at
the mature age of
twenty-five, was
tired of it. If called
upon for a speci-
fication of "it", prob-
ably he would have
floundered. He was
not clever at analy-
sis, or words. To be really frank, he was
not "clever" at anything. Certainly it
was not life of which he was tired, be-
cause he was healthy, and optimistic,
and had learned that men and places and
things are to be found as good as we
desire. Nor was he tired of being a
millionaire. It wasn't a dull life and it
was inexpensive for being a millionaire,
on a millionaire's income, is, by ratio,
one of the cheapest occupations in the
world.

The "it" of which he was tired consist-
ed of so many things that it was some-
what diffuse and hard to put your finger
upon. Principally it was, perhaps, hav-
ing to do nothing that he really had to
do. To particular rise a bit, "it" included
seeing his name in the newspapers,
society men and women, motors, yachts,
dances, operas, town houses, country
houses, house parties, horse shows, and
—oh, lot of other things. He wanted to
do something that was different from
all these—only to find that the occupa-
tions open to a young millionaire are
pitifully limited. That is, plain, ordi-
nary occupations. His matter-of-fact
mind did not run to sensations. If he
wanted to, of course, he could go out and
discover the North Pole, or found a new
university, or penetrate Tibet, or do
anything else that was peculiar or cost
money. But that sort of thing did not
appeal to the mind of Graham Hopkins,
which was sedate, orderly, and, beyond
doubt, commonplace. So conservative
was that mind that, for a little while, he
feared it was becoming sensational when
he realised that he was tired of the
things which he had been doing.

Under parental guidance it might have
been different, but his mother died when
he was a little boy and his father just
as he left college. Whatever plans the
senior Hopkins may have had he did not
live to disclose. All he did was to leave
his son an education and many thou-
sands. The thousands were firmly im-
bedded in a steel plant, about which
young Hopkins had no need to worry.
True, he had a sister; but she was mar-
ried to a wealthy man situated in the
same commonplace way as himself, so
she did not count.

J. Graham Hopkins rarely did any-
thing hastily, so he thought about this
matter of being tired for a long time.
Then he went to see his lawyers.

"I am going away," said he. "For a
year, at least; perhaps longer. Where?
Oh! I don't know definitely! all over
the world perhaps; I've just come in to
tell you to look after things while I'm
away. Money? Why, I'll send for it
when I need some. You needn't worry if
you don't hear from me much. I'll be all
right. Investments? Do whatever you
think best about that. Let it stay
where it is, if you like. Well, good-
bye."

And thereat J. Graham Hopkins
walked out of the offices of his lawyers
with an uneasy, pleasurable feeling, as
though he were playing truant.

"What's your name?" asked the man-
ager briskly.

"James G. Hopkins."

"Any references?"

"No, sir. I didn't think about that."

"It's customary. Have you had any
experience?"

"No."

"We advertised for somebody with ex-
perience. It's usually too much trouble
breaking in a green man. Are you in-
dustrious?"

"I think so."

"Gamble?"

"No, sir."

"Married?"

"No, sir."

"Living with your people?"

"No; I'm at a boarding-house."

The manager devoted five seconds to
a scrutiny of James G. Hopkins and
three seconds to thought.

"Come around to-morrow morning," he
said, "and I'll let you know whether I
can give you a job. I'll be frank and tell
you that if anybody who can show some
experience comes along in the meantime
you won't get it."

Hopkins picked up his hat and walked
out, mildly excited. The uncertainty of
his immediate future was not displeas-
ing. To-morrow he would either be
hired or looking for a place somewhere
else. It was his nearest approach to a
game of chance. He hummed a tune as
he strolled through the city.

It was a new experience in his life
when he tumbled out of an iron bed
stead in an attic room at half-past six
o'clock in the morning and began to
dress. It was equally novel to break-
fast at seven-thirty in a dining-room
half filled with other young men who
were apparently clerks, and young wo-
men who might have been typists, and
other persons of various ages who were,
likely enough, all sorts of things. An
early ride to the city in an electric car
was an absolute innovation. Surely,
adventure was coming upon him fast.

"We'll try you," said the manager.
"But you'll have to prove your worth,
understand."

"You'll get twenty-five shillings a
week."

Hopkins nodded, being a little too ex-
cited to speak.

It was six o'clock that evening when
he started off home to the board-
ing-house, reviewing in his mind the things
he had been doing all day. He was
amazed at his own capability. He had
sorted papers, rearranged books, car-
ried samples, answered the manager's
bell, stamped letters, posted them,
opened other letters, handed messages
to telegraph boys, studied letter files,
peeped into the labyrinth of a card in-
dex, found out whom people wanted to
see—in fact, it was hard to think of
anything he had not done.

All the week he did these things, over
and over again and gradually he began
to understand why he did some of them.
On Saturday night there was twenty-
five shillings in his pocket. He handed
fifteen to his landlady who smiled and
said something gracious about young
men who were prompt payers.

James G. Hopkins was a business
man, and he liked it. He had earned
twenty-five shillings working at a job
that he got on his own. He felt absurd-
ly proud. He found that the world of
working people was curious and interest-
ing. He discovered that the manufactur-
ing of endless varieties of hardware
and selling them to people who needed
them, or thought they did, was not so
prosaic as it sounded. At any rate,
so long as this thing amused him he
was going to keep at it. If he got tired
of it, it was easy enough to go back to
being a millionaire.

Let it be said clearly that Hopkins was
putting into practice no scheme for the
betterment of mankind. He had not
gone into business for the purpose of
reforming it. Neither did he intend to
write a book about it. He was not a
student of sociology. He was just plain
James G. Hopkins, doing what suited
him and minding his own business.

Some weeks passed before he realized
that the matter of being a millionaire
was being crowded away back into some
little-frequented part of his brain. At
first, outside of business hours, he could
not help thinking about it, but that was
largely because the new life was strange
to him. It afforded him some amuse-
ment to think of what his sister might
say, if she knew, or his lawyers, or his
friends. But as the new environment
became more familiar to him, he thought

Every Hunter or Trapper in Canada



This bear was mounted by our student, W. Kohli, Bluffton, O.



Deer head, mounted by our student, E. Wallace, Carson, Ia.

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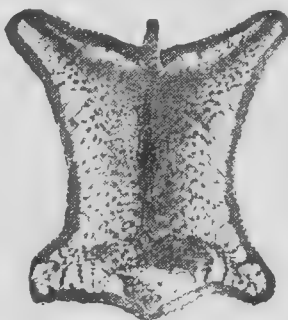
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The North-western School of Taxidermy, 5011 Elwood Bldg., Omaha, Nebr., U.S.

less about the old. He almost looked upon it as a past, for the new side of the world was infinitely vast and took much time to explore.

There were fellow-clerks who lunched with him and called him Jimmy, or Hopkins, or Hop. There were important persons of the firm, the manager, the customers, the office-boys, the slaves to which he was sent on errands, the banks, the lunch place, the street crowds, the groaning underground trains, the boarding-house, the lodgers—a myriad of things all new and absorbing. A man simply did not have time to think about his mere millions. Here, for instance, was a perfect museum of humanity, called a boarding-house, with a wide variety of exhibits. Some of them were teachers, he learned, some clerks, or sold goods, or kept books. One of them gave music lessons. Another wrote things. They were a new people to Hopkins—people with purposes, and ambitions, and hopes and disappointments. And most of them talked about what they did, so that he learned about them amazingly fast.

Living on twenty-five shillings a week became a financial hobby. He had virtually dared himself to do it. "If I'm going to play the game, I'll play the game, that's all," said Hopkins. "While I'm playing it I'll do it on a twenty-five shilling limit." So he never sent for money, or drew on an account that was almost at his elbow. Out of the balance, after his board was paid, he found that he could buy magazines and newspapers, and pay car-fares. He did not try to save. Nothing of that sort entered his head until the firm raised his salary. He had been a business man for nearly six months when that happened.

"Hopkins," said the manager, "We are going to give you thirty shillings a week. You seem to take an interest in your work. We want to make you more interested. We'll put you in the stock department for a while."

Thirty! Whew! When Hopkins went

home that night he had a desire to run that almost overpowered him. It seemed as if his feelings could only find expression in a wild sprint through the streets. He had earned a rise! He was getting on in the world.

Almost irresistible was the impulse to blurt it out at the dinner-table. It seemed as if his fellow-boarders really ought to know about it. But instead, he saved up the news and confided it, as they sat on the front porch, to the girl with the brown eyes. Who was she? Oh, a pleasant girl to talk to. By day she typed letters in a lawyer's office. Her mother lived in the country. At odd times, when there was enough left, she sent a little money home, because it was needed there. She was so different from the girls he knew in the days when he was J. Graham Hopkins that at first he decided she was a shy little thing. But the shyness began to melt when they exchanged opinions on the serious affairs of life and discovered that they were on a common field of battle.

True, for a while Hopkins felt the hypocrisy of his part, but gradually that perception was dulled as the new order of things became more real to him. He found the girl interesting, at first because hers was a typical struggle with fortune. She was quiet and brave and unassuming, but she had a world of ambition. All the sincerity of her nature went into her work, unromantic as it seemed. She wanted to get ahead in the world. He liked to talk to her because the spirit of her sincerity seemed to infuse him and made him seem more like a real toiler himself.

"I got a rise to-day," he said awkwardly.

The girl's eyes brightened.

"Did you? Isn't that fine!" she said.

"I'll get thirty shillings now; I'm in the stock department," he added.

He thought he detected a fleeting wistfulness in her glance, but she said heartily:

"I am glad you got it. I think you worked hard for it."

"Oh, I worked hard enough, I expect," he corroborated. "But it's good fun, at that. I think I'll begin to save now." She laughed and nodded.

"I've been saving ever since I worked," she said. "It's not so hard as you'd think."

But he knew that the savings were not for herself, and that it was hard. She never complained about it, however, and he liked her for that. For awhile they talked about their miniature finances until he completely forgot that he was an interloper among the toilers. Then he took what struck him as a daring step.

"It's pretty warm, Miss Blachard," he ventured. "Would—would you like to come and have an ice?"

As the words left his lips a vision of J. Graham Hopkins, millionaire, rose for an instant before him. It mocked him and put a feeling of foolishness into his heart. He wondered if she, too, could see it, and if she had the measure of his hypocrisy. But she was merely looking at him frankly and shaking her head reprovingly.

"I thought you were going to save," she laughed.

"So I am," he said stoutly. "You see if I don't. But I want to celebrate that rise just a little bit, you know."

She nodded understandingly, rose, and they strolled down the street to a little shop, where they revelled in ice-cream like children.

Hopkins began to work harder now, partly because he was developing a real interest in the hardware business and partly because he wanted to earn that thirty shillings. The vision of J. Graham Hopkins visited him less frequently. He thought seldom of the days that seemed now so long past. Occasionally he would chuckle as a motor rolled past, or when he encountered some other reminder, for he was able to observe these things

without envy, knowing that they were his when he chose to have them. But it was really satisfying just to be Jimmy Hopkins, earning thirty shillings a week and starting an account in the savings bank. It was the only bank account in which he had ever taken a live interest. He watched it grow with curiosity and gratification. He did not permit himself to reflect that it was an absurdity, viewed in the light of the true order of things. He liked it because it represented his own endeavor. He was independent; standing squarely on his own feet! He was never troubled by longings for the old luxuries. He did not bother his head by comparing his attic bedroom with a Park Lane mansion. He never sighed because he could not afford the opera. He had grown into his new life almost without effort. It was only at the rare times when he mentally stood aside and inspected himself that there seemed to be anything incongruous in it.

Nobody in the boarding-house paid much attention to him, or to the girl who wrote letters in the lawyer's office. They were allowed to drift into an unobtrusive comradeship almost without notice. Her own little story he had gathered scrap by scrap. As for him, to confess that he was J. Graham Hopkins would have seemed like an intrusion. Sometimes his conscience pricked him, and he wondered if he had gained a confidence under a false pretence. But it was partly her fault if he had, because she had a way of making him believe that Jimmy Hopkins was a real person in his own right, and not a materialisation of the spirit of J. Graham Hopkins.

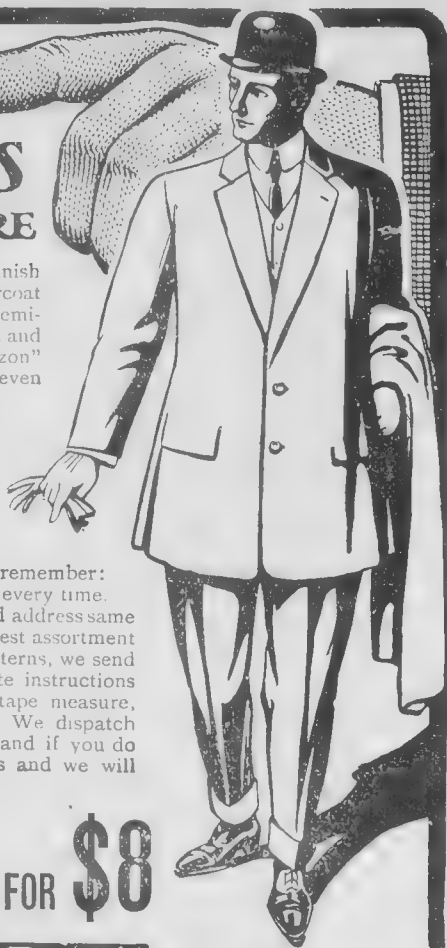
When Hopkins received another and unexpected advance in the hardware business, the effect of it was paradoxical. The manager discovered that the young man in the stock department, when called upon in emergencies, had a knack of getting along amazingly well with customers. So he made him a city sales-

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man, and that meant £2 10s. a week. Now £2 10s., considered purely from the financial view-point, meant that the necessity of Hopkins' return to his millions was more remote than ever. But, strangely enough, the same £2 10s. made Hopkins consider such a step very gravely, because to him it meant—

Well, it meant that he and the girl went for a very long walk that evening. "But you love me, don't you?" said Hopkins, stubbornly staring down at the pavement.

"Yes, Jimmy," she answered gently, slipping her hand into his. "And that's why."

"We could live on it, couldn't we? Besides, I've saved some, you know."

"I know, dear. We could live on it But—"

"You mean your mother," said Hopkins, nodding.

"Yes, Jimmy."

"We could spare enough for that, too," he persisted.

"But that wouldn't be fair to you," she said, shaking her head earnestly. "It would take almost all, you know."

The hypocritical vision of J. Graham

in a moment, but he wanted to see it through as it had begun, for this was to him the only real thing in his life.

But he resolved that it would not be long, for now he slaved and planned. The girl planned too, but her plans were not his. He did not tell her this, for his plans were to come as the glorious surprise, as the great reward for all the toil and courage and sacrifice. She talked of the little home until to her it became almost a visible thing. It would be a gay, cheerful, comfortable little place. Perhaps her mother could come, too. Hopkins would listen and nod his head and smile. What a wonderful little optimist she was!

And then came the day of release. The manager called him into the inner office.

"Hopkins," he said, "here is a cheque covering commissions on your sales for the past month."

Hopkins took it and looked at it rather stupidly.

"I didn't know I was on commissions yet," he said.

"Well, you are," said the manager,



Cloud effect at Baden, north of Swan River.

Hopkins fitted before his eyes, but he would not yield to the taunt.

"But I'm getting along pretty well," he said. "Some day I'll get more; I'm sure of that. The manager said something about commissions if I did well."

The girl looked dreamily at the monotonous row of brick houses along the road. "We must wait for them," she said, almost inaudibly.

"We will, dear," he answered, shutting his jaw resolutely.

It was from that day that Hopkins began to reckon on the time when he would return to his riches. For they were not all his now; part of them belonged to the little girl with the brown eyes. When she was his wife he intended to pour them into her lap in a golden shower. But he had won her as plain Jimmy Hopkins, and as Jimmy Hopkins he wanted to marry her. He was earning his way in business, and he wanted to earn his wife. Then, and not until then, would he put the glitter of the big world before her. It seemed hard, perhaps, to watch her struggling on in the crowd, when he might lift her out of it

turning to his desk to show that the matter was dismissed.

Hopkins was not thinking of the cheque as he walked out of the office. He was thinking about getting married. He quivered with an exultation that he did not know how to express. As plain Jimmy Hopkins he had won the game!

He began the journey homeward in a sort of dream. Now and then he thrust his hand into his pocket to see if the cheque was really there. He was trying to decide just how he would tell her—whether he would show her the magic slip of paper and let her guess what it meant, or whether he would run into her presence shouting and waving his hat. He entered the station, stopped for an instant to buy an evening paper, and then got into a train. For some time he sat staring with unseeing eyes at the print before him, his thoughts on the girl who was soon to be told a wonderful thing. Then his eyes, which had been mechanically following the headlines, began to record an impression, through successive repetitions; he found himself reading:

GREAT STEEL WORKS FAILS.
The Hopkins Company Bankrupt.
The Biggest Crash Ever Recorded in the
Iron Industry.
Little Left for Creditors.

At first Hopkins did not read the story. He laid the paper on his knees and looked vacantly across the train. Not a muscle of his face moved. He sat like an image, hearing and seeing nothing. Presently he took in a deep breath, shook himself a little, lifted the paper and began to read calmly. He read it through to the end. It was not hard to understand. There was nothing left. There wasn't going to be any glorious surprise for the girl.

He left the station and walked the short distance to the boarding-house slowly, wondering what he should say. The paper hung loosely in his hand. Then he tossed it away. He did not need to know any more. If he ever wanted the details, he could get them from his lawyers.

She was in the dining-room when he entered, and he forced a smile as he answered her bright little nod. Their engagement was a secret they had con-

her in his heart. Then his hand fumbled in his coat pocket and he drew forth a little slip of paper. She took it and looked at it wonderingly.

"It's a month's commissions, Kitty," he explained.

Her hands dropped to her sides and she lifted up to him a face that seemed to be glorified.

"Oh, Jim!" she cried, and then her head lay against his shoulder and she sobbed. Hopkins stroked her hair gently and looked across the room, at the wall. Once or twice he swallowed hard.

"Are you disappointed, dear?" he asked presently.

"Disappointed!" she echoed. "Oh, Jimmy, I am so happy I just can't help being silly. But I ought to shake you for trying to frighten me. You came in looking as if something awful had happened."

"Did I?"

"Of course you did. You were playing a joke on me. And all the time you knew you were the luckiest boy alive."

"Am I?" he asked.

"Listen to him!" she exclaimed, smiling through her tears. "Lucky! Why,



Bird Nest Hunting in the Cliffs of British Columbia.

fided to no one, and they even sat apart at meals. He thought he detected a flash of inquiry in her glance, for she was quick to observe, and as he sat down he felt that her eyes were following him, trying to read the meaning of what she saw. He ate his dinner silently, thinking. He wondered how he could ever tell her about J. Graham Hopkins now, or whether he ought to tell her until—Some time she would have to know, of course. He wondered if it would make her unhappy. At least, he was glad that he had never painted a golden future to her. But did he have a right to marry her now? Vaguely it seemed to him as if it might be some sort of crime. He arose from the table undecided. Maybe it would be best to make a clean breast of the whole foolish, miserable business. But perhaps—

She was waiting for him in the little reception-room upstairs.

"What is it, Jimmy?" she asked anxiously, searching his face as he stooped to kiss her.

"Nothing, dear," he said.

"Yes, there is, Jim," she answered.

"You are smiling, but I know there's something. I could see it when you came in."

He looked at her without speaking for a moment, a great throb of pity for

you great big ungrateful child! and you hadn't even told me they had put you on commission."

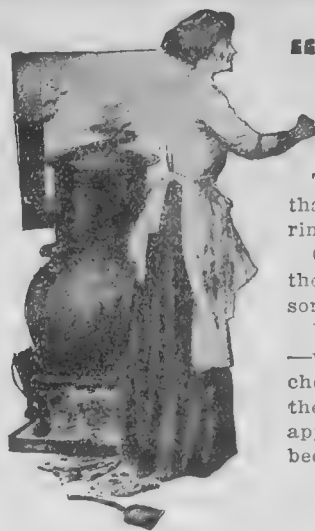
"I didn't know until to-day," said he.

"Well, you ought to count it the greatest day of your life, dear," she answered.

"Think what it means, Jim. All the wonderful plans we have been making are going to come true. Our little home—I can just see it now, Jim. And—and—you'll go on being successful. I know that. Oh, can't you see what a wonderful day this is?"

"It is a wonderful day," said Hopkins, placing his hands on her shoulders and holding her at arm's length, so that he might look at her. "And you are a very dear and wonderful person," he added, smiling. "And if you are very good, some day I'll tell you a story."

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A Judgment of Solomon.

A Deal in Dogs. By S. W. Mattingly.



I WAS quite pleased to find a letter from Aunt Matilda by the side of my breakfast bacon one splendid morning in May. I could be quite sure, in the first place, that there would be a five pound note inside; and I could also rely on a rather peremptory invitation to stay with my aunt at Little Stottney.

It was true that Aunt Matilda was sure to have some extraordinary piece of business on hand—last time she had sent for me it was to defeat an upstart curate at croquet; the time before to exact the utmost penalty of the law upon a farmer who had the temerity to catch in a trap my aunt's cat, Peebles, a dour Grimalkin of poaching habits.

All the same, the prospect of a trip out of London for a week or two was quite alluring.

My pleasant anticipations were more than fulfilled, but I must confess to a considerable shock when, on opening the letter, out dropped a cheque for twenty-five pounds. What could be the reason for this burst of munificence? I turned to the letter for information, and read as follows:

The Red House,
Little Stottney,
Suffolk, May 26th.

My dear nephew,

I have long been intending to write to ask you to pay me a visit, as there are several small matters I wish to consult you about. I was going to put it off till next month, but something has now occurred which makes it important that I should have a man at my side to advise, and, if necessary, to protect me.

As you may have heard, The Welkin, which stands opposite my house, has recently been taken by a General Sholto. I am not, as you know, fond of military men; at the same time I should have wished to meet him in a neighborly spirit, in spite of the fact that he keeps a motor-car, a machine which I abominate, and a chauffeur, who I greatly fear is making love to Amelia. But this is not all.

The general keeps a huge St. Bernard, a most pugnacious and vicious creature. How pugnacious you will see for yourself, when I tell you that he is constantly luring my darling Joseph into combats with him.

(It must be mentioned that this Joseph was well known to me as the biggest and most savage bull-terrier of my acquaintance.)

The climax came yesterday. Joseph was quietly eating a bone on the lawn, when Crusoe—the general's dog—came bounding in, and rushed at my gentle pet like an infuriated lion. Joseph naturally turned to defend himself, whereupon the monster seized his bone and made off with it. Joseph followed, and from the sounds I heard I fancy a savage fight must have taken place in the general's garden. I cannot help feeling glad that Joseph succeeded in recovering his bone, and bit the chauffeur, who attempted to interfere.

I at once wrote to General Sholto, informing him of what had occurred, and demanding that Crusoe should at once be placed under proper control. His answer I have just received. I can only say it is what I should have expected from a soldier and a motorist. He declares that Joseph was the aggressor, having stolen the bone from Crusoe in the first place, just as if that excuses his dog from entering my garden, and he goes on to say that it is a well-known fact that St. Bernards are a particularly docile and friendly species. "You, madam," he concludes, "appear to have got hold of a particularly undesirable specimen of a most ferocious breed. Let me advise you to be careful. My chauffeur tells me he is buying a pistol. Yours faithfully, Wolseley Sholto."

I do not know much about the law,

but I think it must be possible to send the chauffeur, if not the general himself, to prison for this murderous threat. For the present I have snut Joseph in the drawing-room, and shall keep him there till you are here to advise me. Please catch the next train if possible; dear Joseph is so very playful among my old china. I enclose a little present which I hope will compensate you for your absence from your office for a few days.

No doubt your staff will be able to deal with the more pressing business.

Your affectionate aunt,

Matilda Grimwade.

Twenty-five pounds, I decided, would amply compensate me for a short absence from my professional duties, which consisted in sitting in a small, dingy office, playing dominoes with my "staff," a promising young scoundrel, aetat thirteen, who wasted my stationery at a salary of six and sixpence per week.

Aunt Matilda invariably describes me to her friends as a "rising young lawyer." I have risen, considerably, it is true—from the first to the fifth floor in Honeycote Buildings; but if I rise any higher it can only be to pitch a tent on the roof.

I packed quickly, wrote a note to the "staff" already alluded to, and took a hansom to Liverpool Street Station. The united efforts of the Great Eastern Railway and a station fly landed me at Little Stottney soon after midday.

I was received by my aunt in the drawing room, and I could not help noticing that chairs, tables, and in particular the china cabinet, wore a somewhat battered look. An old Sevres vase of fabulous worth had disappeared entirely.

"A terrible blow has fallen on me since I wrote," said Aunt Matilda, our first greetings over. "Joseph has disappeared. You little know how thankful I am to have you with me."

This, though ambiguous, was meant to be flattering.

"I look to you, Charles," my aunt went on in broken tones, "to help me in this sad hour."

"You can rely on me to do my best, Aunt Matilda," I declared. "Above all, we must look on the bright side. In my profession we are accustomed to deal with the most difficult and unexpected problems. Detective work has always been a favorite study of mine, and I have read almost all the detective tales that have ever been published. (I have plenty of time for reading at the office.) "What I should like from you now is a statement of what has occurred since you wrote to me yesterday."

"I can tell you in a few words," said my aunt. "For reasons that are obvious" (here her gaze strayed to the china cabinet) "it was inadvisable to keep Joseph in this room all night. Therefore I ordered him to be shut up in the kitchen, intending to keep him indoors till your arrival today. But to my horror, when I came down to breakfast this morning, Amelia informed me that he had slipped out of the front door soon after she came down. She thinks she heard him barking in the general's garden afterwards. From that hour to this there has been no sign of Joseph, dead or alive."

I made a note of this statement with a professional air. From my extensive reading of detective literature, I knew exactly what ought to happen. The general had obviously kidnapped the dog; he would have a niece whose acquaintance I must at once make. I should fall in love with her; she would persuade the general to disgorge Joseph; Amelia would marry the chauffeur, the general would play picquet with my aunt, while the eventual alliance of myself with the niece must be within the bounds of probability.

"I should now like to ask you one or two questions, Aunt Matilda," I said, in a business-like tone. "This case presents some novel and interesting

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features. Had Joseph ever bitten anyone before the chauffeur?"

"Only the postman," said my aunt with some embarrassment, "and he has had half a crown every time it has happened."

"Um," said I, reflectively, making an entry. "Has he ever before been missing for many hours together?"

"Never," was the emphatic reply. "He always comes in to meals. He has missed three today, a thing he would never have done of his own accord."

"Now, just a question or two about the general's household. Has he a niece living or staying with him?"

"Oh, no. He keeps two maids, a chauffeur, and a gardener, and I believe the chauffeur acts as his valet as well."

"No niece!" I exclaimed, anxiously. "A daughter, possibly? or even a second cousin?"

Aunt Matilda shook her head.

"This is quite extraordinary," I observed. "However, with your permission, aunt, I will now have a few words with Amelia."

I composed my features to a judicial sternness, and when the shrinking form of the housemaid appeared, I motioned her to a chair.

"Now, Amelia," I began, "I want to get at the facts concerning the disappearance of Joseph this morning. First, what time did he go?"

"A quarter past seven," gasped Amelia, who was neatly balanced on the extreme edge of the chair nearest the door.

"And at what time did you hear him barking over at The Welkin?"

"It must have been nearly eight."

"Where were you when you heard him?"

"In the garden."

"Whereabouts in the garden?"

"I was standing," said Amelia, rather defiantly, "by the front gate looking out for the milk."

"Exactly. And while you were looking out for the milk, did you happen to see—anyone else?"

"I see the postman," said Amelia, reflectively. "Oh, yes. And I see the general's chuffer, Mr. Nichols."

"Perhaps you spoke to Mr. Nicholls," I suggested.

"I might 'ave," said Amelia, defiantly.

"And what did Mr. Nicholls do when he heard Joseph barking in the general's garden?"

"Well, sir, he said: 'O 'elp!' and ran off 'ome sudden like. I aint seen him since."

"I see. Well, just one more question, Amelia, and that will do. What is Mr. Nicholls's Christian name?"

"His name is 'Orace,'" said Amelia, colouring, "which I don't see as it effects the case, him having been in the Army and a perfect gentleman."

"No, Amelia," I said sadly, "of course you don't. But it is by attention to small details like this that all really great detectives have succeeded. However, Amelia, you will hardly appreciate the deep workings of the criminologist's mind, and so I must not detain you."

"I have formed a theory, Aunt Matilda," I said, when that lady returned. "And it is being rapidly confirmed. For a short time we must wait for developments—er—to—er develop. In the meantime, I may tell you that I believe Joseph is in the hands of a man who has a grudge against him. He weighs less than twenty stone, has been in the Army, and his Christian name is Horace."

"Why," exclaimed my aunt in bewilderment, "you must mean the general's chauffeur. I remember Amelia told cook—"

I raised a majestic hand.

"You must not ask me for any further details at present," I said. "We have to deal with a conspiracy of a particularly infamous kind. If, as you surmise, it is General Sholto and his chauffeur who have kidnapped Joseph, we must, above all things, be cautious."

"I hope by this time tomorrow to have completed my plan of campaign, and I can assure you that your faithful canine friend shall not remain in the hands of his enemies one second longer than is necessary." With these impressive words I went upstairs to dress for dinner.

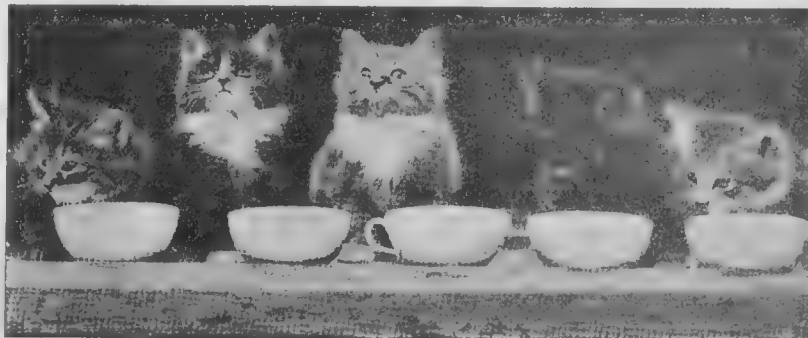
My aunt retired early to bed, and I

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Giving Thanks.

spent the evening in considering such possibilities as presented themselves. I at once put away from me any thought of a mere midnight raid on the general's premises. In the first place it would be common-place. In the second, Joseph, if found, would certainly bite me. I felt it extremely hard that I should be deprived of the legitimate aid which some attractive female relative of the general would have afforded. In all my considerable experience of "true" detective stories, I had never met with a crueller case. However, I am a man of some determination, and difficulties only increase it. I pondered far into the night, then went to bed, and dreamt that I had the general chained up in Joseph's kennel.

I descended cheerfully to breakfast next morning, only an hour late; Aunt Matilda breaks her fast at eight; and like many amiable people who have nothing to do, she likes to spend a long day at the job.

On the breakfast table I found the idea for which I had been waiting—sausages. They are a favourite dish of mine, especially in the country, where 'bus horses are scarce. I made a hearty meal—but I was careful to leave one sausage on the dish.

"Amelia," said I, when Horace's charmer appeared to clear away, "would you be good enough to wrap this sausage up in a paper bag, and let me have it as soon as possible; also the key of the stable."

I felt that this was a distinctly professional beginning. Detectives always make some apparently idiotic request of this sort, and thereby incur the ridicule of the ignorant; in my case, Amelia and cook, whose suppressed guffaws came shortly afterwards drifting up the kitchen stairs.

However, I got my paper parcel and the key, and thus armed, I went for a stroll in the garden. A convenient clump of bushes hid me from the road while still giving a view of it. The entrance gate of The Welkin stood almost opposite me, and I could command a view of the drive leading up to the house. There were no stables—these had been done away with to make way for a new motor-house. I had a sudden intuition that this was the place of Joseph's detention—all detectives, I believe, have intuitions. Besides, it seemed to be the only place available.

But for the moment I was not concerned with Joseph. I was betting on the general's taking a morning constitutional. As a matter of fact, I had smoked one pipe, and my second was already on the wane when the gallant officer appeared.

As General Sholto came down the drive, I took careful stock of him. (Detectives always do this.) He was evidently military, with a fierce moustache, white hair and eyebrows, and an Indian complexion. His aspect was distinctly terrifying, and I felt vaguely that he must eat a lot of cayenne pepper. Behind him came a large, comfortable-looking creature, something like a St. Bernard and something like a sheep—Crusoe, in fact.

Now, the general's pace and Crusoe's pace were two very diverse things. By the time Crusoe had reached the gates, the general's long stride had already carried him round a bend in the road—no doubt quite certain that Crusoe would follow him as usual.

Here was my chance. Not a soul was in sight. I advanced from my hiding-place, and dangled the paper bag temptingly over the gate.

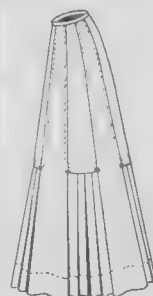
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Crusoe looked round with interest; hesitated; came slowly towards me. I opened the gate, and slowly withdrew the paper bag. He followed me silently, and, for him, almost swiftly down a shady path that led round the garden to the disused stable already mentioned.

I entered, so did he. With a snort of joy he seized upon the sausage, swallowed it at one gulp, and immediately composed himself to sleep on a convenient bundle of straw. I withdrew, locking the door behind me, and went in to lunch, feeling that I thoroughly deserved it.

I explained what I had done to my aunt.

"We hold Crusoe as a hostage, Aunt Matilda," I said. "I shall keep him imprisoned in the stable, and shall feed him myself on a plain yet sufficient diet. I must ask you to warn the maids on no account to feed or go near him, and not to mention to any outsider that we have got him here."

Aunt Matilda promised to do as I asked. For herself, she said, she did not wish to see the wretched creature, and would be only too glad to leave the entire responsibility of him in my hands.

The following days were uneventful, and I will pass them quickly by. I myself was beginning to tire slightly of the dog trouble. It had, of course, its amusing side, and I was having a very pleasant holiday, but I felt myself losing interest, and I am bound to say that I thought more than once that I noticed the same feeling in my aunt. For instance, when we were conversing on the chances of getting Joseph back, she would change the subject with something like abruptness. I scarcely understood it.

I put it down at the time to overwrought feelings, little suspecting the true cause.

It was, I think, on the fourth day of Crusoe's captivity that I noticed a falling off in my prisoner's appetite. I had put him on an allowance of two biscuits a day—one in the morning, and one in the evening—and I had hitherto found him extremely ready to devour even this plain fare.

But going after dinner to give him his frugal meal I found Crusoe sleeping—a most unusual thing for him to do at meal times. With some little difficulty I woke him; he looked with an air of sleepy contempt at the biscuit and at me; then ostentatiously turning his back on me he went to sleep again.

I went into the house, and over a cigar I pondered this development.

Clearly Crusoe had been got at. Someone, dissatisfied with the quantity or quality of food he was getting, had augmented it with a private supply. The problem was—who? I could not dismiss from my mind Amelia's undoubted interest in Mr. Nicholls. It seemed only too clear. She must have betrayed our secret to the chauffeur, and in obedience to his prompting, given Crusoe a square meal. It was nine o'clock, and my aunt had already retired to bed, but I decided to interview Amelia, and wring the truth from her at once. I rang the bell.

"Amelia," I began sternly, when she arrived, "when your mistress told you that I had shut the general's St. Bernard up in the stable, she told you also, I believe, to be careful not to mention the fact to anyone not a member of the household. Amelia," I said, "have you obeyed those instructions?"

Here Amelia began to weep.

"I do not wish to be hard on you," I proceeded, "but if you have disobeyed them I am bound to tell you that you have placed me in a very difficult position. But I do not want to get you into trouble, and if you will make a clean breast of it, I will do my best to screen you."

This noble offer only intensified Amelia's woe. She sobbed dismally.

"Come now, control yourself, Amelia," I said sharply. "You are making yourself positively plain." The sobs immediately began to decrease. "What would Mr. Nicholls say if he could see you now?"

This had the effect of stopping the tears, but Amelia flared up at me.

"Which I haven't seen him these four days," she said.

"Not seen him since Joseph disappeared?" I exclaimed. "I hope you are speaking the truth, I sincerely do. But this is what I want to know. How is it that Crusoe, shut up in the stable has been fed today by some unauthorized person? Do you know anything about it?"

"If he 'as been," said Amelia, guard-

aunt had decided that she preferred to keep the general's dog rather than have her own back, she would certainly do so. And any difficulty in the path would have to be bridged by me.

I ought to have remembered, of course, that the darkest hour comes before the dawn, and that every detective, when on the point of giving up the problem he is trying to unravel, has a wonderful stroke of luck which makes everything plain sailing. As it was, I lost many hours of sleep, and when breakfast time arrived my nerves were still so shaky that I was actually punctual.

My aunt's rubicund face was cheerful and calm as ever, and she poured out the coffee with a commendably steady hand. I did not fail to notice, however, that her indoor shoes were slightly wet with the morning dew, betraying to my trained mind mind that she had started thus early in the day on her path of deception. Yet her composure was perfect; it would have done credit to a murderer.

The morning passed without event. I watched my aunt eat an excellent lunch,



Canoes laid up for the Winter.

edly, "Mr. Nicholls doesn't know anything about it."

"But you do, Amelia," I said. Come now, who is responsible?"

"I can't tell you, sir," said Amelia, flatly.

"You must."

"I shan't then," she replied.

"Very well, Amelia. If you defy me I shall have to speak to your mistress."

Then the essential feminine that lies dormant even in a housemaid, spoke.

"Ask 'er who fed Crusoe," she said with a meaning look, and was gone.

This sudden revelation was such a shock to me that my hand positively trembled as I measured out a whisky and soda. When I had drunk it I felt more able to face the situation.

Briefly, it was this. My aunt was clandestinely feeding, or causing to be fed, the dog of her enemy.

It all became clear to me as I set my wits to work on this curious fact. First a visit to the captive, prompted by mere feminine curiosity; second, pity for a fallen foe; third, a comparison of Joseph and Crusoe; and after that, the deluge.

One thing was quite certain. If my

and endured her affectionate reproaches for my own lack of appetite. Then over an unsatisfactory pipe my resolve was taken.

Come of it what might, I would beard the general in his den, and bring the wretched business to an end. If my diplomacy resulted in the recovery of the old love and the loss of the new, Aunt Matilda would have only herself to thank.

With a firm step and a thumping pulse I rang the front door bell at The Welkin at three precisely. At three-two I was facing the general in his smoking-room.

"What do you want, sir?" asked the general ferociously, his moustache positively bristling with military aggressiveness.

"Thanks, very much," I returned mildly. "I think I will join you in a whisky and soda." So saying, I helped myself.

"Sit down and give an account of yourself," shouted the general, his face purple with rage.

"I was born," I replied politely, "in 1878. Educated first at an excellent school kept by a maiden lady named

Tait, and afterwards at Harrow. My people decided that I had too many brains for the Army, consequently—

"Confound you, sir," shrieked the general. "I don't care about your infernal brains—I want to know what you are here for?"

"Then why didn't you say so?" I remarked, with some natural irritation. "I have come to have a little chat with you about these dogs."

I was certainly not prepared for the effect that these simple words had on my antagonist. His moustache bristled no more, the colour of his countenance faded to a pale pink; with one hand he seized his glass and took a hasty gulp, the other strayed over his chair and rested caressingly on the head of Joseph, who smiled pleasantly.

My mind, as I think I have mentioned before, works quickly, but I must admit that I was surprised and taken aback by the general's evident confusion. It is true that he had nefariously stolen my aunt's dog; on the other hand, I as he must by this time be aware—had stolen his. Yet he was uncomfortable. Why? I racked my brain for a solution.

The general cleared his throat. "I imagine, sir," he began, "that you are acting on behalf—er—of my—er—esteemed neighbour, Miss—er—Grimwade."

"My aunt," I replied, with a polite bow.

"Then let me say at once," pursued General Sholto, "how much I regret the—er—regrettable incidents of the last few days. Liver, sir, all liver, I assure you."

"Quite so, quite so," I nodded sympathetically. "We, for our part, are quite willing to let bygones be bygones including—er—your liver, but, of course we must put matters on a proper basis first. My aunt's dog Joseph—"

The general winced perceptibly. He patted the dog once more on the head, and in a flash I saw how the land lay. My stroke of luck had arrived. Fate had played into my hands. The general was as unwilling to part with Joseph as my aunt with Crusoe. Hastily changing my tactics, I proceeded:

"My aunt's dog, as I was saying, is already sold—that is to say, practically sold to a friend of mine in London. I advised her some time ago to replace him with a dog more suitable for a lady; indeed I came down intending to take him back with me, and as I shall be leaving almost at once—"

The general blew his nose violently. "May I ask, sir, if the sale is completed? By a curious coincidence, I am trying to sell my dog, and if—" He broke off.

I shook my head. "There is nothing actually settled—but my aunt has been offered a very good price—£20—and this she has decided to accept."

"I offer £25," said the general, abruptly.

I looked surprised. "In that case, of course," I said, "I have no doubt that the matter can be arranged. But I must make a proviso. In a small place like this, where everything is known to everybody, people have been gossiping, and some explanation is required—merely for the public consumption, you understand. My aunt had better retain Crusoe, and we can give out that you have simply exchanged dogs. To put the matter on a business footing, I suggest that you deduct the odd £5 as the price of the animal."

"I am perfectly agreeable," said the general.

"One thing more," I proceeded, "my aunt is a strong-willed woman—some might call her obstinate. She thinks she is entitled to an apology from you—of course, being undoubtedly the aggressor."

"An apology," said the general un- easily. "I might manage it—though such things are hardly in my line. There's my liver to consider, you see." He shook his head despondently.

"A paper apology would do," I remarked. In fact I could embody it in a short legal document, putting on record the exchange of the dogs."

The general rose and grasped me by the hand. A few minutes later I was on my way home with his cheque for £20 in my waistcoat pocket.

And so it was that when I returned to my life of toil and stress in the Metropolis I carried back with me not only health and strength renewed by my stay in the country; not only the general's cheque for £20, which my aunt positively refused to accept, but also the following unique legal instrument which now reposes in my safe, alongside of the last will and testament, and the insurance policy against burglary belonging to my Aunt Matilda—who is still, I regret to say, my only client:

An Agreement made between Matilda Jane Grimwade of the one part and Wolseley Sholto of the other part on the 3rd day of June 1908. The said Matilda Jane Grimwade agrees to take and the said Wolseley Sholto agrees to give all that St. Bernard dog known as and answering to the name of Crusoe; And the said Matilda Jane Grimwade agrees to give and the said Wolseley Sholto agrees to take all that bull-terrier dog known as and sometimes answering to the name of Joseph; in consideration of which ex-

change, the said Wolseley Sholto has paid to the said Matilda Jane Grimwade the sum of £20, hereby acknowledged.

Provided Always that the said Wolseley tenders and the said Matilda Jane Grimwade accepts all proper apologies and regrets for any actions of himself or any of his servants, domestic or dependents as may have caused distress or annoyance to the said Matilda Jane Grimwade.

Witness our hands.

(Signed)

Matilda Jane Grimwade.
Wolseley Sholto.

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The consumer has the consolation that old prices will no doubt be restored in the course of a year or so, and it is more than probable the crop of 1911 will be a good one.

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PROOF

That Electricity and Vibration are the most marvelous natural curative agencies in existence to-day is proven by the fact that the cleverest and most scientific doctors throughout the entire world are leaving the drug medication and treating almost every known disease by these wonderful forces.

This Valuable Book, "Health and Beauty,"

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Our January and February Sale Catalogue should now be in your hands. If you have not received it, be sure to let us know, because we are sure you will find it interesting and profitable.

It contains forty pages of money-saving opportunities, forty pages of the best values we have ever offered, values that would be impossible did we buy in the ordinary way, through the medium of middlemen. We go direct to the manufacturer, so that our prices are the cost of production, with our one small margin of profit added.

In the case of the sale goods, we were given special concessions from the manufacturer. We went to them two months ago and placed orders with them for enormous quantities of goods to be made up during what would otherwise be their dull season. In consideration of this, and the further consideration that we always pay cash for everything we buy, they gave us such substantial reductions that we are able to give the phenomenal values contained in the catalogue.

Our January and February, and our Midsummer Sales are to our Mail Order friends what our Friday bargains are to our City Customers. Our Friday bargains are picked up so quickly that they are nearly always gone before orders can possibly reach us by mail.

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The Canadian Club of N.Y.

Annual Banquet, Nov. 15, 1910. Anglo-American Peace the Theme of Eloquent Addresses.

We have pleasure in reproducing the address of Dr. Neil MacPhatter, the President of the Club. Among those who ably responded for the Dominion were the Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King, Principal Peterson, of McGill University; Dr. J. A. Macdonald, of Toronto, etc. "Gentlemen of the Canadian Club and honored guests:

"The mission of the Canadian Club since its inception has been to cement the good feeling and friendship already existing between the people of this country and those of the land from which we came. Here are two great nations of kindred origin and kindred blood, developing the resources of their respective countries side by side, a people having the same blood gurgling through their veins, the same great desire and ambitions in life. (Applause.)

"Our mingling together therefore upon this special occasion is particularly wholesome and congenial. It presents to us again the opportunity of expressing our friendship and good feeling toward the people of this mighty Republic whose warm hearts and generous impulses are everywhere recognized. At the same time we can revel in the pleasant associations of that beautiful land of the maple leaf that looks in upon us this evening in all its alluring loveliness.

"Gentlemen, there is nothing more propitious, nothing more significant for the future welfare, for the future peace and prosperity of this world than the friendly feeling and affection of the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon race for each other. Similar in their ideals and ambitions; similar in blood and brawn, they are similar in upholding the cardinal principles of justice and fair dealing wherever their mighty flags float. (Cheering.)

"Fortunately for mankind the hatchet of war is forever buried between them and in their serene confidence in each other, in their good will and good fellowship they have decided to sit down side by side and smoke the pipe of perpetual peace. Under the beneficent influence and sway of their joint association the dawn of a greater civilization will eventually be evolved. The expansion of commerce, the pursuit of peaceful methods of arbitration in international disputes, the elimination of unnecessary conflicts of war and an honest, truthful desire for universal justice and fair dealing are surely the greatest aims and ambitions that can very well be undertaken by two such enlightened nations. (Applause.)

"Heretofore and even at the present time to a certain degree and extent, the approval of some nations has been greatly given to the daring deeds of military activities. This appreciation and approval is frequently expressed in paeans of praise in the contemplation of military heroism. With death-dealing contrivances they would be prepared to belch forth shot and shell into the ranks of their enemies until fields are red with smoke and flame and mankind is wont to acclaim such performances as the highest pinnacle of moral or physical possibilities.

"From the remotest periods of antiquity great men have extolled the virtues of the men of war. The loftiest flights of stately eloquence have been given to the valiant hero who returns clad in the spoils of the enemy. Poets have attuned their harps of immortal melody to those who have hazarded their lives upon the field, artists have left upon canvas the prototypes of ancient and modern warriors, maidens even have reserved the kiss of affection for the youth who returns besmirched and besmudged from the din and dangers of battle. (Applause.)

"The history of nations has been to a great extent the history of war and its glorification. Mankind from time immemorial has stamped his approval on the deadly encounter of arms, this, too, with Heaven's mighty commandment

ringing in their ears, 'Thou shalt not kill.'

"Fain would I offer my tribute in admiration of chivalrous deeds wherever they are performed. Fain would I offer my approval to the untold examples of self-sacrificing heroism that has frequently gone floating on the wings of smoke and flame. But notwithstanding all these we claim that the triumphs of peace are greater than the achievements of war. The white doves of commerce are more beneficial to mankind than are striving nations struggling in battle. A people who devote themselves to the peaceful pursuits of life, who dedicate their energies seriously to the betterment of mankind, and the general welfare of humanity, are eminently worthy of some of the glamour that surrounds the halo of heroism. It is the generous broadminded man, the honest every day fair dealing man who will ever continue to remain the bulwark of the Anglo-Saxon race. The prosperity and happiness of these two nations do not depend upon the vast geographical extent of their territory, not upon their industrial activities or natural products;

Not high-raised battlement or labored mound.

Thick wall or moated gate;

Not cities proud, with spires and towers crowned;

Not bays and broad armed ports

Where laughing at the storm, rich navies ride.

But men, high minded men.

"From the earliest times saints and sages looked forward to a day when peace would be universal among the people of the earth. Isaiah predicted the time when swords would be fashioned into plough-shares, spears into pruning hooks and the lion, forgetting his ferocious instincts, would lie peacefully down by the side of the lamb. Virgil in his graceful flowing verse allowed his fertile fancy to stray into such peaceful regions in his peregrinations into the future. Plato in his Ideal Republic, Sir Thomas Moore in his Utopia delighted in depicting a state of human society when war would be no more.

"This blissful state of humanity we may well feel assured, will not be introduced by any system of socialistic leveling; not by the destruction of individualism, but rather by making individualism more complete in a more perfect humanity. There is no equality in Heaven above, and we are absolutely assured there is none in the earth beneath. Inequality and diversity are immutable laws of nature and a world at peace will be a world where diversity shall have resulted in a perfect harmony. What we require to introduce this blissful period, this era of universal brotherhood of man, is a palingenesis co-extensive with the human race; a rebirth with higher aspirations, nobler purposes and a purer morality. No economic nostrums, no political expedients will bring about this wished-for millennium of the human race. Nothing will accomplish this save a regenerative force permeating human society; a moral influence dominating life and conduct, imperative in its demands, restless in its force. (Applause.)

"Let us hope that these two great nations may ever continue to dwell in feelings of peace and good fellowship; that prosperity and happiness may gush forth from their hills and their valleys and that they may pass down through the centuries of time hand in hand and in harmony. (Great cheering.)

Youth (who is under the impression that he has impressed the waitress, who is looking absentmindedly at him): "A penny for your thoughts, Gertie."

Waitress: "I was just wondering if you were a steak pudding or a boiled rabbit."

The Spirit of The Prairie.

By Merodach Green, Bender, Sask.

It was dusk; the darkening streaks of grey were creeping Westward, obscuring with their dusky veils the fading rays of the sun; chilly winds from the North were sweeping over the prairie in an onslaught on flowers and grass, as if conscious of the fact that no obstruction lay to impede their progress southwards: silently and solemnly, one after another, the sentinel stars shone out to keep their mystic vigil.

Feeling the evening becoming cool I left my plough at the end of the last furrow, drove my team home, stabled them, and then returned to my sod shack.

The conveniences of a sod shack are not many; and a lonely life on the prairie is not suggestive of much happiness; but having returned, I lit my fire and was soon partaking of my simple evening fare.

The spread was poor enough, I admit; but the homesteader learns to adapt himself to his circumstances and environment; he becomes very imaginative. He dreams of the hard, almost impervious prairie smiling with golden wheat and yielding wealth to the hands of labor and industry; he sees his sod shacks giving way to frame buildings; he perceives his stock multiplying with

affection and of home? And though I fear I shall not visit the Motherland again, yet around my shack I shall try to cultivate the oak, the ash, the elm, and shall plant a hedge of hawthorne, and make a neat garden in front, and plant two laburnums at the entrance so that when the longing pains my heart, I shall be consoled to some degree by my little England on the prairie.

But the prairie cannot be England, though I hope England will become possessed of its spirit.

The prairie is the free gift of the deep; its birth is not lost in the evolution of the ages; for there came a day when the Mystic Hand raised the bed of the vast ocean that concealed the West. Triton called his waves to the cold Arctic or distant Pacific, and the prairie rose to eminence, emerging as the child of the deep. 'Like a child from the womb,' fresh and unadorned it appeared; not a blade waved over its cretaceous surface; not a leaf obscured its barren appearance; not a flower had been sown to raise its head above its slimy grit; the song of birds had not as yet penetrated its deep wilderness; no sound, save that of the stars of the morning or the incessant requiem of the waves of that ancient ocean, had pierced the

How wonderful! How strange! The prairie is uniting the nations of the world in one true brotherhood. Here is a cosmopolitan people—a liberty-loving people—united by the Spirit of Freedom, into a nation, and establishing the foundations of a power to be.

The oppressed serf of Russia, trodden and manacled by a vicious and corrupt Government, has come here to breathe the atmosphere of Freedom; the toiling Hungarian—the despised and rejected of his land—has obtained here the liberty that his forefathers cherished in barbaric days, free from the tyranny and incompetency of selfish governments; the poor peasant of France, having left his vine-clad hills, has found here the prosperity which his native country failed to give him; the German, still longing for the beauties of the Rhine, labors on, to obtain the plenty and abundance which the Fatherland denies him; and the Britisher, robbed of his land by the Mammon of wealth, has come here to seek a home; to seek security of labor; the right to toil, to sweat, to live, of which he is deprived in his native land.

Together these people have united; together they are striving towards idealistic government; towards the government that shall reckon men and women the greatest of its assets; that will allow no man to barter precious, yea, sacred, human sweat for the paltry offers of extortioners and social vampires; that will provide for the poor and needy with far more care than for protecting prolific industries, whose proprietors are sapping the life-blood of the masses; that shall protect the bread-winner from the ravages of sickness and unemployment; and that shall establish forever the principle, that the toilers of communities, the rank and file of labor, shall not be ground to satisfy the greed of men whose wealth is utilised, not in fostering industry and raising the masses, but in jeopardising the destinies of the race.

Yes, the Spirit of the Prairie is the spirit of emancipation and liberty—and aims at raising, not submerging, the masses; in making the earth a beautiful casket for the trodden treasures of Heaven.

The New Year's Message.

By S. Jean Walker, Neepawa, Man.

I saw by Time's portal awaking,
The New Year in beauty arise,
There was courage and strength in his bearing,
His smile was so tenderly wise,
As he stood in his place with beauty and grace
Hope shone in his radiant eyes.

He breathed forth his mission right proudly
With never a falter nor fear.
"I am come to right wrong and oppression,
I bring with me blessing and cheer,
That the weak and the sad may grow hopeful and glad,
That the dark ways of earth may shine clear.

"I bring you a page from life's story,
Then write it out boldly and strong,
Keep its purity ever unsullied,
Nor mar it with past doubt and wrong.
But press on to the new with high purpose and true,
Let love be your watchword and song.

"I carry new power for endeavor,
Fair striving, with loftier aim.
Keep your souls all in tune with the Highest,
Your life's good to honor His name."
Then the Old Year passed by with a smile and a sigh.

On one occasion when Gladstone was visiting Rome he accidentally met Macaulay, who introduced himself to the statesman. On Macaulay's telling him that he took a daily walk in St. Peter's, Gladstone asked him what most attracted him in that place. "The temperance," was the answer.



Red Deer Lumber Co's. drive. North of Swan River.

the years, and the blessings of Heaven resting upon his perseverance and endeavors: and from the wild waste he sees his future home emerging stately and beautiful, and surrounded by the lavished plenty of Heaven. It is this hope, that enables the lonely homesteader to suffer his unnarrated hardships with uncomplaining fortitude.

Supper over, I drew my chair nearer the stove, and was soon indulging in the pleasures and pains of reminiscence. In that hour of twilight and serenity we all like to reflect on the Past—on the turmoil and anxiety, the failures and successes; and once again in fancy, dare walk back over the brambles of poverty and the thorns of disappointments; and bear all, when we depict the valleys of the Promised Land; for we believe them to be flowing with milk and honey.

Three years before I had crossed from England, because I dreaded the future in a country where competition is so keen, where caste is so conspicuous, and where land—the free gift of Heaven—is being held tenaciously by a few wealthy potentates; and where the sons and daughters of the imperial race have to bear the yoke in silence, because the posterity of the Dark demands it.

I love England, my native land; say what child brought up on its verdant meadows, its smiling valleys, its sunlit hills, does not? What Britisher dwelling on the prairie does not occasionally look Eastward, like the Jew towards Jerusalem or the Mohammedan towards Mecca, and long for scenes of youth, of

virgin air; but wonderful it appeared, to play its part is the Story of the World.

The prairie is great because of its apparent and latent possibilities; its greatness does not lie in its vastness, nor in the fertility of its soil, though these be essential concurrences, but in the fact that these wastes are rapidly becoming the home of a people, active, energetic and determined—the progenitors of a mighty nation. The silence of the prairie shall be broken by the monotone of the factory and the throb of industry; its vastness overcome by the flight of Discovery and Invention; its great mineral wealth revealed by the magic touch of Science; and from the lips of its children break forth the psalm of Fraternity. Yes, here is a land in the crucible of fate. Is not this, seen from the Nebo of Time, another Promised Land; is not its atmosphere saturated with the breath of Freedom; are not its toiling people the true pioneers of a great future power? Does not the prairie call for inhabitants—for men of other nations to leave the lasciviousness that luxury and national deterioration produce, and become the makers of cities and provinces; and for women to leave the coquetties of corrupted cities, the glumness of degraded places, and come here to be the mothers of a worthy nation?

And to-day the Spirit of the Prairie is luring the children of the East, to come and enjoy the richness of the fresh soil, and the abundant blessings of the Giver of All.

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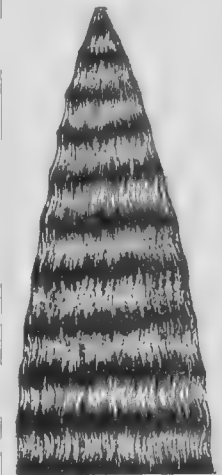
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Woman's Part in Industrial Education.

Written Expressly for the Western Home Monthly by Arthur Bumstead, Ph.D. (Yale).

A few months ago, Prof. William James, of Harvard University, contributed to The American Magazine an article in which he argued that the truly successful men and women of the world are those who utilize or energize practically the whole of the vast store of natural capabilities with which they are endowed.

The chief trouble with the average individual, says Professor James is a "habit of inferiority," so to speak. The most of us actually possess untold resources and unsuspected capabilities which are simply awaiting systematic and rational development. No special effort being



Miss Merwin, Modiste and Supervisor American College of Dressmaking

made to discover and bring into action these powers and talents, they are allowed to lie dormant—therefore, they never find expression in the world of action and achievement. This view surely contains an important element of truth in its application to the so-called average man; to what extent, we may ask, does it apply to the average woman?

Andrew Carnegie says that the educated hand adds more to our national wealth than does the educated mind; but at the same time Mr. Carnegie is a strong believer in both kinds of education, as it is proven by his interest in schools and libraries.

Probably not fewer than 75 per cent. of the women who start out to win their own livelihood, enter upon occupations which are wholly unpromising and undesirable from the standpoint of future income. They do not possess the ghost of a chance of ever earning more than \$500 a year, for the simple reason that they have no special training that would qualify them to earn more. This is not a matter of theory; the records of the trade schools and technical schools in all parts of the land prove beyond question that the graduates of these institutions are earning hundreds or thousands of dollars more annually than the untrained workers who never took advantage of this means of self-improvement.

Whatever occupation the girl or woman may finally decide to enter, it will surely be to her advantage to equip herself for her chosen vocation by means of some special training, such as will take her out of the "just average" class and put her into the "above the average"

class. For there is always a demand for the "above the average" women, just as there is for the "above the average" man. There are over 5,000,000 women workers in the United States, and, consequently, there is no lack of unskilled female labor. Why should any enterprising girl or woman be content amid these vast throngs of unskilled, and to come into daily competition with them for meagre wages, when the opportunity is open, through the gateway of special training, to enter at once into the limited upper class of skilled workers, thereby assuring herself of a comfortable competency with the more than probable likelihood of an early and rapid advancement in income and social standing?

It is no less than a calamity for a woman of culture and refinement to be compelled by some sudden reverse of fortune to start out in search of a livelihood, especially in those instances where there has been absolutely no special preparation such as would furnish some adequate equipment for this unfortunate contingency. Many well-meaning women, brought face to face with stern reality of self-support, have turned to the semi-menial calling of governess; others have become superintendents of boarding and lodging houses; while many more, counting upon the vantage ground afforded by their early education, have turned to school teaching, only to find that this occupation is also over-crowded, while advancement is exceedingly slow, and salaries at the best are a very scanty pittance.

The money value of a technical training for women has never been seriously called in question; but the fact is frequently overlooked that this is an industrial problem quite as much as it is an educational problem—if not a great deal more so. A recent book is just now being widely advertised under the striking title, "The Valor of Ignorance." To be sure, it does not deal with the problem we are here considering, but the title suggests at any rate the pertinent remark that there are few brands of valor at all comparable to that of the unskilled and inexperienced woman setting forth on her first search for a respectable living wage. Certainly there is a grave responsibility resting upon the parent or guardian of the untrained girl who has never been instructed even in the simplest rudiments of self-support, with a view to usefulness and future advancement in the world of business and industries.

Everywhere the trained worker is getting the advantage of those who lack such training. But whatever merits the old apprenticeship system may have had in a former generation have now been passed along to the modern industrial training school, and especially to the industrial correspondence school, with its hundreds of wide-awake and ambitious pupils scattered throughout the world, but all working toward a similar point of attainment—namely, the proficiency and special skill that are the foundation stones of material success and advancement.

It is a fact deserving of special notice that Kansas City, situated as it is in a midway position between coast and coast, and being also the recognized meeting place of the chief transcontinental trunk lines of the "Great Southwest," is also taking front rank as a correspondence school centre; and that there are now hundreds of correspondence pupils in all parts of the world receiving special technical training in various useful branches by mail direct from Kansas City.

The writer was accorded the privilege a few days ago of an instructive interview with Miss Pearl Merwin, probably one of the best known of successful correspondence school teachers in the Southwest, if not in the entire country. Miss Merwin's enterprise, through its rapid

and substantial growth, has won wide recognition both east and west; and her system, certainly a novel one in the history of industrial training, has already been accorded the approbation of some of the leading educational authorities both at home and abroad. To have won such distinction, especially in the field of scientific dressmaking instruction—a field which up to a few years ago had been almost entirely overlooked and neglected—would naturally command attention under any circumstances; to the writer the facts seemed especially suitable for presentation to the readers of the Great Southwest.

Listening to Miss Merwin's straightforward narrative, frankly and simply told, anyone possessing even but slight acquaintance with modern educational problems could not fail to be impressed with the thought that surely here is a fruitful field of suggestion. All about the well-equipped and commodious offices appear the tangible tokens of a large and daily increasing success. Here, if anywhere, the theory that gives to woman a distinct position in the educational and industrial world would seem to take on a new significance. In fact, the question follows naturally and logically: Why should there be any bound or limits to the spread of an idea at once so simple and so exceedingly practicable? And surely the facts supply a very reasonable answer.

These facts, in the case of the interviewer, were carefully observed, and they carried full conviction. A large panel, for instance, that would have done credit to the efforts of an experienced stamp collector, forms an exhibit that compels attention. Here displayed, exactly as they were received, the envelopes, stamps and handwriting of the numerous student correspondents from practically every corner of the globe. Certainly here was convincing evidence of the thirst for knowledge as it is brought to the light in lands beyond the seas. From Canada, Mexico, Australia, China, the British Colonies of the Far East, the Philippines, Cuba, Porto Rico, and many other distant places, these letters came. So much for the heaven of enlightenment as it is spread broadcast throughout the mails.

A casual glance through the files of a single day's correspondence of Miss Merwin's institution would convince the severest skeptic that these hundreds of correspondence students, regardless of the locality, not only have learned, but also fully appreciate, the actual utility of this very practical form of industrial education. The fact is evident from the student's own statements; and, if any further evidence were needed, it could be supplied in abundance in the successful records of the school's own graduates.

The idea is one that appeals to trained educators already familiar, through years of experience, with problems and possibilities of industrial education.

Columbian Conservatory of Music of Canada.

What has for years past been a felt want in this western country, namely, a conservatory of music, is now to be filled by the opening of the Columbian Conservatory of Music of Canada. This institution has secured temporary premises in the Verhoeven and Chaffey Block, 289 Garry Street, Winnipeg, and already proceedings are in full swing.

As an evidence of the standing which Winnipeg has in the eyes of the great artistes of the day and their impresarios, one has only to point to the names of Paderewski, Kublik, Mark Hambourg, Meiba, Gerville-Reach and Mme. Powell, who have more or less recently included Winnipeg in the itinerary of their tours throughout the American continent. For the residents, especially the rising generation of any city, to fully appreciate the art of such world-renowned performers, proper education is an absolute essential, and there is no finer educational factor in a city than a conservatory of music. The city of Winnipeg is to be congratulated in at last having a musical organization worthy of its reputation in all other respects.

With a capital of \$50,000, and having amongst its subscribers some of the best known business men in Winnipeg, the Columbian Conservatory of Music has

been recently formed for the purpose of teaching the piano, voice production, orchestra and band playing, violin, elocution and kindred subjects.

The local conservatory is a branch



S. L. Barrowclough, President.

but entirely independent, of the Columbian Conservatory of Music, which has a capital of \$500,000, and has formed a number of conservatories throughout the United States, and which literally numbers its pupils by the tens of thousands. It will be interesting and instructive to take a glance at the names of the men who are responsible for the various musical courses which are taught by the faculty.

At the head of the undertaking as editor-in-chief, is Professor W. S. B. Mathews, whose name is a household word wherever music is known, author of "Mathew's Graded Courses in Music." For close on 60 years he has been connected with leading musical organizations.

The superintendent of instruction, Prof. Frederick Hobart, is also a thorough musician, having been a member of the faculty of the Illinois Wesleyan College of Music until he joined the Columbian seven years ago.

Holding another responsible position is Prof. Frederick Lillebridge, who is as widely known in Europe as in America as a composer and pianist of great merit. He was a pupil of the great Berlin master, Bernhard Ziehn.

The associate editor of the Columbian intermediate, or second year course, is William D. Armstrong, who has had wonderful success along the line of theory, technique and teaching.

Last, but by no means least, is Prof. James McMaster, the inventor of a won-



J. D. Turner, General Manager.

derful device for teaching the fundamentals in music. This is the tonograph, which leading musicians and critics agree is the most perfect musical teaching device ever invented.

Mr. S. L. Barrowclough has been chosen as president of the local conservatory, a

Continued on Page 46.

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THE YOUNG MAN AND HIS PROBLEM.

By Rev. James L. Gordon, Central Congregational Church, Winnipeg.

PROFESSIONALISM.

The dry rot in every profession is "professionalism." When doctors can witness pain and not sympathise with it. When preachers can gaze upon death-bed scenes and not be startled by the experience. When Y.M.C.A. officials can shake hands with homesick boys and not recognize an hour of crisis in the life of a soul. When the secretary of a charity bureau can ask a poor woman a score of questions, and not know that each question stings—then you have the curse of professionalism. An American exchange remarks: "Henry Dexter who died last week, founder and ex-president of the American News Company and generous philanthropist did not a few original things in his life. One hot summer day, ten years ago, when he was troubled with dizziness on the street, he took a cab and drove to a hospital which he had helped liberally in a financial way for many years. Without revealing his identity, he took a room as a private patient, and remained six days. His contributions to that hospital stopped thereafter. He did not approve the indifferent way in which a patient eighty-seven years old had been treated."

POOR PROPHETS.

Josh Billings once said that a man had better not know so much than to know so many things which are not so. The average man who says a thing "won't work," is usually the man who is not working at the thing which "won't work." The worker "believes" the thing "will work." The man who is always telling you what won't happen is a poor prophet:—"It is only thirty years ago," said President Faunce, of Brown University, in a recent address, "since a New England college professor held up an incandescent lamp before his class and said, 'Gentlemen, this is a most interesting object. It can never be, of course, of any commercial value. It can never be used in the industries and arts, because the cost of production hinders that, but it is a beautiful, scientific toy.'"

PLAIN ANGLO-SAXON.

Our language is spoken by one hundred and twenty million people. No other language has ever been spoken by so many people. It is the language of William Shakespeare and John Milton. It has been enriched, as no other language has, by contributions from every known tongue. I believe that some day it will be the universal language. The following from the vicar of St. Augustine, Sheffield, is interesting:—"This day, three and a half centuries ago, saw our nation in mourning for a dead and yet unburied king. For some three weeks past, the body of King Edward the Sixth lay in his death-chamber at Greenwich. It was not till the eighth of August that the royal barge came up the river to the stairs of Westminster, and the coffin was brought into this Abbey. They laid it in the east end of the Lady Chapel. The place is marked by an altar erected by Dean Stanley, and you can see the simple name on the floor. As you read it, I would ask you to remember that you are standing where the sound of your native tongue was first heard at the burial of a king, that there for the first time in history an Archbishop said farewell to an English sovereign in the language used by the people of England."

GETTING AHEAD

The science of getting on in the world is the science of getting ahead of yourself. Last summer I watched a race in which a number of our college students were engaged, and the young man who carried off the first prize was only thirty-six inches ahead of the man who followed on his heels. By such scant advantages do we win the battles of life. To see the opportunity and to be in position to seize it—that's the secret. In "The Fra" I read these words:—"Nathan Rothschild was on the battlefield of Waterloo on that memorable day, and as the sun went down he did not know whether Napoleon or Wellington was victor. No one knew. But Nathan says, 'As darkness came, I saw the English making campfires and the Germans were singing, and one was playing some sort of musical instrument.' We know the rest. Nathan Rothschild rode eighty miles before sunrise, and his message to his brother, 'Buy English Securities,' reached London twenty-four hours ahead of the official post. The move made the house of Rothschild supreme in finance."

YOUR SCEPTRE.

"Kings and priests unto God" is a scriptural phrase, but not a fanciful suggestion. Every man sits on a throne. Every man is clothed in the garments of a divine royalty. Every man wields a sceptre. The pen—a sceptre. The spade—a sceptre. The yard stick—a sceptre. The artist's brush—a sceptre. The bandmaster's baton—a sceptre. A

man's tools are the instruments whereby he must achieve power and success. A king's sceptre is a useless thing compared with the rule in the hands of an architect. Zion's Herald remarks concerning a New England preacher:—"A copy of Millet's 'Angelus' was hanging in the back part of the pulpit. The minister called attention to the fact that the part of the picture lighted up by the setting sun was not the spire of the church, nor the man and woman standing with heads bowed as the ringing bell called them to prayer; but the illuminated things were the spade and wheelbarrow with which they had been working."

TOLSTOY.

Tolstoy is dead. He was a great man, a great soul, and a great prophet. But he made his reputation as a writer. It was his literary genius which first commanded the attention of the world. The chief characteristic of his literary output consisted in the fact that it was so real and so true to life. All the circumstances of an experience were written with such strange vividness, even though their presentation caused an unpleasant impression on the mind. As a suggestion of Tolstoy's style of "realism" I submit the following:—"I remember once, when a bear attacked me and pressed me down under him, driving the claws of his enormous paw into my shoulder, I felt no pain. I lay under him and looked into his warm, large mouth, with its wet, white teeth. He breathed above me, and I saw how he turned his head to get into position to bite into both my temples at once; and in his hurry, or from excited appetite, he made a trial snap in the air, just above my head, and again opened his mouth—that red, wet, hungry mouth, dripping with saliva. I felt I was about to die, and I looked into that mouth as one condemned to execution looks into the grave dug for him. I looked, and I remember that I felt no fear or dread. I saw with one eye beyond the outline of that mouth a patch of blue sky gleaming between purple clouds roughly piled on one another, and I thought how lovely it was up there."

MEN AND PRAYER.

Prayer is a natural instinct, and so men pray. All men pray. The strangest sort of men pray. Saloon keepers, railroad officials, variety actors, commercial promoters, wholesale liquor dealers, cabmen, motormen, newspaper reporters—all these pray. Let a man, even an infidel, get into trouble, and he begins to pray. A beloved child on the verge of death, or a business concern on the verge of bankruptcy, and both father and merchant begin to pray. They can't help themselves. Henry M. Stanley remarks:—"On all my expeditions prayer made me stronger morally and mentally than any of my non-praying companions. It did not blind my eyes or dull my mind or close my ears; but on the contrary it gave me confidence. I have evidence satisfactory to myself that prayers are granted."

GET READY.

I am not surprised if some men fail. I would be very much surprised if certain men succeeded. There are certain slipshod methods which imitates disaster. Yesterday I received a most important letter; important, at least, to the man who wrote it. It called for an answer, and it was important that the answer should be sent to the right address. There were two addresses given—one at the opening of the letter and the other at the close. Both were written so indistinctly that a Philadelphia lawyer would have found himself in despair. And so it goes. Hundreds of men fail because they deserve to fail. Rev. W. L. Watkinson remarks:—"Get ready for the position just above you and which may soon become vacant; the world is eagerly waiting for men who can do things five per cent. better than they're being done."

CONCEITED YOUTH.

Young man, don't be afraid of people branding you as conceited. Most young fellows are conceited. A strong man is always conceited until he puts his powers to the test. The question is, can he crystallize his conceit. Can you create fact out of fancy and build mansions out of the raw material of your imagination, which, of course, would be one better than "building castles in Spain." Listen to Disraeli at twenty-nine:—"The world calls me conceited. The world is in error. I trace all the blunders of my life to sacrificing my own opinion to that of others. When I was considered very conceited indeed I was nervous and had self-confidence only by fits. I intend in future to act entirely from my own impulse. I have an unerring instinct—I can read characters at a glance; few men can deceive me. My mind is a continental mind. It is a revolutionary mind. I am only truly great in action. If ever I am placed in a truly eminent position I shall prove this. I could rule the House of Commons, although there

would be a great prejudice against me at first. It is the most jealous assembly in the world. The fixed character of our English society, the consequence of our aristocratic institutions, renders a career difficult. Poetry is the safety-valve of my passions, but I wish to act what I write. My works are the embodiment of my feelings. In 'Vivian Grey' I have portrayed my active and real ambition. In 'Alroy' my ideal ambition. The 'Psychological Romance' is the secret history of my poetic character. This trilogy is the secret history of my feelings. I shall write no more about myself."

AT A GLANCE.

Take things at a glance and weigh your first impressions. That first impression will always bring you a thought of real value. That first impression, before you have weighed or analysed it, has for you a special message—it is the message of your soul to your soul. "I remember the first time I saw you"—try and reproduce that memory. It was the heart's first photograph, and it is reliable as the record of a bit of flash-light information which will come to you in no other way. The private secretary of Cecil Rhodes says:—"Mr. Rhodes was a keen judge of character, and had a great liking for young men of spirit and integrity. He was a great reader of character, and almost invariably went by first impressions. I can remember several instances of well-connected young men applying to him for employment, backed up by letters of introduction from prominent men in England. If he thought that the applicant had a claim on him, or was an exceptionally good man, he would say to me, 'Ask him to call upon me. I want to see his face.' If he liked his face, he invariably went to some trouble to find him a post. . . . He appeared particularly partial to people with blue eyes. On more than one occasion I heard him make use of the following remark about a man he had met for the first time: 'I like him. He has clear blue eyes which look one straight in the face.'"

FORCE.

"Force" can not be purchased at ten cents a package. It is not something which you can put in a yellow paper box and hand over a store counter. It is a quality of the soul. You can see it in the flash of the eye, feel it in the grasp of the hand, measure it in the swift movement of the foot, and behold it in the peculiar swing of one's personality. Force is the driving power of the soul. This is the thing which you feel in the thrill of the orator's voice. Great speakers have "force." Plutarch tells us that Cicero's friends feared he would kill himself by bursting a blood-vessel, with such intense energy did he speak. Cicero had force and the blood-vessel did not break.

PRACTICE.

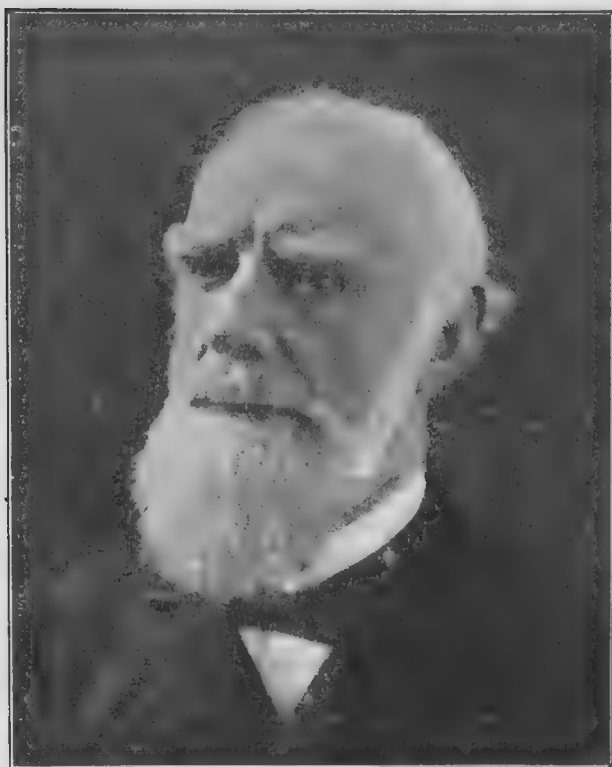
Preachers, as a class, are the best public speakers. Here and there in every community you will find a man with exceptional gifts as a public speaker, but omitting this special creation, this "man of genius," preachers excel as public speakers. Why? Because they are practicing the art. They speak to live, as it were, and then they live to speak. It becomes second nature. Practice makes perfect. Any man can be an effective public speaker if he "hits on" the style which suits his personality. Find out the style which suits your temperament and then practice. Von Bulow, the eminent pianist, is reported to have said, "If I stop practicing for one day I notice it in my playing; if I stop two days my friends notice it; if I stop three days the public notice it."

LEGITIMATE AMBITION.

Most successful men are naturally ambitious. Upon the brow of each one is written something which tells of an inborn desire to succeed. Tennyson began life with a determination to be famous, and Lincoln said a thousand times in the days of his youth, "I intend to be somebody." Moody, as a retail boot and shoe man, wanted to "sell more goods than any other shoe man in Chicago." Of course, when he became an evangelist, he simply transferred his ambition from shoes to souls—and God was pleased. Listen to the words of John H. Vincent, the famous methodist bishop:—"I was a comparatively young man, but recently from the East, and was in Illinois to take charge of a pulpit which had been occupied by some of the strongest men of the Rock River Conference. Among the laymen of that church, in addition to Otis Hardy, were Mr. Cassidy, Mr. Niece, Mr. Mack and Hugh Norwood. I was a young man, something of a student, ambitious and eager to make a 'success.' I engaged in the work with the highest and best motives I could command. I trust that while the human incentives were present there was also an earnest desire to do good work for the glory of God and the benefit of those committed to my care."

Lord Strathcona's New Year Greeting

To the Canadian West
Expressly written for The Western Home Monthly



LORD STRATHCONA.

I respond again to the invitation of the Editor of the "Western Home Monthly," to write a short message for publication in its columns. I cannot pretend to perfect certainty as to what he wishes me to say, but it gives me great pleasure to take advantage of the opportunity to convey to my friends in the West all the most cordial Greetings that are usual at this time of the year.

In some respects there has been a little lull in Western Progress in 1910. Crops were not quite as large as expected, owing to unfavorable weather conditions in certain parts of the country—conditions that were glorious in themselves, a maximum of sunshine and a minimum of rain, but not exactly the conditions that are required to make the prairies beautiful and abundantly fruitful. I am aware, of course, that this state of things was not entirely general, and that some particular sections, were especially favoured with good crops. Still the aggregate out-put is not quite as large as was expected, having regard to the additional area of land placed under cultivation, although on the whole it will probably be regarded as highly satisfactory. In other respects it appears to me that Western Canada is flourishing. Trade has been good; immigration has increased; capital is being attracted; railway construction has gone on apace, and the hopeful and optimistic feelings of the people have been in no way diminished. Let us hope that we can look forward to the year 1911 as one that will be prosperous in every way. Under ordinary circumstances there is every reason to expect that this will be the case, that the farmers will reap the benefit of the additional land they are tilling, and that every branch of industry will enjoy the utmost prosperity. These remarks apply not only to Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, but to the important Province of British Columbia, which is so full of resources, although in many cases of a different kind to those that are found on the prairies.

If I had any special message to deliver it would be to impress upon Canadians what I feel they very fully recognise, the importance of patriotism, not only to their own Provinces but to the great Dominion and to the still greater Empire of which it forms a part. Local jealousies should be avoided; there should be "give and take" between the different Provinces and it seems to me to be the duty of every citizen to look upon himself as a member of the Dominion as a whole. None of us can afford to study solely our own particular or local position in any special connection when questions that concern the whole of the community are at stake.

The various people which have gone to Western Canada are helping to build up a great country. I believe that they will thoroughly assimilate under the Flag which protects them and that they and their children will zealously safeguard with their fellow-Canadians the heritage which will belong to them as British Subjects; and further that Canadians will continue to do all that within them lies to maintain the integrity of the Empire and to hand it down to succeeding generations unimpaired and strengthened in every possible way.

Personally I am not without hope that I may again be privileged to visit the Great West. When there somewhat over a year back, its progress amazed me. Should I once more be permitted to spend some little time there, I know I shall witness still more important developments in every part of the country, in whose future, from my long association with it (since the earliest days of its being opened up and before) I feel the greatest possible interest, and have unbounded confidence.

STRATHCONA.

The Hon.

Sends a Sentiment

WILLIAM J. BRYAN
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR
RICHARD L. MORTIMER
ASSOCIATE EDITOR

My dear

was over
me of two

a sentiment which you
can use next year - it will
be sure to reach you in time
Christmas - the season when
our appreciation of God's great
gift to the world inspires
us to give: may the day grow
until it swallows up
the entire year. Yours truly
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THE PHILOSOPHER.

the nation ought to be grateful. It can certainly not be regarded as a thing conducive to the self-respect of the honorable gentlemen in Parliament. There is another rather more serious institution of somewhat the same kind, which, let us hope, will before long be relegated into oblivion, in the wake of the Parliamentary trunk. This is the mileage allowance, which persists in spite of the fact that the railway companies are compelled, by legislation passed a few years ago, to carry the legislators of both Houses to and from Ottawa free. It may, perhaps, be argued that there is to be advanced in justification of it, the fact that the member of Parliament who goes to Ottawa from, say, Vancouver is entitled to more remuneration than the member whose home and business are in Ottawa or in Montreal, or Toronto. But there can be no justification of it in its present form. It is a thing as unjustifiable as the Parliamentary trunk.

THE CANADIAN COINAGE.

An Indianapolis newspaper has made the "surprising and significant" discovery that the only gold coinage in Canada is that of the United States, and also that gold from the Yukon and other Canadian gold-producing regions can only be disposed of by sending it to the United States mints. As a matter of fact, the British sovereign, according to the Currency Act, is the standard of value in the Canadian currency system, although as a matter of convenience the gold of the United States passes current in this country as legal tender, Canada and the United States having the decimal system of dollars and cents in common, to which system the British pounds, shillings and pence are not readily adjustable in everyday use. The sovereign, though it is the standard of value in our system, is practically not in circulation in this country at all. The Indianapolis newspaper is incorrect in stating that Canadian gold has to be sent to the United States mints to be coined. Anyone can take gold in any quantity to the Canadian mint and have it coined, at a merely nominal cost, into British sovereigns, identical with the British mould except for the small "C," which indicates the coins as of Canadian minting. In a short time Canadian gold pieces will be turned out from the Canadian mint, and as soon as these are available for all Canada, they will naturally supersede the United States gold coins.

SCOTCH MARRIAGE LAW.

The report, which was widely circulated in the newspapers, that Abbotsford, the famous residence of Sir Walter Scott, had been bought by Frank J. Gould, of New York, has turned out to be untrue. The truth is that Mr. Gould has leased Abbotsford, which he is now occupying with his newly-married bride, who is his second wife, his first adventure in matrimony having ended in divorce. He and the present Mrs. Gould took advantage of a peculiar feature of the form of marriage of Scotland, which has for more than a century furnished material for the satirist in literature and for the playwright seeking striking surprises for his plot. For example, Sir W. S. Gilbert—he of the famous partnership with Sir Arthur Sullivan in the production of tuncful and witty operas—makes the whole story of his play "Engaged" hinge upon the complications resulting from a marriage that took place on the border between England and Scotland. Nor have the satirists and comedy writers stretched the interpretation of the old Scottish marriage law at all. Here is the synopsis of it in the Encyclopedia Britannica: "A marriage may be constituted by declarations made by the man and the woman that they 'presently do take each other for husband and wife.' These declarations 'may be emitted on any day, at any time, and without the presence of witnesses,' and either by writing, or orally, or by signs, and in any form which is clearly expressive of intention. Such a marriage is as effectual to all intents and purposes as a public marriage. The children of it would be legitimate, and the parties to it would have all the rights in the property of each other given by the law of Scotland to husband and wife." It appears that at the Gould marriage, under a relatively modern procedure, the sheriff and two other witnesses were present.

THE APPEAL TO CAESAR.

Could anything illustrate with more striking picturesqueness and force the contrast between the conditions of life on this continent and the conditions in regions of the continent of Europe from which many immigrants come to this country, than the account given by the Vienna correspondent of the London Times, of an incident which happened while the Austrian Emperor was returning one morning recently from Schonbrunn to his palace in Vienna? Six peasants, dressed in Slav costume, were awaiting him, kneeling in the roadway, and holding up their

hands to him in supplication. When the Emperor's carriage approached one of them endeavored to throw a petition into it. The men were arrested. They proved to be the representatives of some 50,000 peasants living on the frontier of Croatia, descended from the military colonists who were settled there long ago to form a barrier against Servian raids. When, some forty years ago, that borderland was united with Croatia, the inhabitants were promised the ownership of the soil they had occupied on a sort of feudal tenure, on the payment of a number of instalments of purchase money. The payments were completed by the peasants many years ago, but the big landlords and the local authorities retained the ownership of the land, and the peasants had recourse to law. In 1908, the highest Hungarian court decided in the peasants' favor, but the peasants had been unable to get the administrative authorities to carry out the judgment. Hence their resort to the primitive method of sending representatives to waylay the Emperor near his chief palace in the capital of the empire, attended by a glittering mounted escort. Is it possible for a person born on this continent to realize what it means to a peasant who has grown up under such a system on the continent of Europe, to find himself on a homestead of his own here in Western Canada? And do not the thoughts suggested by this question prompt reflections in regard to the serious problems presented to the mind of every thoughtful Canadian citizen in connection with the assimilation of the foreign-born settlers and the development of the Canadian citizenship of the years to come?

A TARIFF LESSON FROM RUSSIA.

In the development of a policy of tariff protection, Russia has encountered the inevitable conflict between the interests of the protected and those of the people at whose expense that protection is provided. The contending forces have made an issue of the duties on agricultural implements, the manufacturers wanting the tariff maintained at a high rate, and the farming interests—which, in Russia, are concentrated by reason of the existence of a wealthy class of owners of great areas of land—opposing that demand. The old delusion about the foreigner paying the duty, which has lived longer and shown more vitality in its old age in the United States than anywhere else, has not been brought into the controversy. It is perfectly plain and manifest to the landed interests that no duty on agricultural implements would be paid by anyone under the proposals of the manufacturers—that is, no duty, as such. The chief taxation would be paid, not into the Government's treasury, but into the pockets of the manufacturers, whose idea is, of course, to take advantage of the prohibitive duty by keeping their prices up to the limit made possible by the tariff, the purchasers not paying duty on imported implements, for there would be no implements imported, but paying "protection" to the Russian manufacturers. Of course, there has figured in the controversy the familiar old story about the increased profits enabling the manufacturers to pay more wages to their employees, and enabling them also to go into business on a larger scale, thus creating a home market for the farmers' produce. This well-worn protectionist version of the myth of the inhabitants of the South Sea islands who all made comfortable livings by taking in one another's washing, does not appeal to the landed interests in Russia. In no other country in the world, probably, does the simplicity of the social organization make the hollowness of that favorite argument of the protectionists more obvious. It is quite apparent to the land owners in Russia that the increased price means the lessening of the capacity of the farmers to buy, which means the lessening of the demand for workmen to manufacture implements from increasing, as it must, under a system more equitable all round. This feature of a protective system is often obscured by complex industrial conditions. Where there are idle men seeking employment it often gives the advocates of protectionism ground for the plausible assumption that difficulties imposed by high tariff legislation upon the satisfaction of wants will not only make work, but makes wages to pay for it. It is argued that goods can be excluded from the country and various industries put to loss and inconvenience more particularly, of course, the agricultural industry, upon whose back in every land that has a high tariff, is loaded the main share of the burden without lessening the demand for labor. Where, as in Russia, the simple organization of industry and commerce prevents the growth of confusing theories, the fallacies of this phase of protectionist logic are detected. And where the agricultural interests are organized and alive to their rights, the fight will go on vigorously against the imposition of burdens and restrictions on agriculture, the basic industry, for the unjust benefit and advantage of other interests.

THE INCREASED COSTLINESS OF FURS.

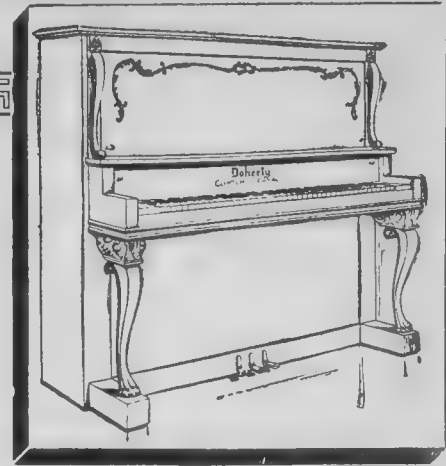
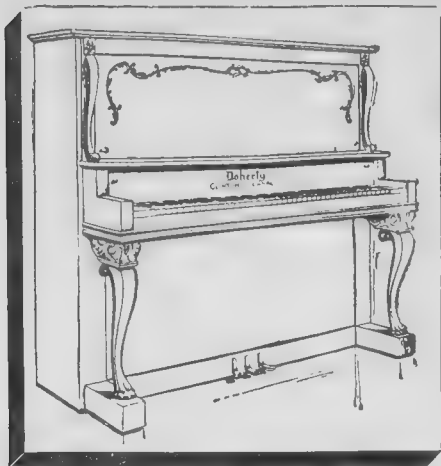
The price of furs has advanced extraordinarily in recent years. A good silver fox skin now brings from £150 to £200 in London. The result of the increasing demand for furs, and the steadily decreasing supply, is seen in the ingenuity with which furriers utilize the skins of the muskrat and the skunk to imitate more expensive furs. A writer in the Canadian Gazette, of London, notes the large quantities of furs which the Hudson's Bay Company exports, and enumerates, among the rest, "the muskrat, very cleverly sheared to half the length of the fur, and then dyed to the color of sealskin." In this form it is very much used for long coats, which have the appearance of sealskin, and are half the weight. The skin of the skunk is "used in its natural dark brown color for stoles, muffs and trimmings." The writer omits to state that it is always sold under another name, but does make note of the art of "making artificial silver fox by inserting white badger hairs into the fur of the red fox dyed smoky brown." The buyer of some furs nowadays may not unreasonably be assailed by the thought that he is purchasing his own lamented tabby cat made over into something else.

HOLDING LIFE CHEAP.

Dr. Andrew D. White, formerly President of Cornell University, and later United States Ambassador at Berlin, says: "It is safer in the United States to kill a man than to kill a deer out of season." There is a close season for deer, but none for men. There are many causes for the cheapness with which life is regarded in parts of the United States, and we have need to be careful that some of them do not produce similar results in Canada. One cause lies in the fact that in a country that is being filled up with immigrants of diverse nationalities, there is not always to be found that sense of responsibility felt by each and every person for every other person that is felt in old and settled communities. Another cause is the sensational treatment of crime and criminals by newspapers, surrounding murder with a sort of romance. It is one of the things that we have just reason to be proud of in Canada, that under our law and the procedure of our courts, crime meets with just punishment more certainly and speedily than in the United States; and that fact, in itself has done much to prevent the sensational exploitation of murderers by Canadian newspapers. Another cause of the frequency of murders in the United States is the practice of going armed. It is necessary in this country, as it is in the United States, that more effective steps be taken to prevent the carrying of revolvers. Murderous weapons are altogether too easily procurable. Their sale should be surrounded by at least some of the safeguards which are considered necessary in the case of deadly poisons.

EXIT THE PARLIAMENTARY TRUNK.

Who can say that the spirit of progress does not make itself felt at Ottawa? The Parliamentary Trunk is to be abolished. And surely it is high time it was abolished. Why should the people of Canada be taxed to provide the members of the House of Commons and of the Senate with trunks? The trunks, needless to say, have been leather trunks of the best sort procurable. The Parliamentary trunk has been an institution hedged around by thick accretions of antiquity (so far as antiquity can be spoken of in connection with this Canada of ours) and of authority and privilege. How rarely are men found in public life with the necessary courage and initiative to attack a moss-grown institution! The Parliamentary trunk has been one of the things that assist to make the Dominion legislator feel like a pensioner upon the public bounty. It has not been a payment for services rendered; it has been a compulsory payment, gouged of an ungrateful nation by legislators who feel that



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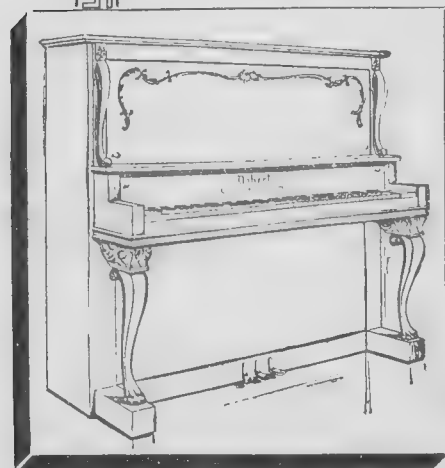
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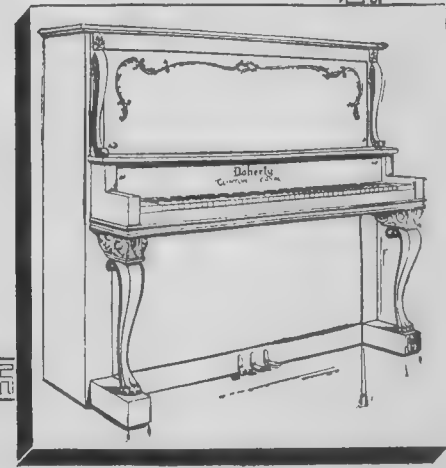
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The Young Woman and Her Problem.

By Pearl Richmond Hamilton.

AN ATTACK OF USELESS IDEAS.

At the beginning of every new year we are prompted to make resolutions. The old year is a picture of regrets, and we face the new year with better plans than we had in the past. For two months we live up to our new rules, but, one by one, we break them, and gradually drift into the old way. Every time we break a resolution we weaken our will power. In the beginning of this year, let us go into our room and have a serious talk with ourselves. There are so many "fuzzy-minded" girls that I see—they always appear in a state of confusion; they see a problem in its entirety, and are not able to separate it into parts. There are no clear edges to what they see, or think, or feel. A five-cent piece, if you hold it close enough, will shut out the sun. "Fuzzy-minded" people cannot tell the difference between what is big and important and what is of no more account than a five-cent piece. They live under the tyranny of little interests.

Every new piece of work means a new opportunity. The lives of young women are crowded with plans and responsibilities that will exercise tyranny over them if they will let them.

You cannot do everything at once, so get your work into finishable bundles. Then keep your eye fixed on them until you can put them on the shelf. You will be surprised at the joy you have from the sense of achievement.

The joy of success is in this daily conquest of definite problems. Every conquest is an inspiration for the next. If girls cultivate the ability to select the important, they will realize the art of living.

I travelled with a young woman once who spent most of her time trying to decipher the kind of flag that floated on the different buildings. She never saw the architecture, I am sure, or the scenery of the new country, or even the people. Her whole journey was marked by a continuous squint to see the flag on a far-off building.

She did not have the ability to select the important.

A young woman's feelings tend to be vague and irresponsible, therefore she must not yield to them, for yielding means weakness—self-indulgence.

Make your feelings push toward effective action.

I see a girl come downstairs in the morning greatly depressed. Her day will be a failure. Does yielding to that feeling increase the value of her day's work?

A girl will prove herself master of her emotion if she gets outside of it. "Fuzzy-mindedness" is an attack of useless ideas.

With intelligent direction, emotions can be made to accomplish work. Then get outside of your feelings and judge them squarely.

I have in mind the only Chinese woman who has ever studied dentistry—Dr. Faith Sai So Leong. Coming from a nation whose women have lived in deepest ignorance of anything that pertains to modern thought, this Chinese girl adopted a career which few women of other nations have dared to attempt. When one realizes that in China only two per cent. of the women can read an ordinary book, one can understand the surprise of her friends when she announced her desire for a professional life. She was the only girl among a throng of forty sturdy students, and Sai So ranked among the highest in her class. She now has a flourishing practice.

Dr. Faith Sai So Leong did not allow herself to live under the tyranny of little interests.

Julia Marlowe says: "I conserve my energy, allowing none of the trifles of the hour to sap the vitality which gives me control of my nerves. Work is the secret of success, no matter in what line of endeavor we choose to plan a future."

THE COMMERCIAL VALUE OF A WOMAN'S FACE.

There has come into the commercial field of women a new profession—"The Profession of Being Pretty." In the theatrical world, many parts that should be played by big-brained women are given to pretty girls. Indeed, the "pretty girl idea" has made the success of our present day musical comedies, and I am sorry to say that the "pretty girl idea" is fast creeping into the department stores in the large cities.

What are the requirements for this profession?

Good clothes, a stylish appearance, and a complexion and hair dress imitating the latest fads of fashion.

In some stores the prettiest girls are put in the most conspicuous places. In one New York store the girls are picked and placed according to the color of their hair, their complexion and their height.

The store model is the envy of the "less fortunate" girls in the store. As she is very artificial, her influence over the other girls is not wholesome. I wonder who are to be blamed for the store-model's idea of beauty. Are the society women?

These models, as a rule, are raised to their position because of their pretty faces and stylish appearance. It is not their ability that promotes them.

Since their looks hold the positions, the girl-model must constantly think of herself.

This is detrimental to her character, for thoughts follow the law of the universe—they create their kind, and bring back whatever goes out from the mind.

While dress and beauty are their constant thoughts, there is still another great evil resulting from the work of the store model.

These models who spend their days posing in beautiful gowns and hats before customers, soon yearn and covet these clothes when they see how well they make them look, and it is not unusual to see a ten-dollar-a-week model wearing a fifty dollar hat or a five hundred dollar cloak. Where did she get it?

This question comes to my mind. "Will the commercial value of her face be increased or decreased in ten years' time?"

Then I think of the girl with the plain face, who thinks, reads, studies, and develops beauty of character, till in ten years' time her face is radiant with natural beauty—soul beauty—womanly beauty.

The value of her face cannot be expressed in commercial terms.

A girl should think seriously before she sets a commercial value on her face. It means, as one writer states, "debasement of good ideals, demoralization of character, ruin of health, and often the loss of life itself."

THE GIRL TWENTY MILES FROM TOWN.

Many of our readers live far from town, and the problems of the business girl do not interest them.

A traveller said to me the other day: "I have been in many places, but I have never seen more charming girls than on the farms and homesteads of Western Canada." He furthermore stated that they were so beautiful in their natural manner that he wished some of the girls in cities might be brought under their influence.

One serious problem that these girls have is the absence of social life. It is difficult, I realize, and many cannot endure the loneliness, and consequently go to the city. I believe the girl on a Western Canadian farm has more opportunity than the average girl in the city.

I know a girl who lived in a secluded place during her girlhood, and she longed for social life. When she considered going to the city, something advised her

to remain in the country. She planned a course of study, sent for good magazines, and lived close to nature until she became an authority on many subjects. When she met her city cousins in a few years she could converse much more intelligently than they on art, music, literature, and the affairs of the day. She became very popular, and all because she had cultivated a fine sympathy and a wide understanding. High ideals and patience and broad-mindedness are the keys to a girl's popularity with men.

The girl in the country has the advantage of a chance to think and study without constant interruptions during the long winter evenings. Fill these hours with self-improvement, and some day, I am sure, honor will come to you. I know of no greater honor that can come to a girl than to have a man say to her in all earnestness: "Whatever good I have accomplished or may accomplish, I owe to your influence and your sympathy."

My dear girl, twenty miles from town—wherever you start a home you plant a new little world, and the atmosphere of this little world is your special element. Your home on the farm can be quite as intelligent, the aspirations and appreciations of your family quite as broad as in the city. Your life and manner of living may be different from city ways, but what right have city people to assume their ways are better? Farm work is not drudgery unless one does it in a drudging fashion. I believe that God takes especial notice of the beacon lights of the homes in our great Northwest. Remember that on a farm a woman needs to look after the mental welfare of the family.

People are not lacking in refinement at heart because their hands are rough and their clothes are not in fashion. Coarse sentiments are often under the polished enamel of the city gentleman, while real refinement is often seen in the plain farmer, whose honest and sincere heart may beat under a homely coat.

The lure to the city is a siren song which has been the undoing of many a young girl's life.

THE GIRL WITH THE LOW WAGE.

Several complaints have come to me from girls who earn four and five dollars a week. They say they cannot live on so little, and criticize severely their employers. My sympathy goes out to the worthy girls who earn more than they are paid. I am sorry for them. It is impossible to live comfortably in the city on so little, and conditions should be different; however, there is another side to the question. There are hundreds of girls who really do not earn more. They have not improved their opportunities, and therefore are not capable. I suggested this to one girl who exclaimed: "Why, how can I study or improve myself, when I am so tired after my day's work that I feel like dropping in my tracks." Now I have studied this girl for several months, and I feel sure that she could improve herself very much if she would devote one half the time she uses in upbraiding her employer in developing her natural capabilities.

This particular girl has brooded over her employer's "tyrannical injustice" until she has injured her own mental and physical power—she has become a chronic fault-finder.

As a matter of fact, her employer in this case is a hardworking man, who has spent useful, busy, and strenuous years of hard work to build up his business. Success has come to him through his own efforts, and not at the expense of those working under him.

The Canadian business girl is, generally speaking, the most fortunate of all business girls. She has greater business advantages and opportunities than the girls of any other country. She can get to the top if she will work in the right direction, but she cannot hope to climb the ladder of success by pulling those above her down.

Responsible positions are open. There is a large unfilled demand for efficient capable business girls in all lines of work. I heard of one firm that tried and dismissed twenty stenographers before one was found who could do accurate, neat and reliable work.

This proves that good positions are

open, and it also means that girls are not so capable as their opportunities.

Now, a girl who has never prepared herself for any more than a four dollar a week position cannot blame an employer for not giving her a ten dollar a week place.

Sometimes I think I preach "the ideal" too much, but we need ideals. Just as there is an ideal home life, so there is an ideal business life. The work may be drudgery, but girls must have ideals if they are to earn a living successfully.

I mean by having business ideals, that one needs to live up to the very highest idea of the work of which she personally is capable. If girls require of themselves conscientious, cheerful, earnest work, with a fine moral purpose back of it; if girls keep their business ideals high, they will not need to worry about a raise in salary. A raise in salary is very liable to follow a raise in ideals.

"The reward of humble work well done is the ability to do higher work better."

WHY SHE WAS NOT HIRED.

A young woman applied for a position as book-keeper recently. She was in the office about ten minutes, during which time she told so much about her previous employer's business as well as her own, that the manager interrupted her by saying: "I am sorry, Miss, but your services would not be desired here."

The applicant immediately asked "What reasons have you for not hiring me? What do you have against me?" The manager, however, dismissed her without any explanation. After her departure he said to me, "If that girl tells so much about the business of the firm she has worked for in ten minutes' time, I am sorry for the business interests of any firm whose books she keeps."

She was not hired simply because she could not keep the affairs of her work to herself.

Business girls need a high sense of business honor and responsibility, a high sense of business tact, business ethics, and a nice appreciation of the points of obligation and duty between employer and employee.

It takes energy, hope, grit, determination, mental and physical strength, good common sense to make a successful business girl.

BE COURTEOUS TO THE AGED.

The girl who is popular with old people is worthy of admiration. I have been observing lately the attitude of young men and women toward the old, and what conclusion do you think I have reached?

Young men, as a rule, are much more courteous to the old than young women. Old people appreciate attention so much, and they should have it.

The old lady next to you in church is wiser than you are, my dear girl. She was a girl once, and she may be thinking of memories too sacred to mention.

It is true that you meet old women who are gloomy and repulsive, but what made their old age ugly? The habits formed during their girlhood.

But there are so many beautiful old ladies—they are just sweetly heavenly, and we realize what their girlhood must have been.

Think, girls! How are you planning your old age?

One old lady who has recently passed away—Julia Ward Howe—when asked to set forth the aim in her life, replied: "My aim is to learn, to teach, to serve, and to enjoy."

During her girlhood she studied hard, inspired by the idea that she who would elevate others must first climb the heights herself. During the last years of her life she said: "The deeper I drink of the cup of life the sweeter it grows."

A Wise Observation.

A gentleman and his young son were walking along Palace Yard when they saw a clergyman, in his robes, passing into Westminster Hall.

"Oh, father, who is that gentleman?" said the son.

"That is the Chaplain of the House of Commons going to read prayers."

"Does he pray for the members?"

"No, my boy. He looks at the members and prays for the nation."

A WOMAN CAN EARN \$5000⁰⁰ A YEAR

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We Will Teach You to Your Own Satisfaction

MANY women nowadays are earning \$100 a week —\$5,000 a year—by dressmaking. One woman, the head designer in Chicago's largest retail dry goods house, is said to receive \$10,000 a year. Salaries of \$25.00 to \$50.00 a week are common. Graduate dressmakers are wanted right now in many good towns and cities. Never before has there been such a demand for competent designers. We teach you by mail and equip you to command a good income. Or you can start in business for yourself. Become a Graduate Dressmaker. The regular diploma of this College is issued to all who complete this course of lessons. The American System is most thorough and complete in every detail, and yet very simple and easily understood. These lessons will teach you how to Design Draft, Cut, Fit, Make, Drape and Trim any garment, including children's clothing. This study will not interfere with your regular duties. This College is endorsed by leading high-grade fashion magazines, prominent educators, teachers of Domestic Science and Art, Home Economics, etc.

MAKE YOUR OWN CLOTHES

SAVE MONEY by drafting your own patterns, by doing your own sewing, and enable yourself to dress far better at one third the usual cost.

Our system thoroughly covers the subject of designing, cutting and fitting children's clothing.

WHAT ARE THESE LESSONS WORTH?

OUR STUDENTS SAY IN RECENT LETTERS—"I would not exchange the knowledge I have gained for double the cost." "I would not take \$50 for what I have learned." "I have made 25 waists (8 silk ones) all perfect fits." "I have just saved the price of my course by making my own silk dress." "I have saved a large dressmaker's bill by doing my own sewing." "The knowledge gained from these lessons is enabling me to help my husband pay for our new home." "I would not sell this system for \$100."

STUDY TO TEACH DRESSMAKING

There are hundreds of good towns where dress-making schools are badly needed. This is your opportunity. Qualify to conduct a school of your own. We want several Graduate Dressmakers now to open and manage branch schools. Write for full particulars.

THE AUTHOR OF THIS COURSE

Our readers will be interested to learn of the signal success of a western woman who had the initiative to test a new and somewhat unique idea—teaching dressmaking by correspondence. Only a few years ago Miss Pearl Lerwin, now supervisor of the American College of Dressmaking, was modestly but successfully doing such sewing as came to a number of her friends, as a natural result of the merits of her work. A college-bred woman herself, she conceived the idea of putting her knowledge and experience into the hands of those less favored, by crystallizing it into a series of lessons which could easily and successfully be taught by mail. She commenced advertising in a small way, until the practicability of the idea was fully demonstrated. Her advertising may now be seen in all of the leading magazines. She has over 20,000 students and graduates throughout the country, and the product of her pen is widely sought. She is a striking example of the new woman—not, however, of the mannish sort—who has "come up out of the ranks" largely by her own efforts, and that by confining her work wholly within the generally conceded province of feminine endeavor.—Clipped from "Human Life" published at Boston, Mass.

A PRACTICAL DEMONSTRATION

Miss Pearl Merwin, Supervisor, Dear Teacher:— Brownsville, VI.
I am very glad to have finished successfully the complete American System of Dressmaking, and want to thank you for your kindness and the interest you have taken in me. When first I was taking lessons, they enabled me to make quite a number of things for myself and my friends, who were so well satisfied with my work that I took in all the sewing I could do, and did exceptionally well.
Since completing my course, I have started dressmaking, and have been very successful, having made a silk shirt-waist suit, two skirts, two jackets, and two fancy gowns, one of which I just completed to-day, and my customer is delighted with it. I appreciate the American System of Dressmaking very much.
After receiving my diploma I started on a large scale, taking in only the fancy and expensive gowns. Have made eight wedding dresses, and several bridesmaid dresses, reception and graduation gowns, etc. I recommend the American System of Dressmaking at every opportunity, and remain, your student.
Miss Emma J. Pierson

THIS HANDSOME BOOK SENT FREE

Our new book on dressmaking recently published is proving to be of great value to thousands of women who have secured a copy of it.

This book illustrated above will be sent to you **FREE**. At an expense of thousands of dollars this college has published 100,000 of these, copyrighted books to advertise the **AMERICAN SYSTEM OF DRESS-MAKING**, and while they last, will send you a copy **FREE**. Write for it to-day. One copy only to each woman. Requests will be filled in the order received.

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This Coupon Will Bring Your Book Free or a Postal Will Do.

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Please send me free book, and explain how I can learn to do my own sewing, become a professional dressmaker, and qualify for a good income.

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What the World is Saying.

Canadians as Letter writers.

The people of Canada wrote 456,085,000 letters last year, and no doubt some of them were sorry afterwards.—Ottawa Free Press.

The Controllers of the Voters.

There are now five States in which the women vote. In the others they merely control the voters.—Los Angeles Herald.

All the Traffic will Stand.

So Count de Lesseps is really to marry Sir William Mackenzie's daughter. Well, Bill can give them enough to keep on with their high flying.—Lethbridge News.

Should be Able to Worry Along.

A New York woman gives her opinion that her daughter should be able to live on \$20,000 a year. The cost of living in New York is evidently moderating.—Buffalo Express.

A Bad Combination.

Whiskey and firearms make a bad combination. Both could well be dispensed with by Hamilton's foreign settlement.—Hamilton Spectator.

Independents no Longer Cranks.

A few years ago the cranks were independents. Nowadays the definition of a crank is a man who stays with his party through thick and thin.—Chicago Tribune.

The Hat Pin as a Weapon.

As an Ottawa girl recently demonstrated, a hat-pin, in the hands of a determined lady, is assuredly a terrific weapon.—Peterboro Examiner.

Would be a Curiosity.

The Governor of South Australia has declined an increase in salary, which fact among Canadian politicians would render him a rare curiosity.—Montreal Gazette.

A Prediction.

Before 1920, the four provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta and British Columbia will have a population of at least 10,000,000.—New York Commercial.

Calling for Homeless Children.

There are three open homes calling for homeless children to every homeless child in the Province of Alberta. No child endowed with average intelligence and a normal body need remain homeless in this country.—Calgary Herald.

Not a Very Useful Body.

The Senate has adjourned until January 21, owing to lack of work. What can a suffering country do in the way of finding work for an august body that is physically incapable of sawing wood or shoveling snow and such like chores, and is otherwise incapable of undertaking higher and more useful labors?—Toronto Telegram.

Weather Insurance for Fairs.

An act is to be introduced at the coming session of the Ontario Legislature to insure agricultural exhibitions against loss by bad weather. The appropriation will be classified in the estimates in aid of the fair and a protection against the foul.—Regina Leader.

A Possibility in Russia.

A writer who has studied Russia has said that it is quite possible that the Russians of fifty years hence may revive Tolstoisism as a religious cult, with a mythical figure of Tolstoi in the background, and around his name a great tangle of traditions which the man himself would regard with horror.—Toronto Globe.

Talk at \$25 per Minute.

The time of the Commons costs the country some \$25 per minute session. The discussion of that thirty line Le Devoir article took an hour and a half. With this data it ought to be easy to figure just what a column of Le Devoir's Government criticism costs the Dominion of Canada.—Ottawa Evening Journal.

Truth Cheaper Than Fiction.

Dr. Cook, when he wrote a lie about the Pole, made \$100,000. Now when he is prepared to tell the truth—perhaps—he gets but a thousand dollars. Which proves that, while truth is stranger than fiction, it is also cheaper, this being one case where the price is not governed by the law of supply and demand.—St. John Telegraph.

Looking Forward in Toronto.

Some Toronto people seem to think it is absurd to talk of having a million of a population in the city in twenty years. In London, with its seven and a half millions, they are preparing for a population of ten millions in the next twenty years. In all this huge gathering the care for health conditions is such that the death rate is only a trifle over fifteen per thousand.—Montreal Herald.

Revolvers Too Plentiful.

A man arrested recently by the local police, and found to have a loaded revolver in his possession, had twelve dollars added to his other fine. Good. If the illegal carrying of firearms were treated thus severely every time an instance comes to the authorities' notice, perhaps the didn't-know-it-was-loaded and shooting-scape incidents would in time become less.—Toronto News.

Jerusalem Being Improved.

Jerusalem is being rapidly modernized. Water-works, sewers, electric lights, telephones and other conveniences of a modern city are being established. The scribes will turn their attention to real estate, the money changers will open brokers' offices, and the Pharisees will not overlook any municipal franchises. Palestine will be reclaimed, but Milton's dream of Paradise regained remains a futurity.—New York Sun.

Reasons and Reasons.

Several reasons are offered by the big Chicago packers for the material reduction in the price of their products. A reason not advanced, but which, in all probability, had considerable to do with the step, is the desire to head off an expected material reduction in the protective tariff governing these products on the part of the newly-elected Democratic Congress.—Duluth Herald.

"Canadians for Canada."

The mayor of Ottawa has said a good thing. He may say many good things, but history has not recorded them. What we are now thinking of is his statement that the old cry of "Canada for Canadians" should give place to "Canadians for Canada." This is an exceedingly happy phrase, and we all ought to paste it in our hats, and then, perhaps, it will filter into our brains. "Canadians for Canada." So say we all of us. So say we all.—Victoria Times.

A Last Resort in China.

The burning of mission stations in China is becoming too common a means of expressing dissatisfaction with the government. "The taxes are too high; come out and let us hunt the missionaries," seems to be rather illogical, but the peasants know that the destruction of missions makes more trouble for the authorities than anything else they can do.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

The Russian Government's Methods.

Five St. Petersburg papers have been suspended for having printed a speech made in the Duma in which the cruelties of the Russian police were severely denounced. This sort of treatment of newspapers used to be common in St. Petersburg under a former regime. It looks like going backward to have it reported as becoming again common. The Russians have not learned all that is required in connection with the operation of representative institutions.—Ottawa Citizen.

Danish Injustice.

Alberti, ex-Minister of Justice in the government at Copenhagen, has been sentenced to eight years' imprisonment for having committed frauds to the loss of the public. In Denmark the law seems to be in hands strong enough to secure that the strongest shall be punished when he goes wrong. Not many countries are likely to have in such a position as the ministry of justice a statesman who will abuse his trust in a financial way, and they are still fewer, it is to be feared, in which justice would be so rigidly done.—Vancouver Province.

The Future of Canada.

Viscount Illingworth says the future of Canada is assured. We should have thought it would not have been necessary to visit this country to make a wise remark such as that. Considering that the best Canadian securities sell at practically the same price as consols, and that the shrewdest of British investors are sending their money here, it is plain that the future of Canada was assured long before the Viscount came here. At the same time it was very nice of the British nobleman to be polite about it.—Monetary Times.

Toy Babies.

We notice in an American paper that American women—society women especially—are taking to the nursing of toy babies. The new toy, which is known as the Bisque baby, had its origin in Paris, of course, and is designed as a doll for grown-ups. It is said to be most properly displayed at receptions and automobile parties. "When brought into the domestic circle, judiciously wrapped in a blanket and correctly cradled in a motherly arm, it produces an undeniable impression." No doubt it will help to serve the purpose of keeping alive some traces of the maternal instinct in fashionable circles where children are unfashionable.—Toronto Star.

A Subject to Argue About.

The Ottawa Citizen says "there were monarchies before republics were ever heard of." Is our contemporary quite sure about this? As a matter of fact we do not suppose that any one knows what was the first form of government. Possibly some prehistoric wielder of a big stick pounded his fellow cave-men into submission to his autocratic rule; but possibly also, a lot of our remote ancestors got together and chose one of their number for a boss. This would be a good subject for discussion on alternate days with the sanitary condition of Timbuctoo, or the effect of Halley's comet upon politics in the United Kingdom.—Hamilton Times.

The Lash for Wife-beaters.

We know, by the experience of communities in which it is used, that the lash is an excellent deterrent for just such offences as wife-beating. It will carry conviction to a man whom no argument is able to reach. It will remain in his memory when the amount of his last fine has been entirely forgotten. It will help him to stay his hand when the thoughts of former jail sentences are only incentives. True, the lash is not a refined argument, but neither has the wife-beater a refined mind or refined feelings. We must adapt our form of reasoning to the intellectual and moral capabilities of those whom we wish to convince. As soon as brutes cease to exist in any community, we may revert to other than brutal methods.—Kingston Whig.

In Regard to Northern Canada.

There are vast areas in Canada of which even the Government has no definite knowledge, and there are thousands of square miles where the foot of a white man has never trod. Practically all knowledge of this big, wild country has been secured again and again along a few chosen and well-worn routes outside of which investigation has seldom gone.—Leslie's Weekly.

This is a mistaken though frequent impression. Hudson Bay trappers and others have traversed almost every hundred square miles of the northern country, although these men are not the kind that add much to systematized and scientific information about the wilds. But discoveries of lakes as large as Superior, as was recently announced from the Barrens, are absolutely impossible now. Northern Canada has been too well travelled for that.—Saskatoon Phoenix.

An African King to Go to London.

The King of Barotseland, who once nearly worried a high British official, Lord Selbourne, to death, by presenting him with a tame hippopotamus, several lions and much smaller game, all of which etiquette forced him to keep, is to be present at the coming British coronation. Some tact will have to be exercised by British officialdom when this and other dusky monarchs arrive in London next June, or King George will find himself saddled with an entire African menagerie, like the king in the opera who was presented with a white elephant. Just the same, it is the presence of men like the Barotseland monarch and his army contingent that will give the pageant its picturesque value, and its educative force as a lesson upon the vastness and cosmopolitanism of the British Empire.—Victoria Colonist.

Choice Selections Price-Cut

For Our Mail Order Friends

OF the good things left over from the Fall Season's trade in the Winnipeg Store we have chosen the best and offer them to you with a big slice cut off the selling price to clear them out quickly. We have only a few dozens or less of each and at the prices we quote they will go quickly. You will recognize them as unusual values when you read the description and observe the illustration.

Remember our "Seal of Quality" guarantee goes with these goods as with every other mail order transaction. If you are not satisfied with the bargain you get we do not want you to keep them. Ship them back to us and get your money back with the transportation charges you have paid.

HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY

\$12.⁹⁸

\$11.⁹⁸



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**For this Handsome
Fur Collar Coat**

Yes, that's all we ask you to pay. And it'll be the gladdest buy you make this January in value anyway.

Heavy Melton Cloth, German Otter Collar, Close Quilted Lining, Waterproof Material.

E1-31M—Men's Fur-trimmed Coat, made of heavy black Melton cloth, linings of Italian cloth interlined with wadding, closely quilted, making it very warm. It is double breasted, fastened with loops and barrel buttons. The fur collar is of German otter skin, notched style. Size 34 to 46 inch only, 50 inches long. You'll find the cut and finish of this overcoat all to be desired, while the quality of material and workmanship will give to you any amount of serviceable satisfaction.

\$11.⁹⁸

**Womens' Heavy
Fur-Trimmed
Coat**

\$12.⁹⁸

Warmth combined with durability and style at about half the usual price.

B3-72M—Women's Heavy Fur Trimmed Coat. This excellent storm coat, which is made from imported Kersey coating is lined with farmers' satin and interlining of felt. Coat is made in box back style, has neat strapping of self cloth and good strong buttons. High storm collar and revers of selected Columbia sable, ensuring full protection to the face during the stormiest weather. Supplied in navy and black. There are only a limited number of these coats in each color though there are all sizes in stock. Better leave the color choice to us after you state your preference. Regular value \$24.50 and \$27.50. Special to clear, sizes 34 to 44.

\$12.⁹⁸



**Men's
Boots**) No. D44M
\$2.⁵⁰

**With the Price Chopped off
to induce Quick Buying**

You will always be pleased with yourself for investing in a pair or two of these shoes, as the days go by and you find them giving satisfactory wear.

D44M—This man's boot is made in Velour and Brown Calf skin, also patent calf skin; it is blucher cut and shaped in several different style lasts, all good fitters. Soles are Goodyear welt sewn, and are light and heavy weight. All sizes 5 to 10, D and E width. Special price for January \$2.50.

Clothing Bargains

That will please the Pride of the younger folks and serve them well.

B7-54M—Children's Kimonas, made of best quality woolly eiderdown, V neck, made with the Kimona sleeve, finished with sateen bands down front and around cuffs, fastened at neck with ribbon to match. Colors pale blue and pink, ages 2, 4 and 6 years. Regular price \$1.50. Special \$1.29

B7-31M—Ladies' White Linen Tailored Shirt Waist. This waist is fastened at the side with pearl buttons, has two tucks at each shoulder and laundered collar and cuffs, a very desirable waist, material is easily laundered and does not easily crease. Sizes 40, 42, 44 only. Regular \$1.50 for 89c.

B7-96M—Children's white Bearskin coats. Good full coat made with large cape over shoulder fastens close up to the neck, nicely lined with cream flannelette, sizes 24 in. regular \$2.75 for \$1.98. Sizes 26 inches, regular \$3.25 for \$2.29. Only the above sizes.

Graniteware At Reduced Prices

All wine measure capacity and good wearing quality of granite. No need to tell you the price is wonderfully low.

Lipped Saucepans

1½ qts. 10c.	2 qts. 11c.	2½ qts. 12c.	3 qts. 14c.	4 qts. 16c.	5 qts. 18c.
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Dish Pans

10 qts. 28c.	14 qts. 33c.	17 qts. 37c.
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Wash Bowls

10½ in. 12c.	11½ in. 13c.	12 in. 14c.	13 in. dia. 16c.
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THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY, WINNIPEG, CAN.

Saskatoon, Sask.

By J. D. McAlpine.

Saskatoon, the central Saskatchewan city which sprung into prominence during the last six years, is generally predicted as a coming distributing and industrial metropolis of the Canadian Northwest. From a geographical standpoint, the site could not be better located, and the rich and fertile farming area surrounding the city is equal to the best that can be found anywhere in the prairie provinces.

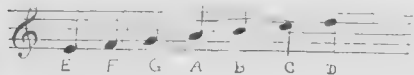
Saskatoon is essentially a city of today, whose citizens look forward to the future with the far-seeing eye and optimistic enthusiasm of the man who is reaching out for greater things. The manner in which the city is laid out, and the substantial buildings already erected, give evidence of the rapidity with which the young giant has been brought to its present state of vigorous activity. It is probably because of its importance as

panies exhibit so much faith in a western city, it proves beyond any possibility of doubt that the city in which they place their confidence possesses advantages with which the other towns, to whom the railroads do not devote their attention, are not endowed. There are many reasons why the railroads have all come to this central metropolis. They knew that Saskatoon controlled over 40,000 miles of territory; they realized that the goods which were manufactured in the city of Saskatoon were distributed over an area of 70,000 square miles, and they were aware that there had never been a crop failure in the Saskatoon district since it has been under cultivation.

Saskatoon population is now 16,000, during the present year it has forged ahead at a great pace, the building permits issued amounted to \$2,000,000, and the steady increase in progress which has been noted, has placed Saskatoon among the leading cities of the Dominion of Canada.

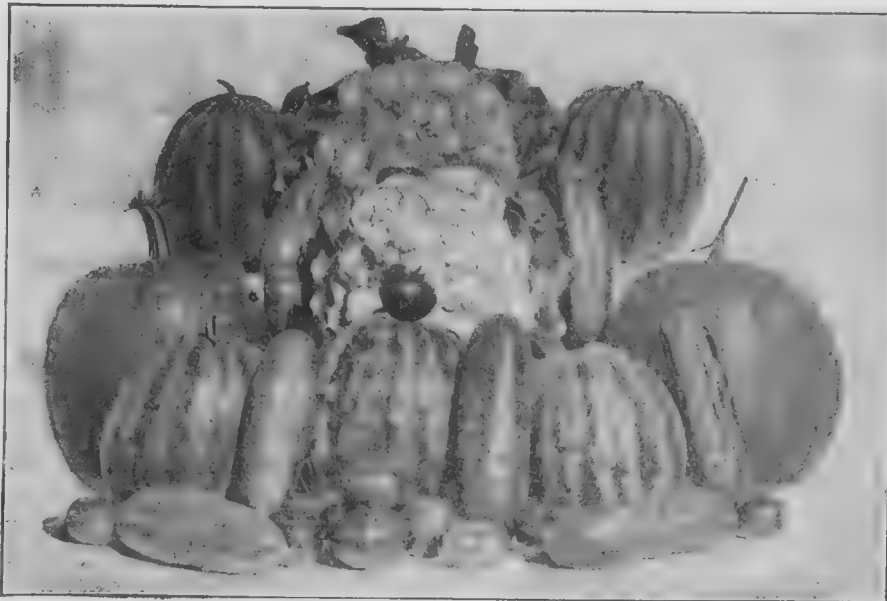
A Game for Young Musicians.

This is a contest that will appeal to teachers of music for use with their young pupils, although anyone with a slight knowledge of the notes will enjoy it. At the top of the programme draw neatly a staff with the letters E F G



A B C D underneath. Then tell the guests that the following questions are to be answered by words made from these letters:—

1. The human countenance? Face.
2. An instrument of torture? Gad.
3. A term in cards? Ace.
4. A last century exclamation? ... Egad.
5. Caprice of the moment? Fad.
6. To wear out? Fag.
7. Given food? Fed.
8. Fluent silly talk? Gab.
9. The writer of "Fables in Slang"? Ade.
10. The reverse of good? Bad.
11. A small globule? Bead.
12. An article used by travelers? .. Bag.
13. To petition? Beg.
14. A vehicle of conveyance? Cab.
15. A place of eating and drinking? Cafe.
16. A splotch or blot? Dab.
17. A place of rest? Bed.
18. Defective hearing? Deaf.



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Is not merely a list of seeds and plants, but it gives the best counsel as to the conditions under which these can be propagated to the best advantage in Western Canada.

It has been compiled by Western Experience for Western Conditions and is the best guide to gardening success in these Provinces.

If a copy has not reached you by 10th of January—send a postcard and we will mail one free by return.

Steele Briggs Seed Co., Limited

Winnipeg, Man.



Lovers' Lane, Saskatoon, Sask.

a distributing centre that Saskatoon has made such strides. Other cities in the provinces of Alberta and Saskatchewan which possess a greater number of people, for the time being, are doing all in their power to induce the railway corporations to enter their city limits, but Saskatoon already possesses more railroads than any other city in the three western provinces, and she has not gone out of the way to ask for them either. They have come to her by right. They have arrived because, regarded from any point of view, the city of Saskatoon is so situated as to offer unrivalled advantages for any railroad which wishes to operate throughout the rich and fertile districts of Saskatchewan, Alberta and Manitoba. The C.P.R. line is operating through to the West, via Wetaskiwin, to Edmonton; the G.T.P., which passes through the southern part of the city, is operating as far west of Saskatoon as Edmonton; the Bulyea-Regina cut-off of the C.P.R. provides a direct connection to the C.P.R. main line at Regina; the Regina-Prince Alberta branch of the C.N.R. gives ample accommodation north and south of the city; the Saskatoon to Calgary, Goose Lake line of the C.N.R., now operating to a point 100 miles south-west of Saskatoon, will be rushed to completion this winter, and there are numerous other lines now under discussion which will still add to the excellent railway facilities of this city.

From this it will be seen that when Saskatoon claims to be the railroad centre of the West, she is making no idle boast. When the great railway com-



2nd Ave., Saskatoon, Sask.



A Glimpse of Saskatoon, Sask.

Virden, Man.

By G. E. C. Clough.

Virden is about fifty miles west of Brandon. It is there yet: come to see it.

You will be told it is a pretty little town; it is more than that. Comfortable, sheltered, picturesque, it is a home town, a place to live in.

Most prairie towns are alike: business blocks, stables, shacks, and a long line of telephone poles to the horizon. You see it all at a glance, and spend the rest of the day on the porch of the frame hotel.

Virden is different. Its finest avenues running through virgin woodland, and its streets northeast and southwest so that all trails enter the town at an angle, one sees nowhere the familiar far sweep of prairie, but everywhere the neat roads are cut across by a back-



Eighth Avenue, Virden, Man.

ground of banks and trees. The effect is a well-rounded completeness, and this is further emphasized by a little creek that half encircles the town and is crossed by numerous bridges. A gentle rise and fall of the ground helps to make each tree-lined street and avenue a picture. The business section has many fine stores and handsome buildings. Three banks and a newspaper office are signs of prosperity. One notices the many automobiles, used for business and pleasure.

Railways—C.P.R. main line and Pheasant Hills branch; C.N.R. connects with main line nine miles south. Good shipping facilities, and first-class accommodation for travellers at three big hotels.

Churches—to suit every shade of belief. But come and see the "little old school" alongside the "old school," now an immigration hall (Virden received



Nelson St., Virden, Man.

over a thousand immigrants last year, for distribution; then look at the splendid "new school," built to accommodate 400 children. Walk half a mile and you can see a \$25,000 Collegiate in course of construction. Not bad for a quiet little town. Another big new building is the \$15,000 hospital, an invaluable institution and an evidence of progressive community.

Virdenites are proud of their granite sidewalks, and their park. On the former they spent \$5,000 this summer and they have them now right to the outskirts and on all the prettiest streets. Within five minutes' walk of the busi-



Keeping his eye on Virden.

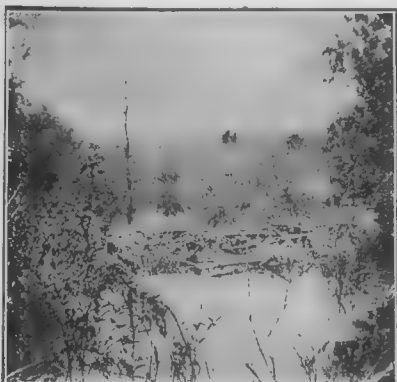
ness centre, the Park is a sylvan retreat, where the gardener's skill is chiefly needed to keep nature within bounds by clearing undergrowth and making pathways, flower beds, and open spaces for the children to romp and swing in. Here the tennis club has four fine courts and a club house.

Across the track from the park is the exhibition ground, with a half-mile race track where the pacers make fast time. Here are the football and baseball grounds and here the cricketers wield the willow on the summer evenings. Further out are the traps where the gun club enthusiasts blaze away at their clay birds. Lovers of the rifle shoot at all distances up to 1,000 yards over one of the finest ranges in the west.

In winter the skating rink is the chief attraction. Ice for the curling club is under the same roof. Twice a week the Virden Silver Band adds to the pleasure of the winter sport. Mentioning the band reminds one of the other uniformed corps—the dragoons, who won distinction at this year's camp, and the smart little cadets with their big hats and bright red sashes.

What about the land? Some near town is rather light, but the farmers need big barns. The crops ripen early, and crop failure is almost unknown. The rural municipality is "dry." The farmers believe in good roads and municipal 'phones. You can call up 650 subscribers without extra charge—perhaps the biggest free rural 'phone service in the west. The annual summer fair shows the great interest taken in every branch of rural industry, not excepting the arts that make for comfort, refinement and luxury in the home.

But you must come to Virden and become acquainted. You will find the people kindly, hospitable and enjoying a full measure of social life. Friendly relationships are promoted by many fraternal societies, and church societies innumerable. Place and people are all right and the town is going ahead.



Beaver Dam, near Virden, Man.

SEVERAL NEW FEATURES

will be included in all policies issued after the beginning of 1911 by The Great-West Life Assurance Company.

Not the least of these is the Total Disability clause—making a provision for the insured in the event of his becoming totally incapacitated. Premiums remain just as low as ever and we anticipate that the same high profit returns will mature to policy holders in future as have earned for The Great-West Life their enviable reputation.

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Sec. and Manager

A Song.

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear;

There is ever something sings away;
There's the song of the lark when the skies are clear,

And the song of the thrush when skies are grey.

The sunshine showers across the grain,
And the bluebird trills in the orchard tree;

And in and out, when the eaves drip rain,

The swallows are twittering ceaselessly.

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,

Be the skies above or dark or fair.
There is ever a song that our hearts may hear,

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear—

There is ever a song somewhere!

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,

In the midnight black, or the mid-day blue

The robin pipes when the sun is here.

And the cricket chirps the whole night through.

The buds may blow and the fruit may grow,

And the autumn leaves drop crisp and sore;

But whether the sun, or the rain, or the snow,

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear. —James Whitcomb Riley.

Dr Grenfell:—Even the most obscure of us can rest satisfied if he is doing his best.

W. J. Bryan:—The mass of the world's work is done by average people with average powers.

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The last prairie divisional point, and the best. The time to invest in a new town is right at the start.

Edson is now four months old but we are still selling at the original prices.

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\$25.00 Each

on easy terms, you are getting in absolutely on the ground floor and will double your money three and four times over in a few years.

Our lots, which are within half-a-mile of the Grand Trunk Townsite and adjoining Main Street, are dollar for dollar the cheapest property on the market at Edson to-day.

It costs you one cent to obtain full particulars. Mail us a post card to-day.

J. B. MARTIN

608 McIntyre Blk., Winnipeg

Indian Head, Sask.

By Percy E. Black.

Indian Head is a town of pretty gardens and beautiful residences, about forty-eight miles east of Regina on the main line of the C.P.R. Beside being an ideal residential town, it is also the greatest initial grain shipping point on the face of the globe, having shipped in one season more than two million bushels.

As the stranger comes unto the town he is naturally impressed with the large number of elevators which greet his eye and at the magnificent depot, which was erected only last spring, that would do credit to any town many times the size. Indian Head has four very fine churches, namely the Presbyterian, Methodist, Church of England and Catholic, the first three having magnificent pipe organs.

Manufacturing is a feature not overlooked as there is a splendid sash and door factory, where all kinds of machinery is repaired, including automobiles. There is also a large flour mill, which for a number of years has supplied the townsfolk with the best flour manufactured from grain grown right around the town.

To make an ideal residential place, modern improvements must be present and of these Indian Head has an excellent electric lighting system operated by the town; also one of the best water and sewerage systems in the west. The water is brought from Squirrel Hills, seven miles south and the natural pressure is sufficient to provide a splendid fire protection, but to be doubly sure,

the town installed high pressure pumps which in time of need gives a fire protection second to none. Granolithic walks are also in use. Tree planting on the streets is now well underway and in the course of a few years there will be nicely treed streets.

The town is also endowed with a goodly number of stores, which occupy the greater part of the various hand-



Indian Head, Sask., looking southeast.

some business blocks. From these stores every necessity in life can be had in the latest and best forms. The post office at Indian Head is a credit to the town, being spacious and clean, and exceedingly well handled.

For amusements there are a number of places, the rinks, club, alleys, parks, large opera house and family theatres. The hospital takes a prominent place

resort known as Lake Katepwa in the Qu'Appelle Valley.

The Dominion Experimental Farm is one of the most beautiful of all the Government's farms. The farm is divided into ten acre plots which are all surrounded by full grown trees with roadways between, making twelve miles of beautiful drives: the trees in many places interlink at the top, giving splendid shade. There are also many gardens of beautiful flowers, and the vegetable gardens are beauties: with scientific cultivation these always bring forth heavy yields. This year wheat crop averaged as high as fifty-four bushels per acre. To form a conservative idea of this farm one must see it.

The Forestry, another Government project, is only five years old, but is a marvel. What was barren prairie is now covered with trees all the way from two inches to twenty feet in height. The farm is divided, similar to the Experimental. Besides trees the Forestry boasts of flower gardens and magnificent lawns, which in the course of a few years will be unsurpassable.



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F. J. CLARK, Managing-Director



Indian Head, Sask.

in the building up of a town, and here we have one which would be a credit to any town, one where skilled nursing is supplied and the best medical science administered to patients. Indian Head has three other "top-notchers" to her credit: The experimental farm, which hugs her east flank very tightly, the forestry farm that guards the town at the south, and a short distance to the north is the most picturesque summer

From the Forestry this year, there were shipped over 3,000,000 trees to various sections of Western Canada for transplanting.

Katepwa, the summer resort, is one that for many years only Indian Head's residents and neighboring village folks knew of, enjoying the sport there and the beautiful scenic lake. But now it is different; people from all over journey to this resort to spend the summer in

WESTERN CANADA CORONATION TOUR

Leaving Winnipeg, June 6th, 1911

Mr. F. J. Ney, the Honorary Organizing Secretary of the Official Visit of the Manitoba Teachers to the Old Country during the summer of 1910, which was such a pronounced success, has the pleasure to announce that at the particular request of a number of friends, he has decided to organize a special private party to visit England during the coming summer, with the express purpose of seeing the

CORONATION OF HIS MAJESTY, KING GEORGE V.

AND OF ATTENDING THE

EMPIRE FESTIVAL AND EXHIBITION

Mr. Ney, who is at present in England completing details, will personally conduct the party, which will be strictly limited, and special arrangements will be made throughout.

COST OF TOUR—The cost of the Tour will include Special Railway and Steamship accommodation, also four weeks' entertainment in London and the surrounding country. For full particulars apply—

R. FLETCHER, Acting Secretary, 644 Gertrude Ave., Winnipeg, Man.



View of Angus McKay's residence at Experimental Farm, showing flower beds. Indian Head, Sask.

ishing, bathing, boating and shooting. The shores which a few years ago were spotted with but a few cottages, are now crowned with two summer hotels and countless mes. This resort is one that cannot in justice be described with pen; people desirous of seeing a beautiful place, shining in all Nature's

own work, should make a trip to Lake Katepwa.

Pages could be used in trying to describe Indian Head, but with the illustrations and the above, the reader can grasp a faint idea of the wonderful fertility of the soil in this vicinity. It is a place of special attractions and gives unusual advantages to all comers.

Household Suggestions.

Apple Desserts.

The most pleasing method of serving apples as a dessert is to bake, boil or steam the whole apple, and serve with an apple dressing.

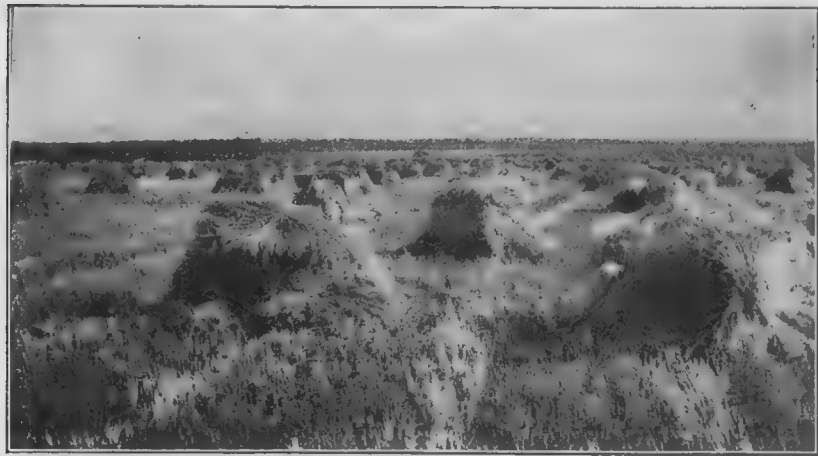
Baked Apples may be prepared either in their skins or peeled and cored. If they are to be served without dressing, it is best to bake them in the skin. They should be cored, for then the centers may be filled with butter to which spiced sugar has been added. Tin or iron injures the flavor of the fruit, therefore be sure to bake them in earthenware or granite baking dishes. They are done when they foam a frothy, pulpy mass, and should be taken out of the dish immediately. If there is danger of burning, add a little water. If the apples are to be served with any of the dressings, recipes for which will be given later, it is best to peel them, for the skin is rather tough and cannot be easily cut with a spoon.

To Boil Apples.—First peel, then core

water for five minutes, and then adding one-half cupful of cherries and one-half cupful of shredded pineapple. Fill the center of the apples with this, and cover with Dressing No. 1; or they may be served with whipped cream.

Apple Float is made by adding whipped eggs to apple sauce. The secret of good apple float is in the apple sauce, for the whipped egg does not lend anything except lightness. The best apple sauce for making apple float is the old-fashioned New England sauce without the spice. Select sound, tart apples, pare, core and quarter them, and put in an earthen dish; sweeten to taste, and cover with water. Cover the dish, and bake the apples until they are tender. Mash, and run through a colander. To this add the beaten whites of eggs. The yolks of the eggs may be used to make a soft custard, which may be served with the float.

Steamed Apple Pudding is made with two cupfuls of flour, four teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one-half tea-



Fall Wheat in Swan Valley Yielded 48 Bushels to the Acre.

them. Make a syrup by boiling one cupful of sugar in one cupful of water, and in this syrup allow the apples to boil slowly.

To Steam Apples.—Peel and core them, and set them in an earthen dish with just enough water to cover the bottom, and allow them to steam until tender. With apples thus prepared a large variety of desserts may be served by merely using different dressings.

For Dressing No. 1.—Take six or eight good-sized apples, and steam them as instructed, with a little piece of lemon peel. When quite soft, mash, and add one fourth of a pound of sugar, preferably pulverized. When cool, beat in the whites of two eggs, and whip, without stopping, into a stiff mass. Fill the centers of the baked, boiled or steamed apples with this, and spread it over the outside. Serve cold, and put a bit of red-currant jelly on top of each apple.

Dressing No. 2 is really an apple icing, and it may be used as such wherever icing is used. It is made by beating together the whites of two eggs, one and one-half cupfuls of granulated sugar and two grated apples. This should be whipped for half an hour and then flavored with almond. The center of the apples for this dressing should be filled with apple jelly and then coated all over with the icing.

Stuffed Apples may be made by filling the centers with almost any kind of jelly or with chopped fruit. A delicious fruit filler may be made by boiling one half cupful of sugar in one cupful of

spoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls of butter and three-fourths of a cupful of milk. Sift the dry ingredients, work in the butter, and add the milk slowly, mixing with a knife, and roll out on a floured board. Cut four apples into eights, put them in the middle of the dough, and sprinkle with sugar. Draw the dough up around the apples and lift into a buttered mold carefully, so that the apples do not break through. Cover tightly, and steam one hour and forty minutes.

Baked Apple Pudding is very simple and inexpensive and may be made with one cupful of flour, one egg, one-half cupful of milk, one-half cupful of sugar, one teaspoonful of baking powder, two tablespoonfuls of butter and six sour apples. Sift the flour and baking powder together, beat the egg and milk together, and cream the butter and sugar. Add the egg and milk alternately with the flour to the creamed butter and sugar, and flavor with one-fourth of a teaspoonful of vanilla. Peel the apples, and slice them into a buttered baking dish, and over them pour the batter. Bake about twenty minutes.

Fried Apples.—Pare and core the apples, keeping them whole; cut into slices crosswise, sprinkle with cinnamon, sugar and a little lemon juice. Stand aside for fifteen minutes; then dip each slice into a batter; slide quickly into the hot fat, fry on one side, turn and fry on the other.

Coddling Apples.—Pare and core the apples. Arrange them in the bottom of

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a porcelain-lined kettle; fill each cavity with granulated sugar, also dust each apple with the sugar; pour over a cupful of hot water and put them on the back part of the range where they will cook slowly until you can pierce them with a straw. Lift with a drainer and arrange them on a glass dish. Boil down the syrup and baste it over the apples, and serve warm with cream.

Apple Meringue.—Pare, core and slice the apples; line a pudding-dish, bottom and sides, with lady-fingers. Fill in the space with sliced apples. Separate three eggs; add to the yolks half a cupful of sugar; then add one pint of milk; pour this over the apples and bake in a moderate oven from thirty to thirty five minutes. Make a meringue from the whites of the eggs, heap on top of the pudding; dust thickly with sugar; return to the oven a moment to brown, and serve cold.

Apple Sponge.—Pare and quarter sufficient apples to make one pound; put them into a saucepan; cover with one pint of water; stew slowly until the apples are tender. While these are stewing cover half a box of gelatine with half a cupful of cold water, and allow it to soak for half an hour. Add this to the hot apples; press them through a colander; add one cupful of sugar and the grated yellow rind and juice of one lemon. When the mixture begins to congeal and is not yet thick stir in carefully the well-beaten whites of three eggs; turn into a mould to harden. Serve with a soft custard.

Apple Charlotte.—Cover half a box of gelatine with half a cupful of cold water and allow it to soak for half an hour. Whip one pint of cream, turn this into a basin and place in another of cracked ice; add half a cupful of powdered sugar, a tablespoonful of lemon juice and two good-sized apples grated. Dissolve the gelatine over hot water; strain into the mixture; stir quickly but carefully until thoroughly mixed. Turn into a mould and stand away until cool.

A Plain Charlotte.—Add a quarter of a box of gelatine to one pint of stewed apples that have been sweetened, flavored and pressed through a sieve. As soon as the mixture begins to congeal, stir in carefully one pint of cream whip-

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E. POWERS

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ped to a stiff froth. Line the mould with lady-fingers; turn in the mixture and stand away to cool.

Apple Tapioca.—A cupful of tapioca should be soaked in four times its bulk of water for four hours; then stand it over hot water until it becomes transparent. Have ready a good-sized baking-dish, two-thirds filled with apples that have been pared, cored and quartered; sprinkle over half a cupful of sugar and pour over the tapioca; cover the dish and bake in a moderate oven for at least three-quarters of an hour. Serve with cream.

Utilizing Left-overs.—In even the best regulated kitchen there is sure to be something left over, some remnant of perfectly good and wholesome food which the fastidious housewife cannot bring herself to send back to the table because of its tattered appearance, and which the economical housewife is unwilling to consign to the garbage. With a little ingenuity these remnants can be worked over into new dishes that will introduce a pleasing novelty into the daily menu.

What on earth could be done with scraps of pie and cake? Surely a piece of stale pie is utterly hopeless and barren of possibilities. One housekeeper, with a positive genius for inventing new combinations, does not agree with this verdict. She found, on the pantry shelf, a quarter of an apple pie, a sixth of a cranberry pie and the remnants of several kinds of jelly and preserves, and here is what she did with them: She cut thin slices of bread and buttered them, fitting them—butter side down in a baking dish. Over these she put a layer of sliced apples and then the pie, minced fine, and a handful of raisins. All the bits of jelly and preserves were put together and mixed with a cupful of boiling water and this was added to the contents of the baking dish. She put over the top a thick layer of bread crumbs, mixed with brown sugar and dotted with butter, and baked the pudding in a moderate oven thirty minutes. A few minutes before dinner was ready she removed the pan from the oven, ran a knife around the edge of the pudding to free it from the dish and poured over the brown top a cupful of rich milk. She returned the dish to the oven, leaving the door open, and when dessert time arrived she had ready a delicious pudding which required no sauce, since the milk made a sauce of just the right consistency.

It rarely happens that the soup for dinner comes out exactly right. Usually

there is a bowlful left in the pot. To be sure, this may be warmed up for luncheon, but it will not be appetizing. If it happens to be vegetable soup, it should be strained and a little water added. Wash a cupful of rice and cook it with the soup in the double boiler. It may be served simply as a vegetable with the meat at dinner, or it may be made the principal dish at luncheon by turning it into the baking dish, covering with bread crumbs and grated cheese, and baking twenty minutes.

It is not at all necessary to fry the cold boiled potatoes that were left from yesterday's dinner. Indeed, when the housewife has once tried savory potatoes, she will make it a point occasionally to boil more potatoes than the family is likely to eat in order to have some to do over next day. Cut the potatoes into moderately small cubes, say a half-inch across, and sprinkle them lightly with salt and pepper. Mince two slices of fat bacon and a small onion and place over the fire in a large iron frying pan. Take care that the onion does not brown too much while the grease is frying out. When the bits of bacon have shrivelled and there is plenty of fat in the pan, turn in the potatoes, with a half teaspoonful of either sage or summer savory. Toss them about vigorously—either with a spoon or by shaking the pan—until the potatoes are coated with the savory fat. Then put two tablespoonfuls of flour in the sifter and gently sift this over the potatoes, adding it gradually so that it may all be absorbed by the grease. Lastly, pour in a cupful of cold water, cover the pan closely and place it where it will cook very slowly until a rich gravy is formed. These directions may seem needlessly explicit, but on the manipulation of the ingredients depends the success of the dish which, when it is correctly prepared, is surprisingly delicious.

When the Sunday roast has been "sliced up cold for supper," there seems to be no future for it but the hash pan—and, indeed, roast beef hash is not to be despised. Yet it is possible to so prepare the cold roast beef that it may serve as the only meat for Monday's dinner. Brown a spoonful of flour in a heaping spoonful of butter and lard and add a pint of water in which have been boiled an onion, a bay leaf and a bit of red pepper. Strain the water and allow it to cool before using, so that the gravy may not become lumpy. When it has thickened, flavor it with two tablespoonfuls of claret wine or one of vinegar and immerse in it the slices of beef. Allow it to simmer gently about fifteen minutes and have ready some vegetables to serve on the platter with the meat. These may be a few left-over peas or string beans, and small white onions, parsnips or carrots may be prepared for the purpose by boiling them in salted water until they are tender. Drop the vegetables into the gravy and leave them long enough to absorb the flavor. Place the slices of meat on a heated platter with a mound of vegetables at each end and pour over the whole the gravy.

The above recipe is a small one. For a goodly quantity of meat it should be doubled and all the gravy left from the roast should be added. The ragged bits of roast that are not nice to slice, may be made up into something perfectly delicious. Mince them rather fine and add mushrooms (the dried ones are not expensive and may be kept on hand for flavoring) or oysters, cove or fresh, of about equal bulk with the meat. Melt two spoonfuls of butter in a shallow granite pan and blend with it two spoonfuls of flour. Stir in cold milk gradually, and when the sauce is the proper consistency, a little thicker than cream, add salt and paprika to taste and stir in the meat. Cook it gently ten minutes and it is ready to serve. It may be poured over slices of toast or used in patty shells. It is also excellent as an entree for the second course at a formal dinner, in which case it should be placed in ramekins, one for each guest at table, covered with bread crumbs and bits of butter and placed in a hot oven a few minutes to brown. In this way the left-overs of lamb, veal, chicken and even steak and chops may be utilized.

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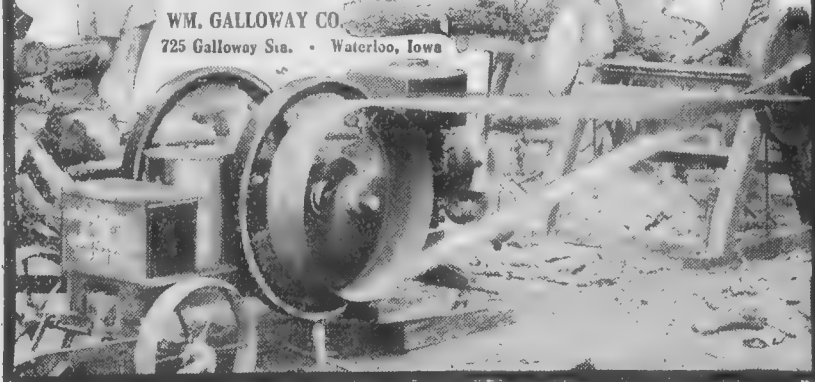
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Doing Man's Work.

Countries Where the Grey Mare is the Better Horse.

By M. Tindal.

An Irishman sat on a cliff top, smoking his pipe. Far down below on the sea-shore a woman, with great labor, was collecting piles of wreckage. Every now and then she would hoist a load of timber on her back, and carry it up the narrow path which ascended the steep face of the cliff, to drop her load before the door of the hovel that was her home. The Irishman watched and smoked, while the woman—his wife—performed this prodigious labor through all the heat of the day.

Said a passing Englishman to the Irishman: "Are you not ashamed to allow your wife to carry those heavy loads, while you sit in idleness?"

"Sure, your honor," came Pat's answer, "and did not the Almighty give women the grand, broad backs they have?"

This is an Irish view of philosophic theory that finds supporters in all parts of the world. Women have broad backs—then they must carry loads. Women are patient—then they must sit for hours grinding corn or weaving wool. Women can work as well as men—then it stands to reason that work they must.

In Ireland, in England, on the Continent, in India, in happy Japan, in sorrowful Russia—look where you will—women are to be found doing hard work equally with men. It is, indeed, a nice question whether on the whole the women of the

house, the maid-of-all-work is out of bed between five and six, and is lucky to be in bed at half-past eleven. The girl in the busy factory dare not be idle for a moment during work-hours. Much of women's work of this nature is free, perhaps, from heavy responsibility; the workers, unlike the employers who risk capital, stand to lose little, save health, and they earn a living. Nevertheless, women's own work in women's own sphere is hard in a way that few men can appreciate.

Let us look at some pictures of women doing men's work in foreign parts. Here is a bit of characteristic country life a few miles outside St. Petersburg. With the aid of a few men many women are harvesting the corn. They are hatless, or have only gay kerchiefs on their heads: here and there one has a primitive rake, but for the most part the women gather up great loads by hand, carrying them on their backs to the little barns for storage.

Another picture, a country housewife grinding oats for bread. Her home is in Ecuador, and she has for husband a lazy vagabond who prefers smoking to any other occupation in life. While the woman grinds the grain on a rough stone, her little daughter of five years sits beside her, nursing the baby.

Here are some Indian pictures. A



Prize Winners at a New York Show.

world do not work actually harder than the men.

In England, there are many women who hoe in the fields, make the hay, churn the butter, groom the horse, dig the garden, reap the corn, in addition to minding the baby. In France there are now women cab-drivers. In Germany, as every traveller knows, the main work of the fields is done by women. But apart from these labors in man's sphere, the work of women in women's own sphere is a great deal harder than most men imagine or admit.

What man of us would change places with the wife of the British agricultural laborer whom the gods have blessed with five children, and to whom a bankrupt master-farmer pays a wage of thirteen shillings a week? Such a wife, with her incessant toil at the kitchen table, on the brick floors of her cottage among her cabbages and chickens, and at the wash-tub, is a true heroine. Her husband may work through all the hours of daylight, but in the evening he may enjoy himself; but the wife knows no moment to call her own for the time she leaves her bed until she lays her weary bones to rest again.

Or consider the work—the "light work"—of the girl in the bonnet-shop. She is standing or running about all day long, from half-past eight until half-past six o'clock, except during the meal hours. In the lodging-

couple of women, with rings through their noses, and clad in shirts and trousers, carrying loads of wood on their heads into Simla; a team of twenty women pulling a roller on the Darjeeling highway. In this manner the road-beds of India are made smooth and solid. But we must not suppose that the maids and matrons feel themselves ill-used by being harnessed to the heavy road roller, while the men lounge at ease beside the way. They are glad to have the chance to work; they are about five times as

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Vancouver
Vernon
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strong in back and limbs as one would suppose, and for generation after generation women have been accustomed to the heaviest labor. Girls of this class many of them are Nepalese only eighteen or twenty years old, act as porters,

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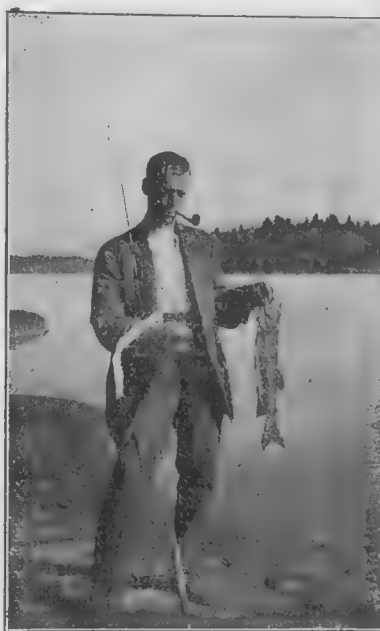
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fits of Western teaching. Hitherto in Japan, women have been distinctly the inferior sex. A husband may occasionally condescend to take his wife out with him—but it is the lord's jinriksha that leads the way. The woman is left to enter her conveyance as best she may and trundle along behind. The day of emancipation, however, is at hand; the pretty, lovable little Japanese ladies will not be content to be treated for ever with the old frank disdain.

Among the peasants the sexes are more equal than in higher circles; wives not only share their husbands' toil, but if they happen to have better business heads than their menfolk, they hold the purse-strings and rule the family.

Here in England we are growing accustomed to find women competing with men in business. There are at least 200 lady commercial travellers on the road in Great Britain, and many ladies are fully qualified to practise as lawyers—Miss Cave and Miss Pankhurst, and the young Indian lady, Miss Sorabji, whose idea is to practise among native Indian women with property of their own to manage. Now we have a lady mayor in the person of Mrs. Garrett Anderson. A recent census shows that among women there are more than 1,000 authors and journalists, more than 6,000 actresses, 4,000 artists, 200 physicians, 150 dentists, 3 veterinary surgeons, and nearly 200,000 teachers; 7,000 Englishwomen work as chemists, some 50 as gardeners, upwards of 100 as auctioneers, while at least 6 women work as sword-makers, and nearly 300 are undertakers.



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Nobody knows of the sleepless care
Bestowed on baby brother,
Nobody knows of the tender prayer,
Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the lessons taught
Of loving one another;
Nobody knows of the patience sought,
Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the anxious fears
Lest darlings may not weather
The storm of life in after years
Nobody knows—but mother.

Nobody kneels at the throne above
To thank the Heavenly Father
For the sweetest gift—mother's love;
Nobody can but mother.

—Author Unknown.

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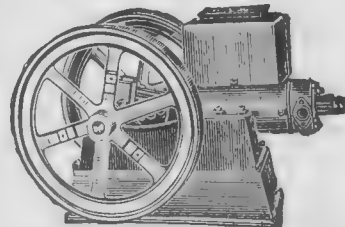
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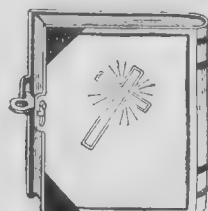
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But there has been one change in India during the past fifty years, and that is the change in the position of women. The women of India are growing in power. No longer are they content to be ignorant while the West gives wisdom to the men. Said a native Indian gentleman to Mrs. Steel: "My wives are all idiots," and he meant it; but, as the authoress remarks: "This is not good hearing for any woman; it is provocative of bomb-making."

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New Year Resolutions.

By Bess:

Some people laugh at the idea of making good resolutions, and say they never can keep all the good resolutions they make as each New Year is born. That may be so. If we could keep all our well-meant resolves we would be perfect, and we are told no person is that. But, we can at least try towards perfection, remembering that, as the old play has it, one must:—

"Look before you leap

For as you sow, you are like to reap."

We may not keep all our good resolutions, but we will keep some of them, and the mere making of them, and trying to live up to them, will tend to uplift us and make us better men and women. Let us all, now, at this beginning of a fair, unsullied leaf in our book of life take a little review of the year now past and gone. Let us look mentally over the weeks and months, reviewing their happenings. Then let us ask ourselves, "Have I done all the good in my power for those around me, or have I turned a blank face to where supplication met

look on your more prosperous neighbors without envy, remembering that merely having possession of so much greatness does not bring happiness, whereas contentment does. Bracketed with contentment comes cheerfulness, which is a duty both to ourselves and others. Laughter and merriment are the best tonics in the world, tonics that perhaps all the wealth of your richer neighbor cannot buy.

What do the poets, those wonderful mind-readers, say, regarding cheerfulness. "Laugh and grow fat." "Your merry heart goes all the way, your sad heart tires in a mile." Cheerfulness and contentment, too, help one's looks, girls! They make one look younger and brighter than one's gloomy contemporary, so even if you do not feel cheerful, feign to be so, and by and bye the cheerfulness and contentment will become a matter of habit. Now we come to our duty to others, and this is well embodied in the Golden Rule. No need to go hunting



River Driving North of Swan River District.

my eyes, a deaf ear to the plaint of the weary? Have I eased one who was "weary laden" of an ounce of her burden, helped the sick, wept with the sorrowing as often as I might have done? Have I tried to practise always the golden rule and "done unto others as I would they should do unto me," or have I been selfish in my prosperity, my good health, my happiness? Ah! "The years are many, the years are long" to her who mourns her only friends; mayhap the little bairn who played at her empty lap—to her who longs for "the touch of a vanished hand, the sound of a voice that is still." Have I thought of this, and given her that kindly sympathy in her backward longings that might have eased her sorrow even a tiny bit, or was I, in my own happiness, impatient with her useless repinings? As I called them? Have I given up one atom of my pleasure to please another, or have I only given out of my amplitude? Now, wherein have I failed?"

Well, readers, the year is before us to do with as we will. Before us lies this year of our life, or as much as our Maker may be pleased to let us live. Its pages are blank, white, pure, unsullied. Let us try to keep them pure and unsullied as far as mortal can. To do this we must make our New Year Resolves, and do our best to keep them. First comes our duty to ourselves and in this I am going to give the premier place to contentment, which may surprise some of you. I think contentment has so much to do with our lives. If we are content with what we have, what we are, with our mode of life and with all around us, we are going far towards happiness, and I hold happiness to be one of our duties to ourselves, as to others. Many a long sermon might be written on the word "contentment." If we try to be content, we have no room for "envy, malice, and all uncharitableness" and so our resolutions to avoid these deadly sins depend on our contentment. Now, contentment can be acquired, so resolve to acquire it, if you have it not. Learn to

round for great opportunities, for great things to do.

"Do that which is nearest
Though it's dull at times,
Helping when you meet them
Lame dogs over stiles."

It is the "little things that count;" do these; and the doing of them will both make you happy and bring joy to others. One duty that helps both ourselves and others is attention to work. Avoid idleness, it spoils one's own life and those of the others who live with us. An idle person has time for envy, malice, discontentment, uncheerfulness; a busy person has not. So keep a-going! Keep a-going! You'll find this will help you very much in the keeping of your good resolutions. Keep a-going, and as soon as one task is finished, jump into another and keep a-going. Then when night comes, you are tired but still cheerful, still with a bright outlook on life, and ready for good, wholesome rest, whereas, the idler has not earned his rest, so he tosses and turns on his couch, longing for the daylight.

"Charity is akin to love," we are told, so we must keep it in mind when making up our resolves. I refer principally to that charity which "thinks no evil; does not behave itself unseemly; is not puffed up." Let us think only good kind thoughts, do only kind deeds and actions towards our neighbors! Let us "speak a shade more kindly" than the year before, and, to finish the quotation, "love a little more." Speak kindly, remembering that,

"There is so much good in the worst of us.

So much bad in the best of us.
That it ill becomes any of us
To speak ill of the rest of us."

Burns, that great mind-reader, puts it aptly, when he says:—

"Gently scan your brither man;
Still gentler sister woman,
Though they may gang a kennin (little) wrang,
To step aside is human."

Scotch Column.

Conducted by William Wye Smith, Scottish expert on standard dictionary and Translator of "New Testament in Braid Scots," etc.

The Skylark.

Bird of the wilderness,
Blythesome and cumberless,
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and
Emblem of happiness, [lea!
Blest in thy dwelling place—
O, to abide in the desert with thee!

Wild is thy lay, and loud,
Far in the downy cloud;
Love gives it energy, love gave it birth.
Where on thy dewy wing,
Where art thou journeying?
Thy lay is in Heaven, thy love is on
earth!

O'er fell and fountain sheen,
O'er moor and mountain green,
O'er the red streamer that heralds the
Over the cloudlet dim, [day;
Over the rainbow's rim,
Musical cherub, soar, singing, away!

Then when the gloaming comes,
Low in the heather blooms,
Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love
Emblem of happiness, [be!
Blest is thy dwelling-place,
O, to abide in the desert with thee!
—James Hogg.

Sir Walter Scott.—I was looking this morning on a colored print of Sir Walter I have; with his wolfhound, Maida, beside him; and below his autograph signature pasted on, dated 1808. I got it twenty years ago from a lawyer in Ottawa, who had two of them—cut from legal documents—for Scott was Sheriff of Roxburgh and Selkirk shires. And I was thinking of his wonderful imagination. It was a thing, bright at first, and he had cultivated it. He said to somebody that when he had fixed on a character he did not trouble himself so much as to what that character should do or say; he just left his imaginary character to work out, as it were, his own details naturally.

In his journal—kept for just a few years before his death, and only recently published (perhaps because so many living persons were mentioned)—there is a note by Mr. Skene of his walking out with Sir Walter, and their meeting with an old sailor, who told them a wonderful story of his being shipwrecked on the coast of Greenland and floating all night on a cake of ice "not much bigger than a tea-table," etc. Sir Walter was looking away over the Firth, and did not seem to pay much attention to the story. But in the evening they were both at a dinner party, and Mr. Skene heard Sir Walter telling some of the guests something, and overhearing the words "not much bigger than a tea-table," "Oh," thought he, "he is telling that old sailor's story!" and moved nearer to hear it. But it was so embellished and beautified and expanded, that no man could have identified it. And by way of explanation, he said to Skene, "You did not hear half of what that man told us this morning!"

It has often been remarked that when a man commences by acting a character he frequently ends by adopting it in good earnest.—Scott; *Bride of Lammermoor*.

A Haggis. "Pray, sir," said a Southron, "why do you boil a haggis in a sheep's bag? And, above all, what is it made of?" "Sir," was the answer, "we boil it in a sheep's bag because such was the primitive way. It was invented, sir, before linen was thought of. And as to what it is made of, I dare not trust myself with telling. I can never name all the savory items without tears; and you would not wish me to expose myself in a public company!"

"It's a great loss you have sustained, Janet," said the minister's wife to the new-made widow.

"Deed is't, my leddie. And I've juist been sittin' here greetin' a' day, and as sune as I get this bowliefu' o' kail suppit, I'm juist gaun to begin and greet again."

In days when good King Robert rang,
His breeks they cost but hauf a croon;
He said they were a groat ower dear,
And ca'd the tailor thief and loon.

There's aye some water whaur the
stirkie droons.—Scotch proverb.

The Tweed. The origin of the name is lost in antiquity, but the most likely is "Twaed." Make a verb out of "twae," two. They don't say "twa" on the Tweed; they say "twae." Now, to an immigrant or explorer following up the stream (he could not "boat" it), he would find, where Kelso now is, that the river "twaed" itself—became two where the largest of its tributaries, the Teviot, came in.

They are impartially just in Scotland.
An innkeeper was fined at Govan for selling weak whisky.

When I was a miller in Fife,
I thoct that the sound of the happer
Said, "Tak a wee flou to yer wife,
To help to mak brose for yer supper!"
My conscience was narrow and pure,
But someway by random it rakit
For I liftit twa neivefu' or mair,
And the happer said, "Tak it, man!
Tak it!"
David Webster.

Let Down in a Basket. Tak ye tent
hoo that Paul, efter a' his toils and dan-

editions, have it correctly, "gude-willie waught."

"Ower the Muir, Among the Heather," was written by Jean Glover, an unfortunate adventurer, born at Kilmarnock in 1758, of respectable parents, died in 1801.

A Couple of Jocks (not jokes). Somebody wants to know what "jockteleg" (in Burns) means? and if it is different from "jocktelear." A "jockteleg" is a pocket (or folding) knife, so named from Jaques de Liege, a famous continental cutler. "Jocktelear" means "Jock, the lecar (or liar)," a name given to those old almanacks which tell you the weather for the whole year.

Wha wad strike a dog can aye find a stick.

Jacob's Well. Emerson said, "They builded better than they knew!" And old Scotch preacher said, "Jaucob didna ken he was howkin a waal for his Lord to drink oot o'!" The woman said, (John 4:12), "Ye canna be greater nor oor forebear, Jaucob, wha gaed us the waal, and slockened his ain drouth wi' 't and the drouth o' his bairns—and his beast."

John Younger says: "It is a pity to think we may perish without being aware of our possession—without having discovered the point in which we may individually be calculated to excel."

He needs a lang-shankit spune that
sups wi' the Deil.

"What for are ye no spinnin', Gran-
nie?" said Cosmo. "I like fine to hear



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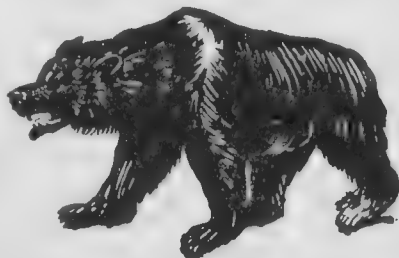
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gers, ends wi' this o' being smuggled throwe the wa's o' the city, and loutit doon in a creel as gin it was the bitterest degradation o' his life. Fair fa' the honest hauns that held the tow! maist like they war weemen.—New Testament in Braid Scots. II. Cor., 11:33.—Note.

Very far North. Old Willie Kyle, whom the old folk of St. George, Ontario, will remember as a storekeeper about 1842, used to tell (between two tunes on his fiddle) about being so far north in Lower Canada that he could not put a sixpence between his head and the sky! He would then pause in the tuning of his fiddle to say, "there was a very good reason for it, for I hadn't a sixpence left!" He was full of such Scotch yarns.

When I have saxpence under my thoomb,
I can get credit in ilka toon;
When I hae nane, they bid me gang by
Poverty paitrs gude company.
Old Song.

Williewaught. This is supposed to be a word of Burns', and to be found in "Auld Lang Syne," but, in reality, there is no such word as "williewaught." It should be "gude willie waught," i.e., a waught, or drink, for gude-will. As first printed (in music), it was "gude-willie," and then a hyphen at the end of the line, and "waught" on the next line, and so the mistake was made. The Germans are wiser than we in the use of hyphens. They have a double hyphen at the end of a line, and a single hyphen in compound words. Charles Mackay and other of the best editors of Burns

the wheel singin' like a muckle flece up; the winnock. It spins i' my heid lang lingsles o' thochts, and dreams, and wad be's."—George MacDonald.

Farewell to Lochaber, farewell to my Jean,
Where heartsome wi' thee I hae mony days been;
To Lochaber no more, to Lochaber no more,
We'll maybe return to Lochaber no more.
Old Song.

New Zealand was the first of the Australasian colonies to inaugurate penny postage. "Aye," says Tam Wilson, "that's because they're Scotch!"

Geordie Yellowlees says: "The differ atween climate and weather is, that climate's a' the year roun', and weather but for a wee when days—seldom mair nor four." A wise man, Geordie!

Niagara Falls.

"Did ye ever see anything sae graund?" demanded his friend of a Scotsman. "Weel," said the Moffat man, "as for graund, I maybe never saw anything better; but as for queer, man, I ance saw a peacock wi' a wooden leg!"

"My girl," inquired a Cockney tourist in Scotland of a Scotch lassie whom he met tripping lightly barefoot, "is it the custom for girls to go barefoot in these parts?" "Partly they do," she replied, "and partly they mind their ain business."

When I was a boy, middle-aged men told me personal episodes about the battle of Waterloo. A Falkirk man told me of another Falkirk man, a doctor. A soldier came running to the rear, bleeding badly, but not dangerously wounded. "Dress me quick, Doctor," he cried, "and let me win back again. But O, doctor! dis no this remind ye o' the Tryst o' Falkirk?" The "Tryst o' Falkirk" was a great annual cattle fair, with, of course, a great noise of men and animals.

I wish I were where Helen lies,
For night and day on me she cries,
And like an angel, to the skies
She seems to beckon me!
For me she lived, for me she sighed,
For me she wished to be a bride,
For me in life's sweet morn she died,
On fair Kirkeconnal lea!
John Mayne.

The Ettrick Shepherd's Monkey.
"Is he a bit of a poet, say ye? Well, gin he could but speak and write, there can be nae matter o' doubt that he wad be a grand poet. Save us! What een in the heid o' him! wee, clear, reid, watery, malignant looking—fu' o' inspiration!"

The sheepkeepin' o' the Lord's kind and canny, wi' a braw howl at lang last. David keeps his sheep, the Lord keeps David.—Hately Waddel. Heading of xxiii Psalm.

"Mon." Nothing makes a Scotsman so angry as to hear someone trying to tell a Scottish anecdote, and say "mon" for "man." It is true the vowel is much deeper than in English, but it is not "mon," it is "maun."

O, leeze me on braes whaur the breezes are wavin'
The scent frae the boughs o' the green birken tree;
And leeze me on howes whaur the burnie is lavin'
The flowers, as it dances adown to the sea.
Isa Dalgity.

BICYCLE NUMBER 11152.

(Continued from last issue)

It was an awful feeling of hopelessness that swept over the young lad as he saw the brakeman wave his hand. Surely, he thought, there is yet some way of preventing the two trains from coming into collision. In his despair he pressed on the pedals harder than ever, and lost not an inch on the train.

He attempted to shout but his throat was parched and the noise of the train was so great that he could not be heard.

At last a thought struck him. While the brakemen were still watching him he began to signal with his arm,—the signal of down brakes. But even yet there was only an amused smile on their faces. They could not grasp his meaning and thought he was playing with them. What then could he do?

As he resigned himself to the inevitable he reached for his handkerchief to wipe his brow. Surely the fates favored him now, for the kerchief was a red one given by his sister the previous week, and he was very proud of it. With a last effort he began waving it up and down yet keeping up his speed.

Then the brakemen began to suspect something. One of them ran to the brakes and began to turn. Charlie nodded his head, and the other brakeman ran over the cars to the front of the train.

It does not take long to tell the rest of the story. In a few minutes the train was halted and the explanation given. Then running ahead with a red flag one of the brakemen signalled the fast-running express.

Nor was he any too soon, for before it could slacken speed it had run to within a few feet of the freight train and there the two engines stood panting like two giants worn out with wrestling.

When the freight backed up to the switch and the passengers came to the station a few minutes later it was a proud boy that alighted. And he was still prouder when his father ran to

meet him and thank him in the name of the company.

When he reached home that evening he found a note on his plate in which was the money he had paid his father for the bicycle, and in the note were these words: "You have earned your bicycle, and I gladly pay for it. The company also wishes you to accept the little box in memory of today's daring ride." And looking in the box he saw what every boy likes to have for his own—a richly-cased gold watch bearing his initials and bearing also the inscription—"For pluck and perseverance."

CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.

(Continued from Page 28.)

selection which is peculiarly happy, and one that will give the utmost satisfaction to lovers of music in the West; indeed— it will be generally admitted that no one has done more for the advancement of music in Western Canada than Mr. Barrowclough.

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Raspberry Culture.

The varieties of the raspberry which derive their origin from the European or Red American species multiply by suckers which come up from the roots, while those which spring from the black raspberry are increased from the tips of the canes, which, bending over until they reach the ground, take root at the extremities.

In the autumn the suckers may be taken up from the parent plant with a spade, and those that take root at the tips of the canes may be removed by cutting the rooted tips off from the parent canes and lifting them from the soil.

These young plants may then be put out where they are intended to remain, and covered with coarse manure to a depth of four or five inches. Treated in this way, they will make stronger plants during the next season than when set out in the spring. If, however, the transplanting should be done in the spring, the plants should be mulched to about the same depth, to protect the roots against the heat and droughts of summer.

The raspberry produces the best and finest fruit in a deep, moist and very rich soil, and wherever these conditions can be secured, no difficulty will be experienced in growing them. But it must be understood that the requirements of the plant cannot be met in land that is badly drained, or where a hard, unbroken subsoil lies near the surface. There are spots which are naturally suitable for raspberries, but in most cases it is necessary to prepare the ground before planting by deep plowing and the application of barnyard manure, and perhaps even by underdraining, for if water stands in the soil at a depth of from eighteen to twenty inches from the surface, it must be removed, nothing being more injurious to the raspberry than stagnant water at the roots.

The plants should be set in rows, six feet apart, and two feet apart in the rows. Six feet may seem to be a great distance between the rows, but if the plants make proper growth, it will soon be found not too much for the use of a cultivator. In small gardens, where a horse cultivator cannot be used, the rows may be set four feet apart if preferred. When set at two feet apart in the row the plants will soon form a continuous hedge, and any suckers appearing between the rows, unless wanted for a new plantation, should be at once cut out.

The plants should be prepared for setting out by cutting back the cane or top to within three or four inches of the root. A grow of leaves or shoots



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is not wanted from this cane; but what is wanted is a good strong growth of new shoots from the root. These will survive the winter, while all the top or old cane will only die when winter comes.

The raspberry is a sort of biennial plant, the canes which come up from the root this season will bear fruit next summer and die in the autumn, and if, from any cause, no new canes come up during the summer to supply their place, there will be nothing to continue the plant another year, and it wholly fails. For this reason, it is best to cut away the top when planting, leaving only enough to show its position after it has been set out.

The cultivation during the first season after planting will consist in keeping the soil well stirred on the surface and free from weeds. There is, however, no objection to growing beans, cabbage, or other small vegetables between the rows. In the autumn, or very early in the spring, but preferably in the autumn, the plants should be liberally supplied with barnyard manure spread over the roots. This should be allowed to remain there, becoming gradually incorporated with the soil in the tilling, and renewed as often as it becomes wasted, so that the roots may be kept cool and moist in summer.

During the first season's growth after planting, the young canes coming up from the root should be pinched off at the tip as soon as they should reach the height of sixteen to eighteen inches, and any side shoots they may throw out should be pinched in when they are about a foot long.

In the second summer more and stronger canes will come up. These may be allowed to grow until they are from twenty-four to thirty inches long, when they should be pinched in and the

side branches, which may be thrown out, should be stopped when from eighteen to twenty inches in length. It will usually be found that the main canes will require to be pinched in some time in June, and the side branches in August, but it must be remembered that this pruning is to be done when the canes have reached the requisite length, not according to the day of the month nor the phase of the moon either. If the plants are treated in this way they will be stocky and strong, capable of standing upright and keeping their fruit well out of the dirt.

During the second season, the canes that grew the first summer will yield a fair crop of fruit. As soon as this has been gathered, the canes which produced it should be cut off and removed, as they are of no further use, and by removing them more light and air will be given the young canes which have come up during the season, and that will bear fruit the next year. At the same time, if any of the young canes should be weak and slender, it is as well to cut them away also, leaving only those well grown and vigorous.

In the autumn, and every autumn after, a good supply of barnyard manure should be furnished and laid over the roots, to enrich the soil and act as a mulch, which serves a very important purpose in preserving the plants in a healthy condition. Even with the tender varieties, if the roots are well protected by liberal mulching, there is seldom much loss by winter killing, though in the case of the very delicate ones it is best to bend the canes over as near the ground as possible, and throw a little soil on the tops as a further protection against frost. In the spring these may be gently lifted, the soil shaken off and the canes fastened to an upright stake or trellis.

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"It matters not," I said,
The New Year thing holds no-
Motto. And as I murmured low,
 one led
 A child to copy mine.
I bent again. The task
Was filled with keenest zest.
I murmured not, but prayed,
And did my best.

Miss Phillips, president of the Canadian Handicrafts Guild, has been a visitor in the Canadian West during the past month, and I have thought that the work she is doing will appeal very strongly to a number of the readers of the Western Home Monthly. The object of this Guild is to encourage the preservation of handicrafts work throughout Canada. Starting originally with the idea of preserving the handicrafts of the French habitants, the society very soon found that there was a much wider scope for its labors. Among native Canadians, other than those of French origin, there are a number of handicrafts that are almost extinct, but which a little encouragement would revive, and among these are willow basket making and carving in wood. Then there are all the handicrafts common to the various tribes of Indians, particularly basket making and bead work. The Indians of Ontario excel in the making of baskets from split wood. The Indians of British Columbia make baskets from various grasses, as well as wood—in fact, they make the most beautiful baskets that are known in the world, not only on account of the fineness of their weave, but the beauty of the color and form. Bead work is common to all tribes of Indians throughout North America, but much of it has deteriorated because no pains has been taken to induce the Indians to preserve their original designs and to do what is known as a solid bead work rather than the kind common at fairs and such places, which is mixed with the crudest and most incongruous materials.

It may not be known to many of my readers, but among the pagan Indians who have been untouched by white civilization are to be found patterns of bead work which correspond absolutely to the patterns of the hangings of the ancient tabernacle. This is particularly noticeable in the pomegranate pattern, which seems a singular acquisition for people living in a country as cold as ours; yet officers of the Hudson's Bay Co. have secured and preserved samples of this pattern wrought by Indians who had never previously seen a white face, or in any way come in touch with a civilization from which they might possibly have secured these patterns. They also have a number of patterns or designs which correspond very closely with the masonic symbols. Of course, the fact of their having patterns identical with the hangings of the ancient tabernacle is used as an argument that the North American Indians are part of the lost ten tribes; but this is a matter in which the Canadian Handicrafts Guild is not at all interested. It is, however, interested in encouraging the Indians to preserve and make use of these very beautiful patterns. Another Indian handicraft is that of embroidery in silk and porcupine quills. Within the last few years, the work of the Guild has still further enlarged by the advent in Canada of so many immigrants from Europe. Hundreds, if not thousands of these people are possessed of a knowledge of handicrafts. The men are workers in wood, in ornamental metal (both iron and brass), in pottery and in glass; while the women do embroidery of many kinds, drawn work, and fancy weaving and netting. In common with the Indians, the people, especially from southern Europe, have what is known as the gift of color; that is, unlike the Anglo-Saxons, they can combine pure colors harmoniously and produce effects which very closely resemble those of the Persian

rugs. They know how to make and use vegetable dyes, and the aim of the handicraft association is to persuade them to continue and develop these handicrafts. Immigrants from Scotland and from Ireland also are, to a very great extent, handicraft workers. The Canadian Handicraft Guild feels that in order to induce people to go on with work of this kind, a market must be found for it, and the Guild is establishing—in fact has established—depots for disposing of these goods when made. They have gone further, and are offering a number of prizes for work done along many of these lines. The prizes will be awarded during the month of February, 1911, and though it is late, I am giving this list in full, so that, if any of my readers are interested on their own account, or can interest any of the foreign immigrants in their immediate neighborhood, they will be able to do so intelligently. The head office of the Guild is at 586 St. Catherine's St. W., Montreal, and the manager is Miss C. A. Steen. Anyone interested in this work can get further particulars by applying to her.

The ability to produce any article with the hands is one that should be cultivated in every community, and if Canada allows the enormous ability of this kind which has come to her shores within the last ten years to lapse for want of use, she will inevitably, in the future, have serious cause to regret having done so. To many of the people living on the prairies and spending long and lonely days in the winter, the fact that they can construct an article which will come in competition with similar articles made by the people in other parts of the country will be a source of great happiness to them, as well as, ultimately, a source of revenue. The Guild does not propose that the operation of these handicrafts shall be used as an exclusive means of livelihood, but rather that they shall be, to use the phrase of the day, side lines, that may add a little to the income and a great deal to the happiness and intelligence of the people throughout Canada.

Prize List.—The following prizes will be awarded during the month of February, 1911, by the Canadian Handicrafts Guild, Montreal:—

These prizes are given solely with a view of encouraging workers to maintain a high standard of excellence. There is no entrance fee of any kind payable.

Articles entered in the competition may be placed on sale at "Our Handicrafts Shop," if desired, subject to the approval of judging committee.

WEAVING	1st Prize	2nd Prize
Coloured Linen, plain weave.....	\$7	\$3
White Linen damask.....	7	3
Coloured Linen damask.....	7	3
Fancy Weaving in wool, cotton, or linen.....	7	3
Double Face Weaving in wool, cotton or linen.....	7	3
Couvre-pieds or Curtains with patterns.....	7	3
Homespun, for men's clothing....	8	4

LACE
No lace made with machine made braid will be considered.

	1st Prize	2nd Prize
Pillow.....	\$8	\$4
Needle Point.....	8	4
Irish Crochet.....	5	3
Crochet.....	3	2
Knitted.....	3	2
Miscellaneous.....	5	3

EMBROIDERY	1st Prize	2nd Prize
Ecclesiastical.....	\$8	\$4
Embroidery, white.....	6	3
Embroidery, coloured.....	6	3
Towel worked on hand-woven linen.....	4	2
Indian Embroidery.....	1st, \$7 2nd, \$4 3rd, \$3	

GLASS	1st Prize	2nd Prize
For any beautiful production in blown or mosaic glass.....	\$5	\$3
For any beautiful production in stained glass.....	5	3

KNITTING	1st Prize	2nd Prize
Men's Knickerbocker or Golf Stockings with fancy top....	\$3	\$2
Men's Socks.....	2	1
Men's Mitts.....	2	1
Ladies' Gloves, with long sleeve..	2.50	1.50
Children's Gaiters.....	2	1
Infant's Shirt.....	2	1
Ladies' Shawl, in Shetland wool..	2	1
For best specimens of Knitting girls 16 and under....	1st, \$3 2nd, \$2 3rd, \$1	

RUGS	1st Prize	2nd Prize
Hooked or Knotted.....	\$6	\$3
Braided.....	4	2
Catalogue, double width on double loom.....	6	3

Heart Trouble

Caused Dizziness, Weakness and Smothering Spells.

Through one cause or another a large majority of the people are troubled, more or less, with some form of heart trouble. Wherever there are sickly people with weak hearts, Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills will be found to be the most effective medicine on the market.

Mrs. F. Leslie Craig, 114 Erie Ave., Brantford, Ont., writes:—"It is with the greatest of pleasure I write you stating the benefit I have received by using Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. I suffered greatly from heart trouble which caused dizziness, weakness and smothering spells. I used a great deal of Dr.'s medicine but received no benefit. A friend advised me to buy a box of your pills, which I did, and before I had finished one box I felt so much better I continued their use by taking two boxes. I highly recommend these pills to any one suffering from heart and nerve trouble."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50 cents per box, or 3 for \$1.25, at all dealers, or mailed direct by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

SEWING—(Strictly Hand-work)

	1st Prize	2nd Prize
1. Garment showing stitching, hemming, button-holing, feather stitching, felling and gathering.....	\$5	\$3
2. The same for girls under 16.....	1st, \$3 2nd, \$2 3rd, \$1	
3. Child's Frock, trimmed.....	5	3
4. Child's Frock, Smocked.....	5	3

METAL WORK	1st Prize	2nd Prize
Wrought Iron.....	\$8	\$5
Repousse or Hammered.....	5	3
Ornaments enamelled or inlaid.....	5	3
Silver Ornaments made by Indians.....	5	3

BOOK BINDING	1st Prize	2nd Prize
Hand Bound Book.....	\$7	\$3
Hand Bound Book tooled.....	10	5

BASKETRY	1st Prize	2nd Prize
Willow.....	\$3	\$1.50
Raffia.....	5	3
Cedar or Roots.....	6	4
Bark.....	3	1.50
Bark with Porcupine.....	5	3

POTTERY	1st Prize	2nd Prize
Best specimen glazed.....	\$8	\$5
Best specimen unglazed.....	8	5
Best specimen Indian.....	8	5
For best piece of decorated china, original design.....	5	3
Originality in form and design will be given the preference.		

LEATHER-WORK	1st Prize	2nd Prize
Tooled.....	\$5	\$3
Repousse.....	5	3
Lacquered.....	5	3

WOOD CARVING	1st Prize	2nd Prize
Any useful article.....	\$8	\$5
With penknife.....	5	3
Best specimen of carving, 18 and under.....	\$3.00, 2.00, 1.00	
Best specimen of chipped, 16 and under.....	\$2.00, 1.50, 1.00	

GENERAL CONDITIONS

1. No competitor allowed to make more than 3 entries in the same class.
2. No work must be sent in which has previously been entered into competitions of the Canadian Handicrafts Guild.
3. Where competitors desire their articles to be placed on sale, price must be clearly marked, and should not be prohibitive.
4. In order to gain a prize articles must be handed by the person whose name and address is attached. The Guild reserves the right of requiring a declaration to this effect before paying over the prize money.
5. In the absence of competition in any of the classes, or if the articles be of inferior quality, the judges will exercise their discretion whether they will award the first, the second, or any prize.
6. All work to be sent carriage paid to—THE CANADIAN HANDICRAFTS GUILD, 586 ST. CATHERINE STREET WEST, MONTREAL—marked on the outside "Prize Competition," and indicating section for which it is intended.
7. All articles must arrive in Montreal on or before January 31st, 1911.

During the month I have had the opportunity of paying a visit to Chicago, a city that I had never

seen before, and one that possesses much that is attractive along with much that is repulsive and sordid in the extreme. One thing, however, which I saw, I think might interest some of my readers, and that was the Woman's Club. This club has, at the present time, a thousand members, and the annual fee is \$10.00. The club rooms are situated on the sixth floor of what is known as the Fine Arts Building. They are beautifully but very plainly furnished; everything, however, being artistic and calculated to rest both the eye and the brain. This is not a

resident club, but is used by the members as a place of rest, where they may have meals and where they may entertain friends. There is a good library and reading room, with all the current magazines and papers. Of course there are very many women in Chicago who cannot possibly afford ten dollars a year for the membership of a club, but the members of the club are endeavoring to share their good things with their less fortunate sisters by having Sunday afternoon talks. At these Sunday afternoon gatherings, one of which I attended, some member, or some lady or gentleman who has been invited, gives a talk on travel, art, music, or some current topic of interest. On the occasion of my visit, one of the members was describing a trip which she had made during the past summer to Alaska. She had a pleasant voice and a good power of description, and she made the trip a very vivid one to her audience. To these gatherings any woman in Chicago is at liberty to go, and, following the talk, there is a social hour, during which afternoon coffee and light refreshments are served. The halls and stairways leading to the rooms of the club are in themselves very interesting, as this building is the home of artistic Chicago. Here are the studios of those engaged in art, music and the more beautiful of the handicrafts. Cases containing specimens of the various lines of work done are hanging along the corridors and staircases of the building, and are in themselves quite a little art gallery. One that particularly appealed to me was filled with miniature pictures on china and ivory of child faces only. They were evidently painted from life, and the collection, which numbered possibly forty miniatures, seemed to portray every expression of a child face. Another case was filled with the most exquisite specimens of Irish crochet and hand-made lace. Another was filled with embroideries intended for altar and pulpit decorations. Still a fourth contained samples of fire screens, painted on glass. In this building also is a fine music hall, and there is always either a Sunday afternoon concert of high-class music or a lecture on some good topic.

The Art Gallery.

On the lake-front side of Michigan Avenue, Chicago, is a large building of gray stone, the entrance doors guarded by great stone lions. This is the Art Gallery of Chicago, and on Sundays it is open free of charge to the citizens. I spent a couple of hours there—a mere fragment of time considering what there is to see, but what interested me more than even the pictures and the statuary was the people who were looking at them. The edifice covers a great area, and there were hundreds of people, the majority of them somewhat poorly dressed, and all of them evidently belonging to the workers, who were sitting or standing before pictures or statues, simply absorbed in their contemplation, and absolutely oblivious to what was going on around them. Very many of these people were foreigners—in fact, the sprinkling of native born American was small in comparison. The Woman's Club of Chicago and one of the symphony clubs provide concerts at the Art Gallery, beginning with the month of November and ending with March. The concerts are one hour in length, and there are two in the afternoon, with an interval of half an hour between. For these concerts the very nominal charge of 10c. is made, and the very best talent of Chicago, and very frequently of noted artists from outside is secured.

Marshall Field's.

I suppose there are not many women in the West who have not heard of the name of Marshall Field's, the great departmental store of Chicago. It is a very beautiful building both outside and in, and you seem to be able to buy anything that the heart could desire, but the thing which interested me most, and which I think will be of special interest to my readers, was the provision made for the care of their women employees. The company employs regularly about 5,000 women in the various departments of their store, and during the holiday season this

number frequently rises to 6,000. I had occasion to do a little shopping in one department and had been very much struck with the extreme courtesy and attentiveness of the woman who had served me. I was accordingly very much interested in finding out something about the system which developed such excellent service. The woman who is in charge is a Mrs. Boinville. She has a very comfortable office and has, of course, a number of assistants. To her, every possible matter in connection with the women employees is referred, from a question of character to the misdoings of the small stock girl about the complexion of her nails. At one time the Marshall Field stores possessed a very unsavoury reputation as to the morality of their women employees, and I had found upon inquiry that this had undergone an entire change within the past few years, the system which was responsible for this being, after all, very simple.

It is the personal touch. It seems that a few years ago the company decided that, so far as possible, they would employ only managers who had risen from the ranks in their own business; that a man to be a manager of a department must be a married man, preferably one with a family; and though they required no special creed, they insisted that a man shall have some belief, rightly estimating that a man without a creed is not a safe individual to have charge and oversight of a large number of young women. The making of this rule has almost entirely eliminated the man of clever business ability but bad morals. Having set this standard for their managers, the next step was to watch closely the women employed and see that they were of respectable character and quiet behaviour. Perhaps an individual instance of the completeness of this supervision will best illustrate what I have been trying to say. A manager reported to Mrs. Boinville that he had a young girl in his department who had come in as a temporary helper. She was pretty and attractive, very clever over her work, and very acceptable to customers. He had almost decided to give her permanent employment, when a chance word by some man made him question whether she was not inclined to be fast. Mrs. Boinville took the matter up at once, and found that the young girl in question was the daughter of a minister with a large family and a small income; that she had come from a good home where she had had careful training; that she was by nature bright, pleasure loving and rather shallow; she had come to the city a stranger, and was boarding in a house where she had one small and very poorly furnished room, and where she was not allowed the use of the sitting room or to touch the piano, though she was a very fair musician. She had several acquaintances, two of them being men from her own home town, one a university student, the other engaged in real estate, and she had made one or two acquaintances after coming to Chicago. These men called

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View of Main Street, Winnipeg, 30 years ago.

down the vagaries of dress of the daughters of foreign parents, particularly those of the peasant class. The mothers of this class being used to peasant costume in their own country, had no conception of what was fitting in American dress, and therefore could be no guides to their daughters. Just before my visit she had been dealing with a case of this kind. A very young girl, employed as a stock girl, had arrived with her hair done in the latest mode of puffs and decorated with three bands of the brightest of pink ribbon. Her hands were indisputably dirty, and it had been the duty of the lady superintendent to try to point out to her the inconsistency of pink bows and dirty nails, and "how much more fitting it would be to have a black bow on your hair and no black rims on your finger nails." "As a rule," she said, "girls take a reproof of this kind very well. Of course, there are cases where they resent it, but the majority of them seem to be glad to have friendly interest taken in them." The friend who had taken me in said, after we left, "Mrs. Boinville has told you of some things that

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will be given by the National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, to those who make the closest estimates of the population of Canada as determined by the Official Census in May, 1911.

Full particulars of this Contest are given on Page 54 of the new

Na-Dru-Co Almanac

It's Free—Ask your Druggist for one

The Na-Dru-Co Almanac for 1911 is even better than the 1910 Edition. It's a regular mine of information, including Postal Guide—Recipes for Baby's Food, for Cooling Drinks and Frozen Desserts—Dials showing Standard Time in every part of Canada, and Mean Time throughout the world—and Solar and Lunar Calculations for all the Provinces of Canada.

Na-Dru-Co Almanacs are now being distributed by Druggists throughout the country. If your Druggist's supply is out write direct to the National Drug and Chemical Co., on the coupon attached, and a free copy will be sent you by return mail.

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she does; she has, however, entirely omitted the wealth of kindness which she pours out on the women in that store. No distance is too great for her to go to see one of them, and one rebuff is never enough to prevent her attempting to benefit them." There are, of course, in an establishment of such dimensions some very bad cases, and some very sad ones, but it is marvellous to what extent cases of absolute downfall have been eliminated since this system of supervision and care has been inaugurated.

Minnesota
Labor
Bureau.

On my way to Chicago, I spent a day in St. Paul, and the major portion of it I put in visiting the Capitol Building, which is considered to be the most beautiful in the United States of America. One department in this building interested me very much. It is called the Women's Bureau Dept. of Labor, and the woman at the head of it has charge of all matters relating to women employees of factories, laundries, binderies, etc., throughout the entire state. She and her corps of assistants inspect buildings where women are employed and see that they are sanitary, and one very important feature of their work is to see that the age limit for the employment of young girls is not infringed. The idea is that, at the expense of the state, the women workers shall be protected and enabled to earn their living under safe and sanitary conditions. Of course, being a human agency, the Bureau has not yet wholly achieved the end for which it was established, but the government of the Gopher State has attempted at least to recognize the right of its women citizens to protection and care. If any woman in any part of the state has a grievance as to the way in which she has been treated by her employer, or as to the sanitary conditions of the building in which she is obliged to work, she may report this grievance by letter to the Bureau and it will be at once investigated without her interference in the matter being made known to the employer. It struck me as a very happy coincidence that above the door of this Bureau there should appear the following sentences:

"The proper function of a government is to make it as easy as possible for the people to do good, and as difficult as possible for them to do evil."—Gladstone.

"No government is respectable that is not just."—Webster.

The
Father of
Waters.

There is a mural painting in the Senate Chamber of this building I wish every woman could see. It occupies an entire side of the Chamber and is really three pictures grouped together. The centre one has, in the background, the figure of the Manitou or Father Spirit. He is seated at the foot of an immense boulder at the foot of some pine trees, and from an urn under his left arm he is pouring out the Mississippi River. Below him with their knees braced against the rush of the river, are a young Indian and an Indian girl. Their figures are beautiful in lifelike grace. The young Indian has a tomahawk in his right hand, and with it he is repelling the advance of the early French discoverers. These men are Lasalle, Duluth and others, and they have landed from a boat which is the exact type used by the early voyageurs on the Mississippi. Their costumes and every detail are historically correct. On the other side of the picture there is a Roman priest standing with the Crucifix outstretched to the Indian maiden, and behind him are a farmer and his wife and children. They have with them their household goods and farm implements, and the man is holding in leash two dogs, one a hunting dog and the other a sheep dog; the whole idea being to represent the attempt of the Indians to keep out white civilization, and their ultimately accepting the Christian faith, followed by early civilization. The picture is a marvel of color, and the figures are so lifelike that you feel as if you might expect to hear the words of blessing of the priest as he offers the crucifix, or to hear the dogs bark as they stretch on the leash, trying to reach the waters of the Mississippi.

The frieze in the anti-chamber of the House of Representatives is another very beautiful thing. As you enter the room it looks like a blur of soft green, red, brown and blue, but as you step to an angle where the light strikes it, you see that it is the forests of Minnesota. You look down through the long avenues of trees, and note that there is every tree common to the state. The upper edge of the frieze shows the foliage of every tree in an enlarged, form and the bottom of the frieze shows almost all the wild flowers of the state. Below this is a wainscot of oak, carved by hand, and in it one of the principal figures is that of the gopher, from which the state takes its name.

Just
a
Word.

I found my trip instructive as well as pleasant, and I thought, perhaps, a little account of what I had seen would be an agreeable break in the routine of the months. Sometimes it is well to get away from everything that reminds us of our ordinary life, and I hope that the women readers of my page will find these descriptions of places and people of interest. I have said very little about the New Year. It will be with you all by the time this is in print. If you were going to make resolutions you have made them, and if you have reached the age when New Year's resolutions strike you as futile, you will not want to hear about them. I can only hope that for all of my readers the year 1911 will be one of happiness and prosperity.

The
February
Meetings.

I hope that all the readers are keeping in mind the meetings at the Agricultural Hall, at Winnipeg, in February. Special arrangements as to rates are being made for the women of the province, and there will be household science talks and many things of interest to them. Especially there will be the meeting on February 16, under the auspices of the Horticultural Society. I have not yet received any suggestions from my readers along these lines, but I hope to do so early in January. There is a great outlet for women's energies in the cultivation of flowers and small fruits, and the work would be of infinite benefit to many of the women who spend too much of their time indoors. I think that I can guarantee that the meeting will be one of great interest, and, I hope, some profit. I shall be glad of any suggestions, and to have the names of any who intend coming to the meeting, in order that I may communicate with them in advance. Dr. Speechly, the president of the Horticultural Society, is taking a most enthusiastic interest in this particular meeting, and the more women who can take part in it or attend it, the better he will be pleased. The women in Winnipeg will prepare a programme, but that will be a small part of the success of the meeting. Its success will depend ultimately on the women who come in from the outside points, and who are willing to take part in the discussions and tell of their own attempts along the lines of the raising of fruit and flowers.

Nut Creams.

Stir confectioner's sugar into the slightly-beaten white of an egg until you have a mixture you can handle. Add a little cold water or a little cream, working it with the fingers until the mixture is putty-like in consistency. Flavor to taste with vanilla, rose, almond, lemon—what you will—adding more sugar if the flavoring softens the mixture too much. Form into balls with the fingers and press half a walnut kernel on each side of the ball. You can color this pink with a few drops of cochineal. There are French vegetable colorings with which you can tint your fondant or cream any hue you desire.

Warts are unsightly blemishes, and corns are painful growths. Holloway's Corn Cure will remove them.

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Dear Sirs,—I write to let you know that I am well pleased with the 7 h.p. Manitoba Gas Engine, I bought from you, and think it is an Engine well designed for this cold country. I have made no tests of the engine but am sure that her horse power is not rated too high, as I am hauling a 9 1/2 inch Burr Mill, speeded to 1850 R.P.M. which grinds at the rate of 30 bushels of oats per hour.

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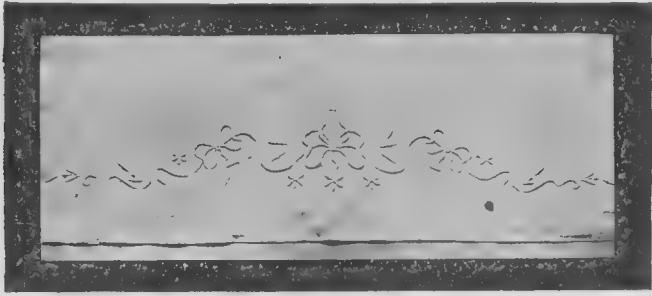
BRANDON, MAN.

Embroidered Household Linens.

(Orders for any of the goods specified in this article may be sent to the "Embroidery Department," Western Home Monthly, who will forward them on to the manufacturers. This necessitates a delay of about two weeks.)

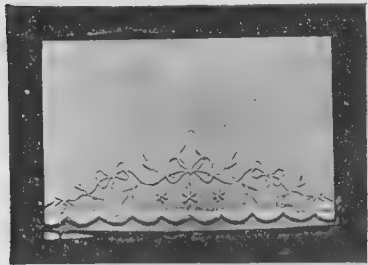
Every housewife is interested in household linen, and January seems to be the month when one's thoughts turn to the replenishing of the linen cupboard and the display of beautiful linens so temptingly arranged by the big shops keep these before one's mind. The wise housekeeper adds at least a few choice pieces each season to her store, and hand embroidered linens are the favorite ones at

We illustrate an embroidered sheet which has a pretty bow-knot design in solid padded embroidery. Two styles of pillow cases are shown—one of hemstitched linen, with the design embroidered above, and the other with scalloped edges. The embroidered towels are retaining their popularity, and each season brings forth many beautiful designs of the fancy figured huckabacks, some of which are patterned with stripes and flowers. The small guest towels are now generally used in modern households, and these add a dainty finishing touch to the furnishings of a guest chamber. These match in design the

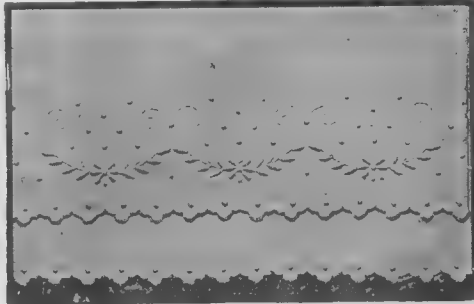


No. 5501.—Embroidered Sheet. Stamped on Hemstitched Linen, \$4.00 each: Cotton Hemmed, \$1.75 each.

present. These, when of good quality larger towels. No. 5045 is an example and well embroidered, are very expensive of such a set.

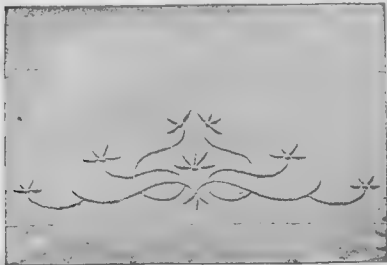


No. 5501.—Stamped on Cotton, 90c. per pair.



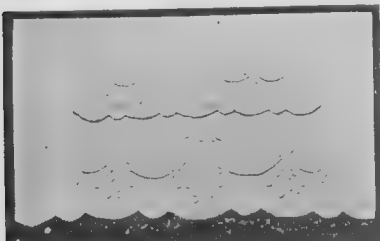
No. 1987.—Price as No. 5043.

sive luxuries, but any woman can embroider these herself, as the work consists of simple designs embroidered in solid padded stitch, and this embroidery is quickly executed as the thread need not be too fine. Complete matched sets, consisting of bed-spreads, sheets, pillow cases, dresser and bureau scarfs, towels, down to the small pincushions are shown, and the embroidering of these linens is a charming pastime. We mention "Linen," as this material is again



No. 5500.—Hemstitched Linen Pillow Cases, \$1.50 per pair.

the favorite for these embroidered articles, although heavy cotton weaves of sheeting may be used, linen seems to be more worthy of one's time and attention. It takes one back to the olden days when our grandmothers' "Linen chests" held such piles of snowy hand-woven linens, and the prospective bride devoted some of her spare time to embroidering at least one complete set.



No. 5043.—Towel, 25 x 45, stamped, 65c. each; Guest, 16 x 27, stamped, 30c. each.

No. 1340.—Hemstitched Damask Towel, 75c. each.

Walking Around the World at Sixty Years of Age.

Henry Stewart, who is sixty years of age is walking around the world. He left San Diego, Cal., on Feb. 14th, 1910, at 9 a.m., and will walk into the Panama California Exposition on Jan. 1st, 1915.

Mr. Stewart was in Montreal on Nov. 23rd, 1910, and called in at the Hudson Bay Knitting Co., where he was fitted out in good warm, serviceable H.B.K. Clothing.

On reaching the street, a newspaper photographer took a snap shot of Mr. Stewart, and a reporter then interviewed him. Mr. Stewart said:

"I am sixty years of age, and am walking around the world. I am in my regular healthy condition; I do not know what it is to be sick. I usually sleep outdoors, excepting when I am in a large city, and I expect to live for another sixty years at least. I took this opportunity of calling into the H.B.K. Co. to be fitted out with warm clothing for my long walk. I have been advised by a great many friends whom I met on my

trip, to call into the H.B.K. Co. as soon as I should reach Montreal, and be fitted out. I have been told so much about H.B.K. Clothing, I concluded it must certainly be the kind I needed; so on reaching Montreal I made a point of calling at the H.B.K. factory, and am now fixed up in fine style for my trip around the world. I gladly recommend H.B.K. Clothing as the best for warmth and wear."

Ways and Means.

During what is called an "observation" lesson, a mistress was questioning a class of small boys on certain points or things they had observed in connection with the habits of animals in water.

"What do fishes swim with?" the lady asked.

"With their fins," replied one scholar. "Right. And dogs." "Their paws," answered the next. "Very good. And now, the next boy, what do little boys swim with?" "Bathing-pants, mum!"

Domestic.

Masters and mistresses receive some strange excuses from pupils in connection with absence from school—some naive and amusing, others artful or flimsy. The following example is certainly of the former class.

In a South London school, a boy returned after a whole day's absence, and was at once called up to the master's desk to explain.

"Why were you absent yesterday?" "Please, sir, my mother was ill," answered the boy.

"But surely she was not so ill as to cause you to be away all day?"

"Oh, yes, she was, sir; she was so ill that she had to have a baby."

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The Home Doctor.

Convulsions.

The term convulsion stands for a series of spasmodic twitchings of the muscles, accompanied in the severer cases by loss of consciousness. Convulsions are much more frequent in children than in adults, and are most commonly seen under the age of two years. An attack, or a repetition of attacks, of convulsions does not constitute a disease, but, as a rule, is a symptom of some infantile affection. The predisposition to convulsive attack is probably hereditary, and convulsions are very often seen in children of parents who have a nervous temperament or have suffered from some nervous disease.

Very often the cause of the convulsion is the presence of undigested food in the stomach or bowels. The decomposition of this food produces poisons called ptomaines or toxins; and these toxins, when absorbed from the digestive tract into the circulation, cause the convulsion. There are certain acute and chronic diseases which give rise to subtle poisonous substances in the body and blood of the child and cause convulsive attacks. At the beginning of scarlet fever, pneumonia, malaria, measles, typhoid fever, and diphtheria, the child may have one or more convulsions, and in whooping-cough convulsive attacks

sists in the regulation of food in such a way as to avoid indigestion. Teething and worms rarely cause convulsions; as a rule it is the indigestion and accompanying fever that is at fault.

In the treatment of convulsions, sedatives, such as opium, chloral, and the bromides should be always used with great caution, and never except under the direction of a physician.

If there is fever, an effort should be made at once to reduce this by a cool bath. Apply cold cloths to the child's head, and put it in a bath at 90 degrees F., and if the temperature still continues high and the convulsions continue after five minutes, the bath should be gradually cooled to 80 degrees F.

The child should not be in the bath longer than ten minutes, and five minutes will be found sufficient in most cases; as soon as the fever is lowered the convulsions will cease, unless due to some organic disease.

The next indication is to free the intestinal tract of undigested food; this end can be best accomplished, first, by means of a laxative given by the mouth, of which castor oil or the compound infusion of senna, is the best; second, wash out such food as is in the lower bowel, by irrigation with a warm salt solution in the manner described in the article on summer diarrhea in the Aug-



"Scott, you are a very sick dog"

are frequent. In disease of the brain, such as meningitis, abscess, water on the brain (hydrocephalus), etc., a convulsion is one of the symptoms of the disease. Finally, there are certain severe injuries that may cause convulsions through the shock which the nervous system and the brain receives. Such, for instance, are extensive and deep burns, and crushing injuries of the limbs.

The attack usually begins suddenly, though it may be preceded by indisposition, vomiting, colicky pains, and restlessness. The child becomes pale, the eyes stare or roll, and the muscles of the body begin to twitch, one part of the body after the other being involved. Finally the extremities are stiffened, and all the muscles take part in the spasm. The head usually is drawn backward, the hands are clenched, and the arms and legs shake convulsively. The face becomes slightly blue, there is foam at the mouth, and cold perspiration covers the face. The spasm lasts from a few seconds to half an hour, and then slowly diminishes, leaving the baby in a condition of stupor. It may remain so for a time, then gradually fall into a quiet slumber and awake free from convulsions. On the other hand, in severe cases, one attack may follow another in more or less rapid succession, and the baby may die of exhaustion.

The prevention of convulsions con-

ust issue of The Nursery.

The old-fashioned hot mustard foot-bath is often found to be of great value, especially in such cases in which there is much congestion of the brain; it must not be continued for a longer time than ten minutes, and great care must be taken not to burn the skin by making the bath too hot. The temperature of this foot-bath must be about 100 degrees F., and may be gradually raised to 105 degrees F.

The mustard-pack is a substitute for the foot-bath, and has the advantage of not disturbing the child; it is applied as follows: A tablespoonful of mustard is mixed with a quart of tepid water, a large towel is dipped into this mixture and then wrapped around the entire body; over this is wrapped a dry flannel blanket, and the child left in this pack for ten minutes.

Greasy Hair.

This greasiness of the hair, which is caused by lack of tone in the glands of the scalp, or anaemia of the scalp, may be corrected by the use of some good quinine hair tonic. The hair should be washed with hot water and pure soap, then rinsed well. The scalp should be thoroughly massaged each morning for ten minutes with the finger-tips, and the tonic then thoroughly rubbed into

the roots of the hair. A few weeks of this treatment should greatly improve the hair's condition and reduce the greasiness.

Sluggish Bowels.

This sluggishness of the bowels, which is probably the cause of constant headaches and other minor ills, may be corrected in some cases by careful attention to the diet. This should consist of plenty of green vegetables, stewed fruits, such as figs, prunes, etc., green salads made with plenty of oil, and brown bread instead of white. After each meal a teaspoonful of olive oil should be taken. Plenty of plain water should be drunk between meals, and a glass of hot water should be taken first thing each morning and last thing at night.

Chapped Hands.

Painful cracks and chaps on the hands may be relieved and eventually cured by a few days' application of some good cosmetic glove paste. This should be applied nightly after the hands have been thoroughly washed with warm water and pure soap, and dried. It should be smeared on fairly thick, and a pair of old kid gloves put on and worn through the night.

Eczema.

The symptoms of this trouble are scaling, crusting, and thickening of the skin, with irritation or itching. Moisture also exudes in some cases. To effect a cure the bowels must be kept open and a blood tonic taken. The parts affected should be washed with pure soap and warm water, and a suitable ointment applied daily. An ointment containing tar is most beneficial. Steady and persistent treatment is necessary to effect a cure.

Water Necessary to Health.

When it is considered that the body is made up very largely of water it can readily be understood how important to health is a constant supply of this fluid. Many people have a notion that the drinking of water in any amount beyond that actually necessary to quench thirst is injurious, and, acting on this belief, they endeavor to drink as little as possible. The notion, however, is wide of the truth. Drinking freely of pure water is a most efficacious means not only of preserving health, but often of restoring it when failing.

All the tissues of the body need water, and water in abundance is necessary also for the proper performance of every vital function. Cleanliness of the tissues within the body is as necessary to health and comfort as cleanliness of the skin, and water tends to insure the one as truly as does the other. It dissolves the waste material, which would otherwise collect in the body, and removes it in the various excretions.

These waste materials are often actually poisons, and many a headache, many rheumatic pains and aches, many sleepless nights and listless days and many attacks of the "blues" are due solely to the circulation in the blood or deposit in the tissues of these waste materials, which cannot be got rid of because of an insufficient supply of water.

Water is accused of making fat, and people with a tendency to corpulence avoid it for that reason. But this is not strictly true. It does undoubtedly often increase the weight, but it does so because it improves the digestion, and, therefore, more of the food eaten is utilized and turned into fat and flesh.

Keeping Well Without Expense.

By Eustace Miles.

The reign of the long, dull, strain-and-stress Course of so-called Physical Culture—a Course to be persevered in daily, week after week, year after year, ad nauseam—a Course developing tough, stiff, fibrous muscles—is coming to an end. It has done some good and much harm; less harm to the muscles, perhaps, than to the mind, in so far as it

has created an impression that "Physical Culture" is a tedious, exacting affair, not feasible for a busy man.

It has done some harm to the muscles in a large number of cases, because it has developed them beyond the normal. When the "Course" is given up, having become an unbearable tax on time and energy, instead of the oversized muscles, there comes a deposit of what is known popularly as fat, but technically as connective tissue. We find this useless weight of material most common among weight-lifters, rowing men, and gymnasts who have given up their exercise.

Quite apart from any such disadvantages, the ordinary person simply will not go on with the long "Course" of movements day after day; movements utterly unlike anything connected with any interest! And he is especially annoyed if he finds that the grinding efforts of the heavy physical exertion have made him stiff, slow and clumsy—and spoiled his game of golf or tennis, and they too often do.

Even such advice as "Walk ten (or five) miles every day; systematically exercise every muscle of the body every day," is not obeyed. The hard-working man says he cannot be bothered. It is all very well, he thinks, for professional teachers and their leisured pupils; and it is still better as a theory. But, as a practice—it is too great a nuisance.

Keeping this ordinary individual in view, I here write not as a Physical Culture theorist, but as myself, a practical business man, who may have to spend most of the week in the City, writing, or looking after a large restaurant and stores, or interviewing people who consult me about diet and health. Mine is, except for brief spells, a sedentary life, so I can sympathise with the brain-workers.

In brief, my aim of late years has been: First, to utilise existing opportunities, especially what may be called inevitable occasions; second, to reduce the Course to the minimum; third, not to depend even on this reduced Course for my daily health and fitness.

Enjoy Exercise when you can get it.

I may say here that my personal experience flatly contradicts what almost every physiologist and physical culturist has taken for granted: namely, that regular exercise is necessary daily if one is to keep in good condition. It may be necessary if mistakes are being made in diet; that is, if there is waste matter to be eliminated through the skin and lungs etc. In this case exercise cures a multitude of physical sins. It may be necessary also if certain muscles of the body are undeveloped and below the normal. But I have collected quite a number of examples of those who have more or less normal muscles and who pay attention to what they shall eat or avoid, and who keep in good condition without systematic exercise at all—and this for weeks together. They, like myself, enjoy exercise when they can get it; but they do not depend on it for their health and fitness. The advantage from a business point of view is obvious. If one does not need to spend time and energy, and perhaps money too, on a "Course," then one has so much more time and energy and money for other purposes. One is practising true economy.

The ordinary teacher of Physical Culture is wont to demand from his pupils at least half an hour, to be taken from time which might otherwise be occupied by work or rest or recreation. He ignores the many chances ready to hand which necessitate no extra hour set apart for the exercises. He seems to be trying to increase the Course to the maximum, so that the pupil may regard himself as very far advanced when he has to spend an hour or more on his movements daily. Then he allows and actually encourages his pupils to depend on the lengthy Course for their well-being, so that, if they drop it, they become weak, slack, and perhaps obese.

The result is that the average pupil, in spite of some decided gain, especially in the will-power to perform a dull and monotonous task, becomes not so much the master of circumstances as the slave of a tyrannical system, which imposes on him a time income-tax, so to speak, of at least an hour a day.

Not many months ago I was consult-

ed by a lady who was a victim of the "Physical Culture" daily toil, only she had the idea that it was absolutely necessary for her to devote not less than two hours every morning to various rubbings, and pattings, and scrubbing, and bendings, and other movements. She wanted to know how she was to find time and energy for her daily work.

I was able to point out to her how she might, with a little ingenuity, reduce this "Course" to a special five minutes in the morning and five minutes in the evening, if she only determined to use her hundreds of opportunities for easy and rational and unobtrusive Physical Culture during the daytime, and if she paid rather more attention to her diet.

It may be as well to take the above three headings and consider them in rather more detail.

Sensible Use of Odd Moments.

First of all, there is the sensible use of the odd moments of the day. For example, I must wash all over when I get up; I must go out to my work in the City; I must get up from my chair after or at intervals during my work; I must go upstairs. Here are the opportunities:

During the wash I can rub myself well all over my skin. Having used the warm water and soap, and warm water again, I can dip my hands in cold water and then give my skin a capital friction with the palms of my hands. This will afford excellent exercise for the arms and the shoulders, and when I stoop, for the trunk muscles. It will clean me, will help to harden and invigorate me, and will make my hands and my whole body glow delightfully. It will need scarcely any extra time.

When I go out into the street, and indeed whenever I go out, I can take two extra deep and full breaths of fresh air in through the nostrils. And I can repeat this wonderfully healthy practice whenever I wait at a crossing; whenever I wait at all, and just before I go into any building from the street, and also before any important work or interview, and, of course, the first thing in the morning and the last thing at night. Here there is not one moment of extra time demanded, but there is so much effective and easy Physical Culture that at the end of a year the improvement in the breathing capacity, the endurance, the vigor, the complexion, and even in the control of the temper, may be almost beyond belief. And, best of all, the automatic habit of fuller and more rhythmical inhalations may be firmly fixed.

The Value of Proper Breathing.

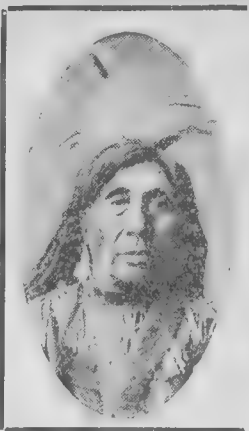
At the very foundation of Physical Culture is not the development of the biceps, but the mastery and control of the breathing. And for my own part, I am quite against the ordinary Courses of breathing exercises. I am all in favor of little practices—thousands of them in tiny spells—scattered over the day. These practices tell not by continuous exertion, but by numerous repetitions. They involve no labor; and after a few months they become sub-conscious and automatic. The habit of better breathing is established for life. The pity is that few people have any idea of the physical, mental, and moral values of the habit.

But to return to the daily opportunities for rational Physical Culture. When I get up from my chair I can stretch my fingers and arms and shoulders and head back, and rise once or twice on my toes and then let myself relax, let my muscles go and be free. At least, I can do this if I am alone, but if I am with others, I can do it in a modified form. And I can repeat the process whenever I get up from a chair and on other occasions.

Why We should Run Upstairs.

The great secret is to let the certain and inevitable occasion be the reminder of a health-giving practice, which will be a most successful cure and preventive of many ills, not because it takes up a lot of extra time, nor because it costs a high price, nor because it is a great strain, but because it is done so often and so easily. It is the number of repetitions that tells in forming the sub-conscious habit.

When I go upstairs I can run part of the way, and if no one is looking I can



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purposely lift my knees unnecessarily high, so as to help the activity of the liver and stomach. And even in the street, I can run a little, though here I must confess to cowardice. In case people should think me mad for doing something hygienic in public, I generally take out my watch at intervals so that I may be supposed to be trying to catch a train. Only then does the crowd pardon a healthy action. And even now and then I can pause in my work, or even in my rest, and, if I am alone, do one of the simple movements which are common to nearly all systems of Physical Culture, though personally I prefer to modify these slightly.

As to the Course itself, for which I often tell ordinary people who consult me to set aside five minutes in the morning and five minutes in the evening (preferably before the evening meal), I include in it the hand rubbing described just now, and to this I add a few movements—not the same each day; for example, on one day, an imitation of the action of swimming, and of a golf drive (but without a club); on another day an imitation of some of the movements of cricket, done first righthanded, then lefthanded; on another day an imitation of some of the movements of tennis or racquets, done similarly, and so on.

Skip and Jump and Roll About.

But especially, I insist on a leisurely stretching of the hands and arms and the feet and legs, followed by deep and full breathing, and then by a relaxing of the muscles. My favorite exercise in relaxing, in a sitting position, on the edge of a bed or of a chair without arms, takes from one to two minutes. It is wonderfully quieting and refreshing.

On some days, instead of any set exercises, I move just as I feel inclined, and I now and then find myself instinctively doing very much as dogs and other animals do—skipping and jumping and rolling about.

Needless to say, I get a hard game of tennis or racquets whenever I have the chance, in addition to these various short Courses.

But I wish to be—and I almost succeed in being—as nearly as possible independent of any Course, or even of games. And I find that the chief help toward this most satisfactory condition is a diet adapted to my individual case.

I will not describe this in detail, since it is not likely to suit everyone. Moreover, it varies considerably from day to day. However, a few characteristics of it may be interesting, since it has helped

to revolutionise my habits of body and mind.

When I was an undergraduate at Cambridge, and until I was about twenty-seven, I used to imagine that regular vigorous exercise was essential not only to success in games, but also to general health. I used to eat large quantities of meat and other flesh foods.

Then, in fear of death from Bright's disease, I gave up all flesh foods and their extracts, and instead of them I took non-flesh substitutes to build the body and repair its waste. These substitutes include, at the present time, cheese, eggs (rarely), well-cooked peas and beans and lentils, and a special proteid powder of my own. Thanks to this diet, I find I am now able to keep in capital physical as well as mental condition even without regular exercise or play.

True, I do not keep in practice for so complicated a game as court tennis. I only keep in good training. There is a great difference between the two. The latter—to be in good training—means that I enjoy the game, and do not feel tired by it nor stiff after it. The former—to be in practice—means that I judge the ball well and play up to my proper standard.

My present state, then, is that I thoroughly enjoy exercise and play when I have time (and money) for them, but that I can go on working day after day, and even week after week without taking exercise and yet without going out of training. On one occasion I found myself still in capital training after three whole months of sedentary brain-work.

This enviable state of affairs is not due solely to diet; it is due also to better control of the thoughts, the practice of "self-suggestion," and so on.

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Skirts that clear the ground are favorites of the season and a great many handsome afternoon gowns are made in that way. Here are two that are smart in the extreme.

The gown to the left is made of velvet with pipings of satin and with chemisette and under-sleeves of lace. It is in the height of style, yet eminently practical. The blouse is cut in one with the sleeves, but the portions are overlapped, allowing effective use of buttons. The skirt is of the new four-gored sort and can be finished with a belt or cut a little above the waist line and underfaced as preferred. Simpler materials, such as cashmere and the like, are quite as appropriate as velvet. Satins and silks are made in this way

trimmed with buttons. It can be cut off and finished with a belt, if found more becoming. The waist is a new and smart one giving a surplice effect and trimmed with an exceedingly handsome collar. The under sleeves can be made long if preferred, or, if the waist is desired for evening wear, the chemisette can be cut to form a V-shaped opening.

For the medium size the waist will require $3\frac{1}{8}$ yards of material 24 or 27, or $1\frac{7}{8}$ yards 44 inches wide, with one yard of all-over lace and $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards of tucked mousseline. For the skirt will be needed $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards 24 or 27, or $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 44 inches wide.

The May Manton pattern of the waist 6856 is cut in sizes from a 34 to 42 bust measure and of the skirt 6827 in sizes from 22 to 30 inch waist measure. Any of the above patterns will be mailed to



6857 Blouse with Chemisette and Under-sleeves. 6856 Surplice Waist. 6864 Four Gored Walking Skirt.

6827 Three-Piece Skirt.

and the design is indeed appropriate for many uses.

For a woman of medium size the blouse will require $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards of material 24 or 27 or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards 44 inches wide, with $\frac{7}{8}$ yard of all-over lace; for the skirt will be needed $5\frac{1}{4}$ yards 24 or 27, or $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards 44 inches wide. The May Manton pattern of blouse 6857 is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 inches bust measure and the skirt 6864 in sizes from 22 to 30 inches waist measure.

The second gown is made of satin finished henrietta cloth with collar of heavy all-over lace, chemisette and under-sleeves of tucked mousseline. This skirt is made in three pieces with slightly raised waist line. It is closed at the left side and in this case, is effectively

any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of ten cents for each.

FANCY WAIST—6806.

With square or high neck, elbow, long or short sleeves.—The waist that gives a surplice effect is one greatly in vogue, and so charming that it is a general favorite. This one can be made of transparent material and trimmed as illustrated, or if heavier material and finished in any way to suit the fancy. As illustrated, or of heavier material and finished made as shown in the back view it becomes suited to afternoon occasions. If

shorter sleeves are wanted the lower puffs can be omitted.

The waist is made with a fitted lining and consists of the under portions and the drapery. The puffed sleeves are arranged over closely fitted linings and are inserted in the arm-holes.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards 21 or 24



3806 Fancy Waist, 35 to 46 bust.

inches wide, $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards 36 or $1\frac{7}{8}$ yard 44 inches wide with $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of banding; $2\frac{3}{4}$ inches wide; one yard of all-over lace for yoke and deep cuffs, one half yard of silk for deep girdle to make as shown in the back view.

The pattern 6806 is cut in sizes for a 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inch bust measure, and will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper on receipt of ten cents.

HOUSE JACKET, 6340.

To be made with fancy or standing collar, three-quarter or long sleeves.—The simple house jacket is always a favorite one. This model is half fitting at the back and loose at the front and



6340 House Jacket, 34 to 44 bust.

consequently is tidy and becoming at the same time that it is thoroughly comfortable to wear. In the illustration challis is trimmed with lace insertion and banding and is made with three-quarter sleeves, but cashmere and similar fabrics

are appropriate and long sleeves can be substituted if better liked, while the fancy collar can be omitted and the plain standing one used in its place.

The jacket is made with fronts, backs and under-arm gores. The fronts are tucked at each side of the centre and whichever collar is used is joined to the neck edge. The sleeves are of moderate fullness and are gathered into straight cuffs.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards 24, 3 yards 32, or 2 yards 44 inches wide with $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of banding $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of edging.

The pattern 6340 is cut in sizes for a 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inch bust measure, and will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper on receipt of ten cents.

DOUBLE-BREASTED COAT—6826.

With collar, that can be worn open or closed, with or without belt.—The long,



6826 Double Breasted Coat,
34 to 44 bust.

loose, protective coat is a generally useful garment that fills many needs. This one is exceedingly smart and will be found available for motoring, for travel and for general use. The material illustrated is a double faced cloth, but many appropriate cloakings are to be found. Lighter weight cloth can be lined throughout, with collar and cuffs of the same or contrasting material as liked. A feature of the coat is found in the collar. It can be rolled open with the fronts; to give the effect illustrated, or it can be buttoned up closely, as shown in the small view.

The coat consists of fronts and back. The sleeves are made in two pieces each, with big rolled over cuffs, and the patch pockets are arranged on indicated lines. The belt is made in sections that are overlapped and held by buttons.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is 7 yards 27, $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards either 44 or 52 inches wide.

The pattern 6826 is cut in sizes for a 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inch bust meas-

ure and will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper on receipt of ten cents.

CIRCULAR SKIRT—6809.

In walking or round length, with or without seam at the front, with inverted plaits or habit back.—The narrow circular skirt is one of the smartest of the season. This one is fitted by means



6809 Circular Skirt, 22 to 32 waist.

of one dart at each side, and can be made with or without a seam at the front, so that it is adapted to narrow as well as wide materials. The back can be finished



6865 Blouse Waist for Misses
and Small Women.

6852 Six Gored Skirt for Misses
and Small Women.

in habit style or with inverted plaits so that the model is becoming to all

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figures. The skirt takes just the straight slender lines prescribed by fashion, but is not narrow enough to be uncomfortable.

The skirt can be made in one or two pieces, as it is or is not seamed at the front. Whether the back is finished in habit style or with inverted plaits the closing is made invisibly.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is $5\frac{1}{4}$ yards 24 or 27, $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36, $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards 44, or $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 52 inches wide if made without a seam at the front; $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards 36, or $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 44 or 52 inches wide if made with a seam at centre front. The width of the long skirt at the lower edge is three yards.

The pattern 6809 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inch waist measure, and will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper on receipt of ten cents.

A FASHIONABLE FROCK OF STRIP-ED SERGE.

Striped serge is one of the best liked materials of the season. This frock shows it used to advantage, for it is cut on the cross to form the trimming band of the skirt and the cuffs of the blouse. The model is a simple yet smart one and the dress is available for many occasions. The fronts of the blouse are overlapped and prettily trimmed with a frill or jabot, yet the closing is made at the back. All seasonable materials will be found appropriate. Velveteen is much liked for winter wear and would be handsome so made, cashmere and and they suit the design quite as well as light weight wools are greatly in vogue serge.

For a girl of 16 years of age the

blouse will require 3 yards of material 24 or 27 inches wide, $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards 36, or $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards 44 inches wide, with $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of lace for the jabot. For the skirt will be needed $5\frac{1}{4}$ yards 24 or 27 inches wide, 4 yards 36 or $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 44 inches wide.

Both the waist pattern 6865 and the skirt pattern 6852 are cut in sizes for misses and small women of 14, 16 and 18 years of age.

Either of the above patterns will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this magazine on receipt of ten cents for each.

8 YEARS! See below!!

Jute Soles last much longer than any others—easier to feet—cheapest by far. Healthful—Noiseless. Suit house and all sports. Mr Evans (address on request) writes:—“Last pair lasted me nearly 8 years.” Mrs. Musie, Banff, Alberta, Canada, says:—“9/10/08. Shoes warm and good. Am very pleased.” Enclose length of Walking Shoe. Color Brown, Black or White. Prices (post free).

A. Plain Shoes (without strapping)	\$.37	\$.41	\$.45
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If three pairs at one time, reduction of 4c. per pair. Full List 2c. Post free United Kingdom, abroad extra. Established over 20 years.

Patent Canvas Shoe Co., 25 Strips Road, near Glasgow Scotland

Send P.O. direct. Shoes posted anywhere; single pairs or any quantity.

When writing advertisers please mention The Western Home Monthly.

THE POSTMASTER JOINS THE ARMY.

**Who are Shouting the Praises
of Dodd's Kidney Pills
in the West.**

A neighbor advised him to take them for his Rheumatism and Gravel. They cured him.

West Gravelbourg, Sask. (Special)—Alexander McCarter, the postmaster here, has joined the great western army that has for its watchword, "When ailing, use Dodd's Kidney Pills." And like all others he has good and sufficient reasons.

"I was laid up with Rheumatism and Gravel," Mr. Carter states, "and was also troubled with my bladder. I was so bad I could not do much work. A neighbor came along who had been troubled the same way, and advised me to try Dodd's Kidney Pills. I did it. I bought two boxes, and, using them according to directions, was soon able to go to work."

Notice one thing: It was a neighbor who had been troubled the same way who advised the postmaster to use Dodd's Kidney Pills. He also had been cured by them. That's why he recommended them.

If you're troubled with Kidney Disease in any form—Backache, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Gravel, Dropsy, Diabetes, or Bright's Disease—ask your neighbors. You'll soon find one who has been cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

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"Get the Pleasure
Without the Poison!"
(TRADE MARK REG.)
40c \$1.00
Three for \$1.00
The pipe they let you smoke at home
Looks and colors like meerschaum. Absorbs the nicotine and keeps on tasting sweet.
You never had such an enjoyable smoke. Sent prepaid anywhere. Money back if not satisfactory.
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Send us \$3.25
Receive this beautiful child's dress made from heavy, rich velvet in medium red, navy, moss green, seal brown.
The dress is made just as pictured. Gibson tuck on each side of waist and pleated skirt, the two tucks and cuffs are edged with white cord. This is a beautiful little dress and we would like to send you one. Up to and including age 8 years, the price is \$3.25. Ages 10 and 12 is \$3.95. In ordering give age. Send for one of these beautiful dresses today. Order dresses No. 4. Add 25c for postage.
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For fifteen days. If you do not wish to continue, costs you nothing. I am curing weak eyes, sore eyes, granulated lids, wild hairs, cataracts, scums, all eye diseases and failure of sight. I will send a full course of my remedies with eye cup by mail, charges prepaid, to all sufferers. Write me; describe your case.
Dr. W. O. Coffee, Dept. 804 - Des Moines, Ia.



Send \$1.98
Receive post paid this \$4. Cream Net Waist elaborately made and trimmed with beautiful lace and insertion, just as pictured, lined in silk. Add 15c. for postage. Ask for waist No. 12.
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7, Coote Block,
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The Board of Trade, of the enterprising town of Armstrong, B.C. has issued an exceedingly pretty booklet. It is descriptive of the many advantages of the town as well as the beauties of the Okanagan Valley, in which Armstrong is situated.

The district, of which the town is the commercial centre, possesses a varied and attractive appearance for all who desire delightful climatic conditions and fine scenery in their home life. In this favored district apples, pears, plums and other small fruit yield abundantly. But not only in fruit does this district excel. Celery of unequalled excellence is grown in large quantities, and in recent years Armstrong celery has become famous in the market of the West. Ordinary vegetables, such as potatoes, onions, cabbage etc., bring hundreds of dollars to the acre; while wheat and other grain crops pay exceedingly well.

Indeed Armstrong seems to provide many ideal features whether one is in search of quietness and beauty or looking after profitable investments. The conditions presented by this town will interest you.

The booklet, which is beautifully got up and profusely illustrated, will be mailed to any interested party by the Secretary of the Board of Trade.

Armstrong has above 1,000 population, and is one of the busiest places of its size in British Columbia. It has five churches, two schools, two hotels, hardware, grocery and general stores, flour mill, saw-mill and creamery. It has its own electric plant, and one of the best gravity water systems to be found anywhere; the water supply coming from a pure sparkling mountain stream. An abundant supply of absolutely pure water is assured, and this is an advantage which cannot be too highly estimated.

Among the many enjoyable features of the winter months, is a splendidly equipped skating rink owned and operated by the Municipality.

The Modern Drama—All work and no plays.

Failure and success—Failure sees an opportunity; success seizes it.

Trousseau—The clothes a girl wears for the first three years after marriage.

—Harry A. Thompson.

Seed Grain Suggestions.

Have you any choice seed grain for sale, or will you need seed?

If you have any good seed grain, you should send a sample to your State Experiment Station, stating how much you have and the price you want for it. Your name will be listed and sent to those who ask for good seed.

If you need good seed, the State Experiment Station will tell you where to get it and what it will cost.

If you produce your own seed grain, it is important to select it early out of the best part of the crop and take good care of it.

You should never fail to use a good fanning mill, selecting only the heaviest and plumpest kernels of good body for sowing, and avoid planting shrivelled and dwarfed kernels. Wheat, oats, barley and rye seed may be best prepared by fanning mills, which separate by

Armstrong, B.C.



A Young Apple-gatherer—Armstrong, Okanagan Valley, B.C.



Celery Field—Bottom Land, close to Armstrong, Okanagan Valley, B.C.

size and by weight, by means of screens and wind blast. A good fanning mill, properly used, will more than pay for itself in a single season.

If your seed appears to be mixed or falling off in yield, it will pay you to get pure bred seed of the best strain adapted to your soil and climate. If you have any doubt as to what varieties to plant, write to the State Experiment Station and ask them which will do best in your soil and climate.

Are you testing your seed for germinating qualities? It is a simple matter, and the State Experiment Station will send you full directions for doing it at home.

Do not waste your time in sowing new varieties (except on a small tract as an experiment) unless your State Experiment Station recommends them. You cannot afford to take the chances. Let the Experiment Station do the testing of new varieties and learn the results from them.

Whenever smut appears, treat the seed grain with formalin solution. Get the formula and method from the State Experimental Station. The treatment is very simple and effective.

By attention to these rules, you can increase your crop from 4 to 10 bushels per acre with very little extra expense. Additional attention to cultural methods and soil fertilization will add further to the profits.

Home Dyeing.

Has it ever occurred to you what a large number of things one can dye at home, and in that way make quite a saving?

When on shopping expeditions you have often noticed on the "bargain counters" remnants offered at ridiculously low prices. The reason for these low prices was not by any means on account

of the materials being of poor quality, but because the shades or colors were out of style; the materials often being of superior quality.

Now, these bargains could be taken advantage of, and by dyeing the goods the colors could be changed to the most delicate shade of any of the fashionable colors popular at the time. And remember that it doesn't make the slightest difference whether the goods are wool, cotton, silk, or mixed, as there are home dyes now that with the same dye one can color cloth of any kind perfectly.

You may possibly have a dress that is hardly worn at all, but is out of fashion as to color and style. Here, again, these single home dyes step in to help things out. Rip it up, dye it a fashionable shade, and with new patterns make it up into a most stylish gown that will be the envy of your lady friends.

White summer dresses can be dyed delicate shades of any color by using these new home dyes very weak—say about an eighth of a package to about five gallons of water.

It is not alone to wearing apparel that these improved home dyes lend their services. Portiers, couch covers, table covers, shade curtains, draperies, or in fact, anything that is made of cloth can be made to look just like new.

Never try to color anything a lighter shade than the article is originally.

White or very light colored goods can be dyed any darker shades or any color.

Just as soon as you have decided what you are going to dye, you will want to know how much you will require. For the lighter shades, and for small articles such as ribbons, silk or cotton gloves, stockings, blouses, etc., one package, as a rule, will be sufficient. For heavy suits, coats, curtains, etc., it is best, if possible, to weigh your goods before they are wet and use a package to about a pound of goods.

Woman and the Home.

The Heart of the Home.

Her face is all freckled—this girl whom I know,
And her nose has a tilt in the air;
And not even her mother with mother-love blind,
Can truthfully say she is fair;
Her hair is the color that may be called red,
And straight as a ruler hangs down;
Her eyes are pale blue, and her forehead is low—
Though it never is drawn in a frown.

Her sisters are graceful and bonny young things,
And her brother is handsome and bright,
And all of them think in their innermost hearts,
That their sister is truly a sight.
But the soul of this girl is a beautiful thing,
And her voice is as sweet as a bird's.
And her goodness of heart and her wisdom of mind
Are seen in kind actions and words.

And the mother has ever a fond word and smile
For this child of her daily delight,
And the father's eyes glisten with tenderest love
As he kisses and bids her good night.
And, oh, they would miss, and miss her full sore,
If out in the world she should roam.
For the girl with no beauty of face or of form
Is most truly the heart of the home!

Too Much Confidence.

Living near the school house gave a lady in the country the opportunity to see many things, and when a little girl of ten habitually came too early to school, she spoke to the mother about it. In a very kindly way she said something about the teacher always being so prompt and being there 40 minutes before the opening of the session, thinking the mother would know from that her daughter went too early, but the information was received without comment. Then she spoke of a certain bad boy hanging about the school yard, and wondered impersonally if there was any way to stop it, but the mother seemed undisturbed. So at last she was forced to speak out plainly, and tell her that the little girl was often alone on the grounds with the big boy.

At once the mother became angry and said she could trust her daughter implicitly. She said the little girl went early to stop at the house of a playmate, and she knew she was not at school before the ringing of the first bell. She also made some caustic remarks about people attending to their own affairs, and the guest went home. Even when the teacher warned the mother she refused to believe, and still says proudly that she has perfect confidence in her child.

Whatever other motherly sins ladies have, they should always remember that children, their own children, are far from perfect. In this case the mother who refuses to believe what people tell her about her child will probably repent too late in sackcloth and ashes, but it will be too late. Many of the tragedies of young life might be averted if parents were not over confident. Once in a hundred years or so it may be "spite work" that inspires a teacher or another woman to speak about the sins of children to their parents, but more often it is a sincere desire to avert trouble. At any rate it is well to be on the watch constantly and be glad if others help you in your watching.

A Mother's Love.

A father may turn his back on a child, brothers and sisters may become inveterate enemies, husbands may desert

their wives, wives their husbands; but a mother's love endures through all; in good repute, in bad repute, in face of the world's condemnation, a mother still loves on, and still hopes that her child may turn from his evil ways, and repent; still she remembers the infant smiles that once filled her bosom with rapture, the merry laugh, the joyful shout of his childhood, the opening promise of his youth; and she can never be brought to think him all unworthy.—Washington Irving.

Wisdom While You Wait.

If the streets were paved with gold there would still be objections raised to the dust.

Misery loves company, perhaps, but society at large does not reciprocate the affection.

The pen-and-ink artist may be classed among those who draw the color line.

When a man is a "good fellow" downtown his wife usually wears her straw hat all winter.

An old woman sometimes evolves into a new woman.

Brevity may be the soul of wit, but there is nothing humorous in a short answer.

Lazy people like to imagine all the world's a stage, so they may ride.

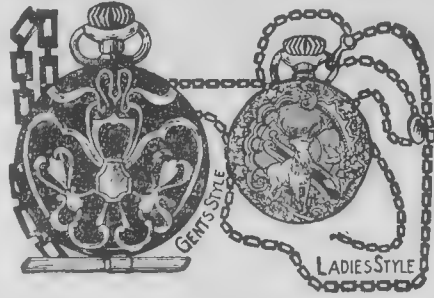
The most brilliant jewel among gems is a sunny disposition.

Dowie certainly proved himself a divine healer.

A man's own tongue betrays him as frequently as he is betrayed by the tongues of others.

The self-made man is not always a well-made man.

FREE Handsome Watch and FREE Magnificent Phonograph FREE



Not a toy, but a genuine, modern, up-to-date Talking Machine.

READ OUR WONDERFUL OFFER

We are prepared to give away **ABSOLUTELY FREE** 1000 of these magnificent imported Swiss \$50.00 appearing watches, ladies' or gentlemen's size and an equal number of these magnificent Phonographs or Talking Machines. Our **GENTLEMEN'S WATCHES** are stem wind and stem set, genuine lever movement, thin model and with the works enclosed in an inner case of glass as is only seen in the very finest watches, your choice of either magnificent silver nickel or gun metal. **THE LADIES' WATCHES** are the beautiful small size models in either open face plain gold finish or gun metal for engraving, or richly engraved gold laid hunting case. You have your choice. **OUR PHONOGRAPH** is not a toy, but a genuine talking machine that will sing songs, tell funny stories and be a constant source of amusement and pleasure in the home. It is the beautiful new "Lyra" shape and takes a regular cylinder record.

YOU CAN GET BOTH THE WATCH AND TALKING MACHINE ABSOLUTELY FREE if you will help us in your spare time to advertise our business. Just send us your name and address and we will send you, postage paid, only 12 boxes of Dr. Burdick's famous New Life Blood Tonic and Nerve Pills to sell for us at only 25c. per box. They are a grand remedy for indigestion, constipation, nervousness, weak and impure blood, and a wonderful tonic and life-builder. They are easy to sell, as every customer who buys a box of medicine from you is entitled to receive from us a handsome present of silverware, cuff links or ring. When sold send us the money, only \$3.00, and we will promptly send, all charges paid, a **Gents' or Ladies' Watch**, and the **Phonograph** you can get **absolutely without selling any more goods**, but just by helping us extend our business by showing your watch to your friends and getting six of them to act as our agents and sell our goods. **YOU CAN RELY ON THE ABSOLUTE HONESTY OF THIS OFFER.** We are spending thousands of dollars to advertise our business, and when we say we will give away these magnificent watches and phonographs we will do so. **DON'T MISS SUCH A WONDERFUL OPPORTUNITY.** Write to-day and you will soon be the proud owner of both Watch and Phonograph.

Address— **THE DR. BURDICK MEDICINE CO., Dept., 159 TORONTO, ONT.**

Divorce is not an evil when it separates manhood and liquor.

When things go awry, rye is sometimes to blame.

Smoking may be a pernicious habit, but fuming is worse.

The political pot frequently emits unsavory odors.

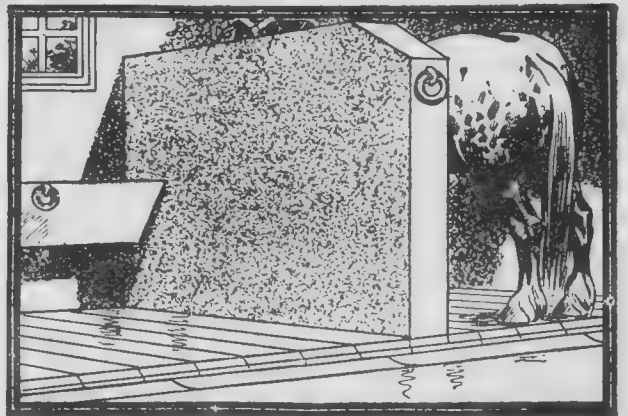
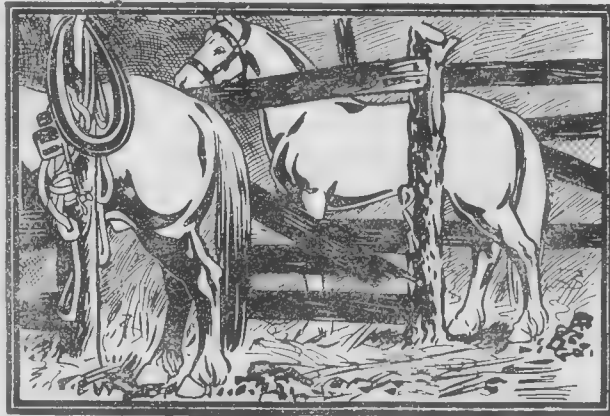
Frost is a good thing so long as it is impersonal.

When contestants wade into the political pool they usually stir up a quantity of mud.

An immaculate shirtfront frequently poses in lieu of a spotless reputation.

A coconut is not always what it is cracked up to be.

Some men who boast of holding the key to the situation seem compelled to knock.



Which of These Pictures Best Represents Your Stable?

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In fact, the entire Stable—inside and out—should be built of Concrete.

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Inches do not constitute the only measure of smallness.

Vanity causes strong men to appear weak.

Woman's Crowning Glory.

It was just before the curtain rose. The great house was crowded. A small, nervous-looking man, with a propitiatory smile on his face, leaned forward from his seat in the centre aisle and whispered something to a tall woman who sat in front of him. There was a momentary silence—like the lull before the storm. Then something happened. A human cyclone was let loose. People shrieked. Everything was in confusion. Ten minutes later, the ushers carried out the nervous-looking man, now hopelessly disfigured, and laid him tenderly in the waiting ambulance. Then it was the manager, with a look of intense sympathy, leaned over the prostrate form, his curiosity no longer able to restrain itself. "Would you mind," he asked, "telling me what you said to that woman?"

Even in his great pain the man shuddered as he feebly replied:

"Alas! I asked her if she would kindly remove her hair."

Modern Brightness.

"She is very bright!" It was thus that they spoke of her who had been plucked from the kindergarten at the early age of four, and transplanted into the primary; who had gone through all the grades, cantered through college, and remained a monument to her parents' foresight.

"She is very bright."

Nobody in the outside world had seen her give her baby his first bath, or feed him on pseudo-scientific food. Nobody had seen the butcher's or grocer's books, or the servants arrive and depart. Nobody had noticed her husband grow thinner for want of proper nourishment, or detected him as he made out his own laundry list or paid a professional repairer to sneak into his room once a week and keep the buttons on his trousers. Nobody had noticed the children running loose and wondering why their home was so different from that of the intensely stupid people across the way, who never had time to attend the latest lectures.

But it was a great comfort to them all to have it said of her in the end as in the beginning: "She is very bright!"

The Ventilation of the House.

By Christine Terhune Herrick.

Some years ago I was in Paris and was staying in the same hotel with a family of Roumanians. They sat near me at the table and we usually exchanged a few words of commonplace.

On day I remarked that I had a headache, and said that I attributed it to my having been obliged to close my window the night before to keep out the rain.

One of my Roumanian acquaintances looked at me in astonishment. "Surely you don't sleep with your window open?" she exclaimed.

"Surely I do," I said. "I can't imagine shutting it at night in this warm September weather."

"I never sleep with my window open, no matter what the time of the year!" she asserted. "The night air is poisonous!"

A few evenings later I happened to pass through the corridor on which her bedroom was located. The door was open and the whole party—two brothers and their wives—were smoking. The air reeked of tobacco—and in that air the occupant of the room expected to sleep. Her muddy complexion and heavy eyes were explained now. How could they be otherwise when she slept in an unventilated room?

Up to that time I don't think I had

ever bestowed much consideration upon the question of ventilation. From a child I had been accustomed to sleeping with my window open and fresh air pouring in.

Once in my youth I recollect an elderly relative telling me that her idea of enjoyment was to get into bed at night in a warm room with a big fire of anthracite coal burning. She never opened the window at night, she said. But I had put down her ideas to eccentricity and age, and it had not occurred to me that intelligent persons who understood anything of hygiene ever made a practice of sleeping in unventilated rooms.

My experience with the Roumanian family, however, set me to thinking and to inquiring, and after doing a good deal of both I am forced to the conclusion that not more than half of the community have proper ventilation of their sleeping rooms.

Don't you know that even if the outside air is so cold that you have to keep a fire in the house the atmosphere of the room will warm much more quickly when fresh than when stale?

Open your windows early in the morning and give the breezes a chance to blow through your home and scatter the stagnation of the night.

Don't think that one airing a day is enough for the establishment. You know—or you ought to know—that when the air has passed into the lungs and been expelled again it is foul and unfit to be breathed by other lungs. It is a poison in its most condensed state—one reason for the drowsiness and heaviness which assail persons in overheated, under-ventilated churches. The sleepiness is not all the fault of the sermon!

Even an airing three or four times a day is not sufficient for a living room which is constantly occupied by some members of the family. Here the change of air should be constant.

The problem is how to accomplish this without incurring discomfort for some one who is sensitive to sudden changes of temperature.

One very fair method for securing a constant supply of fresh air is also very simple. It consists in having boards cut from six to ten inches wide and of a length corresponding to the width of the window. The board may be cut in two half way across its length and the two portions joined with a hinge. The sash is raised, the board put into place across the window, the edge to the sill and the sash then shut down upon the board.

This method of ventilation leaves open a space between the upper and lower sashes through which the outside air can enter with less danger of giving cold to the inmates of the apartment than if it came through a space left at the bottom of the sash, or poured down from the sash lowered at the top. There is no sluice of fresh air streaming into the room. Since cold air is heavy, its entrance is in a measure opposed by the rising of the heated air already in the room instead of being permitted to rush in unchecked.

When even such a simple appliance as I have mentioned cannot be achieved it is always better to lower the upper sash than to raise the bottom one. The cold air pouring down through the heated atmosphere of the room is slightly tempered before reaching the lower strata.

All that can be said of the necessity of fresh air during the waking hours of the household applies just as strongly to their sleeping hours. The fallacy that the night air is unwholesome should long ago have been exploded. Unhealthy it may be to those who walk out in it in the coldest hours of the night or who sit out of doors long enough to become chilled. It is also true that in miasmatic districts the night air is more dangerous than that of the sunlight hours.

But there is no truth in the absurd notion that pure night air does any injury when admitted to the sleeping room. The window should be open wide enough to permit plenty of the outside air to come into the room. If the patient is well covered there is no reason in the world why the temperature of the room may not be lowered.

The fresh air which is a boom to in-

valids is no less advantageous to those who are well.

Try it, you who have hugged the fallacy of closed windows. Begin now to sleep with plenty of fresh air in your rooms and see if you will not in a little while awake in the morning with less headache and a diminution of "that tired feeling." And if you have discovered any new and good methods of ventilating let me have them for the benefit of the readers of this department.

An Art for Every Home.

We are not of those who think that the world is growing worse with every changing year; on the other hand, it is not well to be blind to the fact that he must be a hopeless and an indiscriminating optimist who asserts that fine consideration for others is a distinguishing trait of the young person of today. The average boy or girl of the well-to-do home of today cannot be safely exploited as a model of self-effacement, of fine thoughtfulness for others, of discriminating respect for the rights of property, the dignity of age or the delicate courtesies due to all with whom they come in contact. Incidents often show us the truth about things more vividly and eloquently than the most positive assertion. Only the other day we heard a man in middle life say:

"I think Tom Buckley's daughter is about the finest girl in this town. She actually recognizes the fact that there are middle-aged people on earth who are entitled to the common courtesies of life. She never meets me without a pleasant word, and I have noticed that she has a way with her father and mother that is simply charming. She is neither a prude nor a 'smarty'—just a modest, happy, simple, good-natured, well-mannered girl. But in order really to appreciate her one must see her with old people. There is where she shines. I have seen her show to her grandmother all the little attentions that a young Princess could show to a Dowager Empress—and all in a very simple and quiet way at that. There is a gentle deference in her manner, wherever she goes, which carries the stamp of fine breeding and sincerity right on the face of it.

"The fact that she is probably worth half a million dollars in her own right doesn't make her a bit uppish. In the true sense of the term, she is the most democratic girl in the whole town. Some of the young people who seem to be her closest friends either support themselves or work in order to help out their families. She may not play or sing or paint or have a single personal accomplishment, but to my eyes she is the most accomplished girl in our town because she has the rare gift of consideration for others reduced to a fine art. To see her is to know that she will make a gentle, gracious and good woman, that she has fine breeding and good training behind her, and that she will never lack for admirers or for friends and will be a favorite in the community. No doubt there are plenty of prettier girls than she in the town, and those who have brilliant accomplishments in addition; but if she hadn't a dollar in the world and could not play the piano, sing, dance or claim a single other accomplishment, many young man of good position and good taste would be quick to recognize the fact that she is bound to make not only a mighty comfortable wife but a very lovable one—a wife who will always win friends and always be welcome in any company in which circumstances may place her."

That man was right. He knew the art of winning admiration right down to the core. And make no mistake about another point: Consideration, unselfishness, is an art which may be as successfully cultivated as piano playing, singing or painting. It is a gift which grows with use. It is the finest accomplishment with which a girl may adorn herself; it will win a kind of admiration which is more intimate, more personal and more worthy than that which may be gained by any other talent or accomplishment possible to womankind.

Cultivate it with a whole heart and you will have not only admiration, but love!

Sympathy.

The longing for sympathy is one of the strongest instincts of human nature. It halves the sorrows of a child and doubles its joys. There are many parents who give love to their children, where there is no one who gives sympathy. Sympathy with a child does not mean that you are to try lifting the child up to your plane of observation, but that you are to adjust yourself to his, and see things as he sees them, instead of from your grown-up attitude. There is no stronger bond of union between a parent and a child! No other ground upon which they can come so closely together, and the child be helped by the parent's superior strength. Wherever else sympathy may be an acquired habit, surely between a mother and her child there ought to be the tenderest and deepest sympathy.—M. E. P.

Plan Out Your Work.

"Let your head save your heels" is a homely saying, but one full of wisdom. By forethought, system and arrangement we can lessen to a remarkable degree the "drudgery" of housekeeping, and reduce it to scientific simplicity. There are two classes of housekeepers—those whose work is away ahead of them, and the ones who manage to keep ahead of their work. Housekeeping requires a goodly amount of "grey matter" rather than muscular strength. And high intelligence will accomplish big results with the least expenditure of time and strength. Some of our most eminent physicians declare that for the delicately constituted woman, housekeeping is almost a panacea, and better far than any sedentary occupation such as sewing or working at a desk all day. Of course, this expert opinion presupposes favorable conditions, such as a comfortable and convenient house, and modern appliances to simplify and expedite the work—and above all, system, a planning out of the work.

There is a type of woman who calls herself a "household drudge." Take my word for it, this woman never plans her work ahead; she goes at it with too much brawn and too little brain, and is ignorant of the fact that system is the lubricant that keeps the domestic machinery in good running order.

Of course, it is difficult to outline a system of housekeeping that allots the hours of the day to certain duties. There are always many unforeseen things that come in the day's work, especially to the mother of little children; and circumstances will often arise and knock helterskelter the most practical system ever devised. Still we can endeavor to bring things into a regular routine as regards the days of the week, if not the very hours of the day. And again I say, let the head save the heels: as for instance, make one trip to the cellar do instead of three. This is easily accomplished by making a little note on the "tablet of your memory" of all the things you will need, for the time being, from these "lower regions," and bring them all up at once, using a basket, if need be. Another thing—never try to work in a disordered kitchen, cluttered with odds and ends of work. Tidy up the kitchen, get the little things done and out of the way before attacking any big job, as ironing, baking and the like.

One may, however, go to the other extreme, and allow the system to run her, instead of running the system. Do not be a slave to your method, and so "sot" in your way that you can't see the advantage of a change of method sometimes. One of the greatest fallacies of the old-time housekeepers is that Monday, rain or shine, must be the day for doing the family laundry. Now we have found in our home that Tuesday is the best day for this work. Monday is devoted to "straightening" up the house, doing little odds and ends, as cleaning the ice-chest and sorting the left-overs from the Sunday's extra dinner; looking over and separating the clothes for the next day's wash. With this plan Wednesday, of course, is ironing day. The mending is done on Thursday, sweeping on Friday and baking on Saturday.



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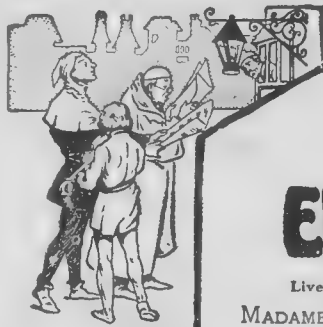
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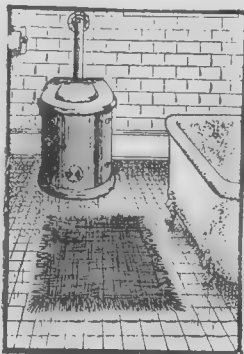
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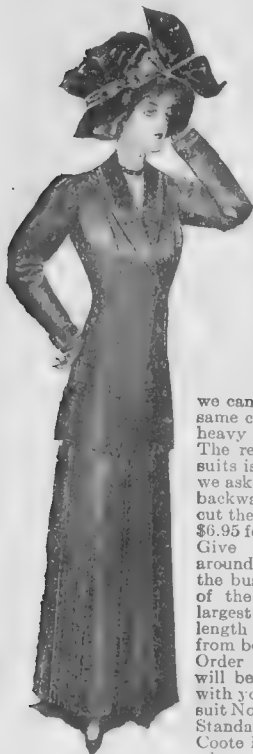
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Boys and Girls.

Norse Lullaby.

The sky is dark and the hills are white,
As the storm-king speeds from the north tonight;
And this is the song the storm-king sings,
As over the world his cloak he flings:
"Sleep, sleep, little one, sleep!"
He rustles his wings, and gruffly sings:
"Sleep, little one, sleep."
On yonder mountain side, a vine
Clings at the foot of a mother pine;
The tree bends over the trembling thing,
And only the vine can hear her sing:
"Sleep, sleep, little one, sleep;
What shall you fear when I am here?
Sleep, sleep, little one, sleep."
The king may sing in his bitter flight,
The tree may croon to the vine tonight,
But the little snowflake at my breast
Liketh the song I sing the best—
"Sleep, sleep, little one, sleep;
Weary thou art, anext my heart:
Sleep, sleep, little one, sleep."
—Eugene Field—A Little Book of Western Verse.

Prince Billy.

Once upon a time there was a King and a Queen and they had a little boy who was a Prince, of course. They had other little boys and girls besides and they were princes and princesses too; but it was this particular little prince

So of course this good little prince—did I tell you his name was Billy?—had to turn to—being the eldest—and take care of the little princes and princesses.

Then the hired girl, who had been with the family since long before Prince Billy was born, had to leave because her cousin took rheumatics in her back. So Prince Billy had to do the cooking and the washing and the sweeping and the housework in general, besides taking care of all the little princes and princesses.

But the worst of all happened when his Royal Mama really got so weak that she couldn't box his ears any more. The time came when Prince Billy hadn't been punished for three whole days and he had to wear three pairs of shoes (and stones in them too,) to keep himself on the ground at all. And what do you suppose would have happened to all those little princes and princesses if he had floated off to the sky?

But at last he had a bright idea. He went to his little cracked mirror and looking hard at himself said sternly, "Prince Billy, I particularly forbid you to make faces!" Then he made the awfulest faces he could think of, after which he boxed his own ears very severely three times to make up for the times he had missed. After that he took off all the shoes with the stones in them and put on his little dancing pumps and went back to his work with an easy heart.



Sound and Kind

that I am going to tell you about because he was so very good.

He was just remarkably good—why, when he was a baby his Royal Mama never left him alone a minute without tying him to the door-knob by his little apron-strings, for fear he would float straight off to the sky.

He really was just painfully good; but as he grew older he began to feel that perhaps they would all be more comfortable if he were not quite so perfect. So he thought he would try to do one naughty thing every day. He found it very difficult at first, so difficult that finally he went every morning to his Royal Mama's room and asked her to forbid him to do something—so that he might disobey her, you know. Then, after he had disobeyed her, and she had boxed his ears very gently, he would trot back to his play for the rest of the day.

Now, it happened that the King, his Royal Papa, was not at all a rich man. Perhaps, being a King, he couldn't be expected to be much of a business man; but however that may be, it was a fact that matters just went from bad to worse and they became poorer and poorer every week. And then it happened that the Queen, his Royal Mama, fell sick, and as they couldn't afford a doctor she too just went from bad to worse, and grew weaker and weaker every day until at last she didn't get up at all but just stayed in bed.

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we are going to have cabbage for dinner!"

Then when he had taken them to the front gate and seen them start off in a long line down the road to school, and waved his hand to each little prince and princess he didn't even stop to say, "Thank goodness!" as I should have done, but flew at the dishes and had them all washed up before you could count ten.

Then he had to feed the dog and the cat and the donkey and the pigeons and the white rabbit with pink eyes and the blue hen and the goat. And then he would milk the goat and gather the eggs.

Next he would have to get his Royal Mama's cod liver oil and coax her to take it, and get her the new library book and see that she was all comfortable.

Then he would fly at the stockings he was darned for the little princes or the pinafores he was mending for the little princesses.

Well, one day after he had done all these things, and some that I'm afraid I've forgot to mention, he took the wash-tubs out under the watermelon-tree so that his Royal Mama should not smell the soapy water. He washed the clothes "in a jiffy," and rinsed them and put them through the wringer and hung them on the line, all "in three shakes of a lamb's tail." ("In a jiffy" and "in three shakes of a lamb's tail" were ways of reckoning time in Prince Billy's Royal Papa's kingdom.)

And then he gave a great big sigh and folded his poor tired hands and sat down under the tree. He shut his eyes, too, for just a minute, to think better what had to be done next.

And when he opened them, there was the very horrid old woman leaning on a musty dusty old green umbrella! Prince Billy jumped right up and asked her to have a seat, and inquired if there was anything which he could do for her. "Yes," she said, "I want a drink of water."

So off went Prince Billy to get the only glass tumbler and fill it with cold water from the well.

"Now," said she, "I want something to eat."

So off went Prince Billy to get the cold bacon and ryebread sandwich that he had been saving for his ten o'clock lunch. The old woman finished it at one bite.

"Now," she said, "I want a place to sleep."

So off went Prince Billy and showed the old woman his own little bed, in his own royal chamber. And she never said, "I thank you," but was sound asleep before he had pulled down the curtain so that it would be dark and cool.

And when the little princes and princesses came home for dinner he made them keep very quiet and sent them back early, for fear they would disturb the poor old woman.

By-and-by, late in the afternoon, when Prince Billy had the ironing almost finished, the old woman hobbled into the kitchen and said she was hungry again. Prince Billy gave her the plate of cold cabbage he was saving for his four o'clock lunch, and she finished it at one bite. Then she called for milk and drank it all up in one swallow, and picking up her musty, dusty old green umbrella, she hobbled off without a word of thanks. And that was the last Prince Billy ever saw of her—and he didn't say "Good riddance!" as I should have done either.

But when he went to bed that night what do you suppose he found under his pillow? The loveliest little mother-of-pearl box with letters of gold on the top that read, "For a Good Boy."

"Dear me," said he, "that must mean me!"

So he opened the box. Inside lay a slip of paper with the words, "Three Wishes."

"Dear me!" said he, "what shall I wish first? I guess I'll wish that my dear Royal Mama would get well."

Then he began to wonder what he should wish for next.

He thought of his Royal Papa and wished quickly that he need not be poor any longer.

And then he began to wonder what he should wish for next.

"Dear me," said he, "if I were not

such a good little prince I could wish for a pony for myself; but I must be unselfish and wish for something for my little brothers and sisters. Oh dear, I wish I were not such a good boy!"

And then he stopped short in horror, for he had wished his last wish!

The wishes all came true.

Next morning the Queen herself got up and washed and dressed all the little princes and princesses and made the toast and coffee and cooked the chop and picked the rosebud for the King's buttonhole; and she made the little princes' and princesses' breakfast, too, and sent them off to school; and she washed the dishes and fed the dog and the cat and the donkey and the pigeons and the white rabbit with pink eyes and the blue hen and milked the goat and gathered the eggs.

And his Royal Papa became rich, and sent home a great golden-pink salmon and green peas for dinner, with word that ice-cream would come later, with roses and ferns for the table.

But as for Prince Billy, he didn't get up till ten o'clock and then he grumbled because his breakfast was cold. And he was just an ordinary little prince after that, and did the good things that ordinary little boys do, and also the naughty things, and had to be interviewed in the woodshed about once a week by the Royal Papa.

But when Prince Billy grew up he was quite a good man, and he often told his own little boys and girls, who were princes and princesses too, of course, about the time when he kept house and took care of all his little brothers and sisters and had to box his own ears severely lest he should float right off up to the sky because he was so very very good.

And his little princes and princesses all opened their eyes very wide every time and looked at him wonderingly, and said, "Oh, my!"

The Finding of Timoleen.

(By Louise Octavian, in the 'Youth's Companion'.)

"I am sure this is the most dreadful birthday any little girl ever had," said Mildred, as she and Aunt Judith stood before the stove in a dingy little station far away in British Columbia.

The train had been three hours late. It was past eleven, and pouring in torrents.

"Can you get us a carriage?" asked Aunt Judith of the sleepy-looking station-master.

"Not to-night, ma'am."

"How far is it to the village?"

"Nearly three miles, ma'am."

Three miles from the village, rain, wind and Egyptian darkness! Not a very pleasant prospect for a walk! laughed Aunt Judith.

"O, aunt, whatever in the world shall we do?" cried Mildred.

"Stay here all night, I suppose," said Aunt Judith, who had travelled all over Europe and Asia, and was never daunted by any ordinary difficulty.

"Yes, ma'am," said the station-master, "that's just what you'll have to do. It is not very comfortable here, but at any rate there will be a roof over your head, and that's a great thing on a night like this."

There were two rickety settees in the room. Aunt Judith made a nest of shawls upon one of them for Mildred, and settled herself upon the other. Soon the southbound train steamed noisily in, but left no passengers; and when it had gone the station-master took his hat and coat and the lantern and went out, saying he would return at six in the morning.

"O aunt, he has locked us in the dark!"

The light from the stove is enough. We shall sleep all the better," said Aunt Judith.

"But, O aunt, he has locked the door! He has locked us in!" cried Mildred, in dismay.

"No matter," laughed Aunt Judith. "He will unlock us bright and early to-morrow morning."

How the wind howled! How the rain dashed against windows! One window

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So. West Harbor, Me.—"I suffered for years with painful periods, backache, headaches, nervousness, irregularities and inflammation. I consulted two physicians and one advised me to have an operation."

"I was completely discouraged when I decided to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and it has made me a well woman. I advise all suffering women to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. Lillian Robbins, South West Harbor, Me.

Evidence like the above is abundant showing that the derangements of the female organism which breed all kinds of miserable feelings and which ordinary practice does not cure, are the very disorders that give way to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

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had a broken pain, and they could hear the water dripping, dripping, down the wall to the floor.

'What a dreadful birthday!'

Just then she heard a noise at the broken window, and raised herself on her elbow to listen. What could it be? Was it a tramp? Was it a burglar? Was it a bear?

Again came the noise. First, a scratching, then a scrambling, and then something small and white bounded into the room, and jumped up on Mudred, whining and licking her hands.

Mildred sprang up with a scream

'Oh' you darling, darling thing! Oh, you sweet, dear wee bit of a doggy! O Aunt Judith, did you ever, ever see such a cunning doggy?'

They carried him to the stove and examined him by the faint light of the dying coals.

'A very valuable silver Yorkshire,' said Aunt Judith.

'See his tiny black nose and his little pink tongue,' said Mildred, 'and just feel how soft and silky he is. And oh, do look at his lovely silver collar and his blue ribbon!'

'Perhaps we shall find his owner's

name upon the collar,' said Aunt Judith. 'Keep still, you mite, and let me see.'

'But the collar bore only the one word, "Timoleen."

Mildred was dancing with joy. 'O Timoleen, darling, you must have come to be my birthday present!' said she.

She fed him with bits of chicken and cake from their lunch-basket, and then cuddled down in the shawls again with him clasped tightly in her arms. 'What a perfectly beautiful birthday!' said she.

When the station-master returned in the morning he said that the Yorkshire

must have belonged to some one on the southbound train, and that probably inquiries would be made for him.

'But O, my darling Timoleen! I could never, never let him go!' cried Mildred.

'Are you going to be round here long?'

'About a month,' said Aunt Judith. 'Well, then, missy, you had better take the little dog with you, and you can leave me your address in case any one inquires for him.'

But no message ever came from the Yorkshire's owner, and when Mildred went back to Boston little Timoleen went too.

ELECTRICITY IS LIFE



The Greatest Scientists in the world have declared Electricity to be the basis of nerve vitality. My success for the past twenty years has demonstrated the truth of the contention that strong people are full of Electricity and that weak people are lacking in Electricity.

I know where Electricity is used as I apply it pain or weakness cannot exist. Take this case of MR. G. PRATT, of Treherne, Man. Read his letter:

"Dear Sir,—I have worn your Belt as I should for over a month now and I feel as if life was worth living. I made a mistake at first and did not use it right, and was becoming disheartened, but I did what I should have done at first and read the directions over more carefully and then I got results. I now spring at everything and never quit until it is done. I now have no pains if I bend my back, and no racking headaches. People say, "Is that the young fellow that used to walk around like an old man? What has come over him?" If they ask me the question, I will tell them. My ambitions have risen sky-high; before, they were in the grave. I cannot thank you enough."

Doctors all over the world are now talking Electricity; and are using it in one form or another. This is the direct outcome of the recent announcement of the world's greatest scientists, and is a practical admission on the part of the physicians of the superiority of Electricity over drugs as a curative agent. Take this case of MR. P. DESLORS, Ralph Station, Sask., who writes me as follows:

"Dear Sir,—I am very thankful for the good your Belt has done for me. I can work now and feel that the restoration of my health is complete. All I can say is that your Belt cured me after the failure of doctors. If there are any men broken down like I was there is only one thing that can make them men again, and that is Dr. McLaughlin's Electric Belt. It has cured me and will do the same for you. If any one doubts you, let them write to me."

I have spent over twenty years of my life in study and practical experience in the treatment of diseases most susceptible to electricity, have brought forth all the virtues and exposed all the faults that have existed in the methods that have been used, and have given an experience which should qualify such a student, such an enthusiastic advocate of the modern methods of electro-medical treatment as I am to-day. I have developed a practical system of self-treatment which has produced great results. We will take this case of MR. G. HERMAN, Stoney Plain, Alta., who expresses himself in these words.

"Dear Sir, I wish to tell you what your Belt has done for me. When a lad of eighteen years, I was carrying a heavy bag of corn, and somehow or other I must have hurt myself. A pain came on soon after, like a cramp in the stomach, and was getting steadily worse until I found relief from your Belt. I tried doctors and patent medicines with no benefit. I then read in the papers of your Belts and their wonderful cures. After purchasing one of your Belts I found relief at once, and it has now completely taken the trouble away, and I can now lift anything without feeling that hated pain. My food digests better, and I can now enjoy pleasure, whereas before it was useless to be where it was. I am very well pleased with your Belt, and would not part with it at any cost. I would gladly recommend it to any sufferer, as I have proved it to be a cure for what medicines would not reach."

Too many physicians make a mistake in treating the condition and overlooking the cause. I first find the cause of the trouble, and remove it. If it is in the stomach, I restore the power there; if in the nerve system, I build up the nerve force; if in the kidneys, the blood, or the organs of generation, I find the cause and supply to the body the needed help, and after I have removed the cause Nature will cure the disease. MR. W. L. FLEMMINGTON, Lumsden, Sask., has this to say:

"Dear Sir,—It is some five years since I wrote you that your Belt had given me perfect satisfaction, and I am still as strong and hearty as any man could expect to be. It is certainly a God-send that such an appliance should be invented for the cure of the ailments of poor, wrecked humanity. I can now eat anything that is eatable and digest it well; no trouble worries me and my nerves are very strong. I have been singing the praises of your Electric Belt for eight years and will continue to do so. I cannot say too much for it has made my body a pleasure to own."

Another satisfied patient writes, MR. F. L. NEILY, Box 1293, Regina, Sask.:

"Dear Sir,—I am entirely satisfied that your Belt is all that it is represented to be, as the results in my case are entirely satisfactory. I am, I believe, entirely cured; and further, would say that not long ago I had La Grippe, which settled in my kidneys. I could get no relief from drugs and could not sleep, so I put my Belt on as an experiment, and at last immediately got relief. The pain left my kidneys and I experienced no trouble in going to sleep. I continued to wear the Belt for a week, and have not had the return of the acute pains. Further, my heart has ceased to palpitate (as before) and is more normal now than at any time since I had the Typhoid Fever nine years ago."

MR. WILLIAM PULVER, 437 William Avenue, Winnipeg, Man., says:

"Dear Sir,—Your Belt was received five weeks ago to-night. I am feeling better than I have for a long time. I did not know I was sick, but thought hard work and my years were telling on me. I was tired all the time—worse in the morning than at night. I can now do a day's hard work and feel all right. You certainly have my thanks, and if I can recommend it to anyone needing it, I will do so."

If you wish further evidence, tell me where you live, and I will give you the name of a man in your own town I have cured. When your neighbors tells you that Dr. McLaughlin's Electric Belt cured him, will you then believe there is some help for you?

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To those who still doubt there is any cure because they have been misled by false representations and want evidence of cure in their own cases before paying, I say, disregard my testimonials, if you will but be convinced by what I can do in your case before you pay. I am willing to take all the chances of curing any case of Rheumatism, Lumbago, Lame Back, Sciatica, Varicocele, Nervous Debility, Constipation, Lost Energy, resulting from exposure and excesses in middle-aged men. Give me reasonable security, and you can

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Sunday Reading.

The Tour of a Smile.

My Papa smiled this morning when
He came downstairs, you see,
At Mamma; and when he smiled then
She turned and smiled at me:
And when she smiled at me I went
And smiled at Mary Ann
Out in the kitchen, and she lent
It to the hired man.

So then he smiled at some one who
He saw when going by,
Who also smiled and ere he knew
Had twinkles in his eye;
So he went to his office then
And smiled right at his clerk,
Who put some more ink on his pen
And smiled back from his work.

So when his clerk went home he smiled
Right at his wife, and she
Smiled over at their little child
As happy as could be;
And then their little child, she took
The smile to school, and when
She smiled at teacher from her book
Teacher smiled back again.

And then the teacher passed on one
To little James McBride.
Who couldn't get his lessons done
No matter how he tried:
And Jamesy took it home and told
How teacher smiled at him
When he was tired, and didn't scold,
But said: "Don't worry, Jim!"

And when I happened to be there
That very night to play
His mother had a smile to spare
Which came across my way;
And then I took it after while
Back home, and Mamma said:
"Here is that very selfsame smile
Come back with us to bed!"

What My Faith Means to Me.

By Jacob A. Riis.

My faith—what does it mean to me? But yesterday I stood by an open grave and asked myself the question. For that is the test. If it break down there, or lose itself in doubts and fear, all the rest may be fond imaginings, a vain hope. Is my friend gone from me forever? Have I seen his good face, heard the voice I loved for the last time? No, it is impossible. My friend is not dead. "That which thou sowest is not quickened except it die." The bird knew it that sang in the cedars; all nature, gone to sleep for its long winter's rest, bore witness with brave buds of spring to come. Because of the love he bore his fellows, the things he did in the body, the wrongs he righted, will never cease to bless mankind. Shall that love itself perish? Shall it cease to be, become an impersonal force? He did not so believe; neither do I believe it, any more than I can imagine my God to be impersonal and therefore unapproachable. First and last, then, my faith sums itself up in the promise: "I am the resurrection and the life, he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live."

Having said what I believe God is not, I shall have to tell you what He is—to me. I have no intention of arguing the matter; it would be hopeless. "What are you doing?" asked the teacher of a boy who was busy making a picture on his slate. "I am making a picture of God," said he. "Oh, you mustn't do that. No one knows how God looks." "Well," was the calm answer, "they will when I get this done." No such notion is in my head when I say in whom it is I put my trust. I am simply telling how I see Him, else I shall only have half answered your question. To me, then, God is a personality, most certainly that. One whom—because I, being human, can think and speak only in human terms—I reverently conceive as a man of infinite majesty and compassion, all powerful, all knowing, loving all His children with the yearning love of a father that pities their follies, forgives their faithlessness, their ingratitude, their cruelty, if they will but turn to Him again; who never

abandons any one of them, who knows all our weaknesses and our temptations and understands; who is just beyond our comprehending; who "knows all and, therefore, can forgive all"; whose laws are never broken with impunity, but whose utmost severity is mercy, not vengeance. Who speaks to us not only in His words, but in every kind, just and loving thought our hearts prompt, in the stars of the night, in the summer wind and in the solitude of the deep forests, in all the works of His hands: to whom I can speak as a child to its earthly father, and with whom those I loved and lost awhile do now abide; whom I shall see face to face when I find them again, and in whose service I shall continue then—how I do not know. I am content to leave that to Him and to bide His time.

Once when a great sorrow had come



Where ferns unfurl their curly fronds.

into my life and held it chained to the grave, I cried out against its silence: "If there be any who can make the dead speak, let me go to them." But a wise friend dissuaded me. "I do not know if there be any such," he said. "The messages those who claim that power bring have not seemed to me to speak of the better world. But this I know, that if I were able to go to that window and speak with my father and mother whom I loved, I would not do so. Because, if I did, I should want to do nothing else. Earth and its concerns would cease to hold me. But God put me here to do His will until He calls me." And in a dream she came to me for whom my heart yearned, and looked upon me, and her look was peace.

Now that I have set it down how I see the God I worship, I discover that it is Jesus I have drawn. I cannot, in fact, separate them. Two, yet to me they are one. And did not Jesus Himself say that who had seen Him had seen the Father?

What, now, does my faith mean to me? Hope first: hope unquenchable for His children. However they have strayed, however stricken in mind and body

and soul by ignorance, poverty, and the slum, or by the curse of grasping greed and selfishness, His children they are still, His image is in them. Hard though be the crust that cover it, the gentlest touch may break it. My little girl stands by the window and watches the sunset glow in the western sky, and when the last golden shaft has pierced the clouds she turns with a little sigh: "God can paint good, mamma." She brings me armfuls of daisies to take "to the poor," and in the city's streets the little ones leave their fights and their play and cry wildly for the "posies." And out of the child's pity there grows a great work that will carry hope and cheer to thousands long after earth's last sunset has been painted for her. The child's sigh and the hunger of those other little ones for the innocent flower were both instinctive worship that bore witness to the image of their Maker, and the miracle they wrought was His answer. Do I not see it day by day in places where our little faith did not seek it? Susie Rocco

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work done by human hands—somewhere I have read it: "God employs no hired men; His work is done by His sons"—why, it is my business to do what I can. Where my efforts fail He will find other and stronger hands. He has material enough to choose from. "The earth is His and the fulness thereof." As for me, I am glad and proud to have Him use me where He can, while I can. There was once in our church an old deacon who had done his full share in a hard field. Sometimes in prayer meeting he grew reminiscent and talked with the Lord about it, and then his trembling voice rose as he turned to us youngsters and cried: "Then me and God we took hold and things came out right." We laughed a little at his way of putting it, but I thought then, and I think now that the good old man said it the way we all need to have it said. There is entirely too much of this "leaving things to the Lord." Do your share and THEN leave the rest to Him. He will take care of it. What if you cannot see the end of it? Do the next thing and do it with your might. I was once a carpenter, and I framed many a piece of timber I did not know the use or place of. I could not tell where it fitted in. But there was one who could, who knew the plans because he had drawn them. And this much I knew, that if I did my little part faithfully and my neighbor his, it would all come out right in the end. When the house was built, there they were, all the little beams with the big, and each fitted in its own place and none of them was wasted. Life is not aimless, haphazard. God knows it all.

So I must needs be about His work among His children while I am here and, if I stumble, get on my feet and go on again. Out on Long Island, where I live, we had, before our village became part of the Greater New York, very bad sidewalks in winter. The neighbors got together and bought planks to keep our feet out of the mud. But our houses were scattered and it took a good many planks; so we had to content ourselves with a narrow strip or two, laid side by side from door to door. It was not much, and at night I used to step off into the mud; for man is naturally prone to depart from the straight line in walking, as well as in other things. The nearest lamp to my house was a long way off, but I found out that its light fell upon the plank all the way, more especially when it was wet and most slippery, and if I but kept looking ahead and ceased troubling about my feet I could walk straight enough. I have always remembered it. If we but keep in mind that God is at the farther end of the line, however long and however dark it is, we shall walk safely anywhere.

All of which does not mean to me that we shall for that reason forget to walk circumspectly. God gave us eyes and heads to use. And things are not necessarily easy because you trust. I cannot let my brother perish in his slum, but the slum is not an enemy easily routed. Its parents are ignorance and selfishness and greed, the devil's three handiest imps. Hard blows they will give you, and sometimes they are foul blows, struck by those from whom you expected help. But that is the fate of war, and certainly, New York in the last twenty-five years has shown that it was worth while. Even if it had not been, could anyone who calls himself a Christian and means it, run from the fight and give it up, when he has sat through Passion Week and heard the story of what the Saviour suffered? If he can, I do not envy him. I should not want him for my partner in any business I might have on hand.

So, as I said, I must walk beside my brother, giving him a lift over the hard places. If he is weak and sinful and ignorant, I have no trouble in remembering how much weaker, more sinful, and more ignorant am I before the Master I would serve. For he does not know, and for setting the traps for his feet that caught them we, the rest of us who do know—I with the rest—are responsible before God. Poverty is not a crime; it may be a blessing. But slum-ridden poverty is not a blessing, it is a curse and a crime, and the crime is ours who let it be. It is as much the Christian's duty as the citizen's to fight

it with better homes, better schools, playgrounds for the children, where manhood and womanhood can grow unchallenged by the gutter. And as for the man who can sit in his church and turn a deaf ear to the cry of the children slaving in workshop and tenement when they ought to be out at play, he is neither the one nor the other. He is not a Christian, for his soul knows no mercy. And he is a traitor to his country; for more precious than the wealth of its forests and mountains and fields is the citizenship which child labor depraves. The boy and the girl—they are its wealth, they are the Republic itself in the day that is to come.

If my brother be ungrateful, am I so perfect? There were twelve boys in my father's house, and, as I remember it, we were always fighting and carrying on, yet we were fond of one another. And so does this brother learn to love you once he finds that you are really his friend, that you have not come down to patronize him. Don't come down; go over to your neighbor on the level of friendship, or stay where you are.

Perhaps he is not of my own faith. That is a deep cause of distrust on both sides. But what of that? Are they not all God's children? Does He not understand every tongue, and should He not hear them by whatever name they call Him? I am a Christian, but when my Lord came upon earth as a man He came as a Jew, and He chose a Jewess for His mother. I was brought up a Protestant and all my inherited instincts are opposed to Romanism; but if I am to choose between the materialism that had transformed the medieval cloister of the Holy Ghost in a German town I visited a year ago into the beer garden of the Holy Ghost, and the simple faith of the country folk who turned aside from their daily labors to hang wreaths on the wayside crosses to the Virgin and the saints, I shall take the latter quickly. He has said it himself, that He has other sheep that are not of this fold, and at eventide he will lead them all home from their different pastures, and there shall be one fold, one shepherd.

A Bit of Predestination.

Parson A—, in the good old times when ministers used to ride long distances on their horses to fill their appointments, met midway between his home and where he was going, Parson B—, with whom he was going to exchange pulpits that day.

Now Parson B— was a predestinarian, while Parson A— was most decidedly of another opinion. They were always chaffing each other on the subject.

"Well, here is another proof of my doctrine, Brother A—," he shouted, cheerily, as they met. "It was predestined ages ago that I should preach for you and you for me, on this beautiful Sabbath morning."

"Was it, indeed?" asked Parson A—.

"Certainly, brother!"

"Then prove it!" replied the other turning his horse around, and riding back to his own church.

Church Nuggets.

A man should take God into his intellectual life. To pray well is to study well.

If there is one lesson more clear than another, it is that God means for humanity a life of growth.

If there was more righteous family government, there would be less need of city government. Good fathers would save the cost of city fathers.

The church of God exists that it may be doing good in the world, and Christians should always bear in mind the mission of the church.

While high thinking does not always prevent low living, it is also true that there can be no high and holy living without high and holy thinking.

Since Christ has ascended into the spiritual life, there is no such thing as death: it is simply transition. He lives, and all who believe in Him live,

H.P.

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Be Patient.

They are such dear familiar feet that go
Along the path with ours—feet fast or
slow,
But trying to keep pace; if they mistake
Or tread upon some flower that we
would take
Upon our breast, or bruise some reed,
Or crush poor Hope until it bleed.
We must be mute;
Not turning quickly to impute
Grave fault: for they and we
Have such a little way to go, can't be
Together such a little while upon the
way—
We must be patient while we may.

So many little faults we find.
We see them, for not blind
Is love. We see them, but if you and I
Perhaps remember them, some by and
by,
They will not be
Faults then, grave faults, to you and me
But just odd ways, mistakes or even
less—
Remembrances to bless.
Days change so many things, yes hours;

worthy young man whom she loved
with all the tenderness of her ardent
nature. All preparations for the wed-
ding were made, the day arrived, and
the hour when the bridegroom was ex-
pected to appear, when a messenger
came to the door with the appalling in-
telligence that he had just lost his life
by drowning. Her life was broken and
crushed. All the light of her earthly
hope was quenched. She bore her grief
with Christian fortitude, and conse-
crated her life to the service of God in
works of grace and charity.

Out of the depths of a wounded spirit,
crushed by sorrow but comforted by
grace, she wrote this beautiful and ten-
der hymn:

"Father, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at Thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise:

"Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to Thee.



The "Auld Hermit." Swan Valley North.

We see so differently in sun and
showers!
Mistaken words tonight
May be so cherished by tomorrow's
light—

We shall be patient, for we know
There's such a little way to go.

—George Kingle.

The Christian has his afflictions of
body and griefs of soul as well as others,
but he does not sorrow even as others
who have no hope. Out of the depths
he cries to God, and He delivers him.
His cry is not merely a cry of distress,
but rather a cry of joy. The Christian
has joy in sorrow. The waters are
never deep enough to overwhelm him.
In the darkest hour he can sing. Songs
which are born in broken hearts and
rise from the abyss of darkness are the
sweetest songs.

Miss Anna Steele, the gifted author
of some of our best hymns, was a great
sufferer. In childhood she met with an
accident which rendered her a lifelong in-
valid. To add to her disappointments,
she was engaged to be married to a

"Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end."

Can anyone except a Christian sing
like that in time of sorrow? Can athe-
ism, can paganism, can skeptical philos-
ophy, can science, can worldly pleasure
or worldly honor inspire such music in
the depths? We may find polished lit-
erature, elegant poetry, classic music in
other fields, but no God, no hope, no sal-
vation, to inspire the song and tune the
lyre.

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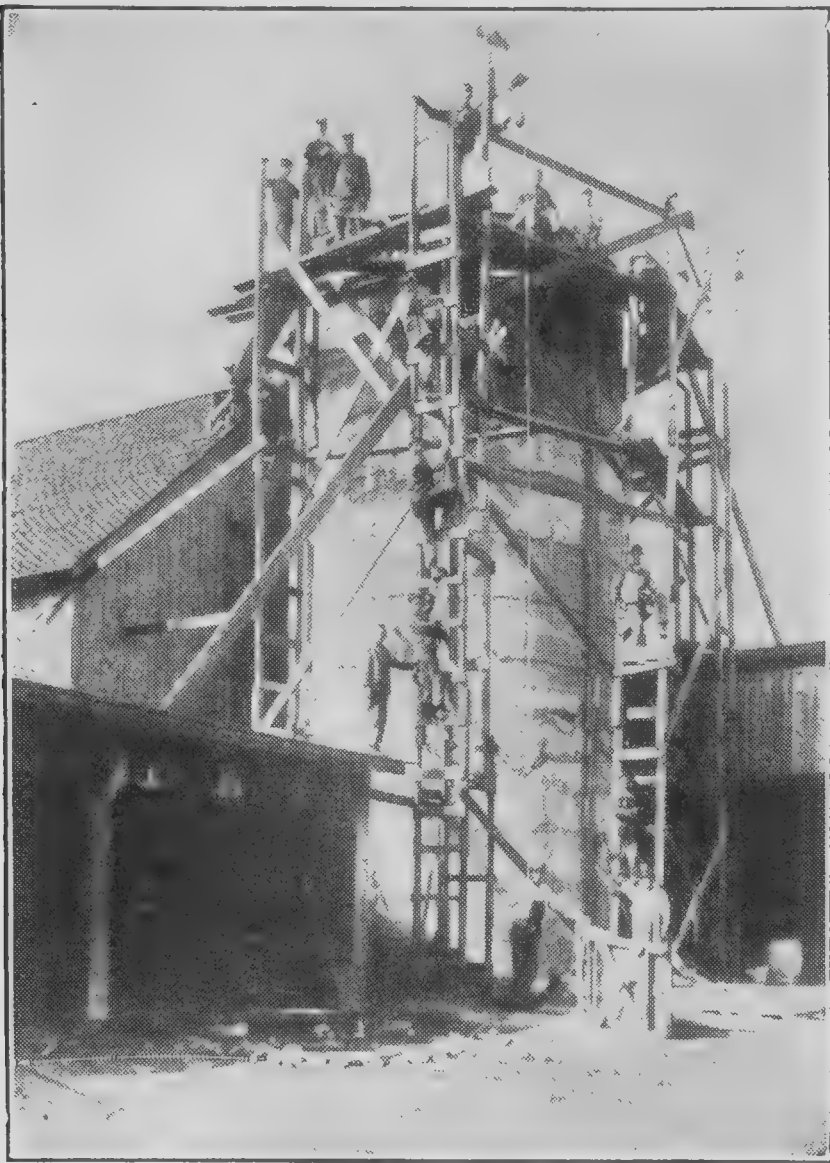
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An Actual Occurrence that Proved the Superiority of Concrete.

One of the principal arguments in favor of concrete is its fire-resisting qualities, as was illustrated recently at the Boys' Farm and Training School, Shawbridge, Quebec. This institution had just completed a circular concrete silo, when a fire wiped out all of their farm buildings with the exception of the concrete silo.

Photographs are reproduced herewith, showing the silo just before it was completed, and also showing it after the fire. Careful examination reveals the fact that this silo is today as good as

when built. There were found in some places slight fire cracks, but these were only on the surface. In a few places the heat has peeled off the surface concrete to a depth of from one-fourth to one-half inch, but in no place has the damage extended beyond that. Experts aver that the strength of the concrete has not been in the least impaired, nor has it become in the slightest degree more porous. One expert gives it as his opinion that a plastering coat would make it a perfect silo in every respect.

Spectators who witnessed the fire, say that the concrete walls were heated to such a degree that after the fire was extinguished the silo stood aglow against the dense background of the night, and

that it was visible for miles around the country.

As may be seen, by reference to the photographs, the silo stands within a few feet of what were very large buildings. These buildings furnished an abundance of excellent fuel, and, in addition to these, the scaffolding that had been in use during the building of the silo was still in position at the time of the fire, which brought the flames closer to the silo than would ordinarily be the case.



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This whole incident demonstrates, in a manner seldom equalled, the value of concrete as a fire-resisting medium.

A corroboration of these facts may be obtained from Mr. G. W. O. Matthews, Superintendent of the Boys' Farm and Training School, at Shawbridge.

An Easy One.

In a West Riding school, an inspector was examining the boys on the size and shape of the earth. He wanted to find out whether the lads really understood that our planet was round. So he asked: "Supposing, boys, that I bored a hole right through the middle of the earth, where should I come out?"

And one boy, thinking it was an easy one, promptly replied: "Out at the other side!"

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About the Farm.

Talking in Their Sleep.

"You think I am dead,"
The apple tree said,
"Because I have never a leaf to show—
Because I stoop,
And my branches droop,
And the dull gray mosses over me grow.
But I'm all alive in trunk and shoot;
The buds of next May
I fold away—
But I pity the withered grass at my root."

"You think I am dead,"
The quick grass said,
"Because I have parted with stem and blade?
But under the ground
I am safe and sound;
With the snow's thick blanket over me laid.
I'm all alive, and ready to shoot,
Should the spring of the year
Come dancing here—
But I pity the flower without branch or root."

"You think I am dead,"
A soft voice said,
"Because not a branch or root I own.
I never have died,
But close I hide
In a plummy seed that the wind has sown.
Patient I wait through the long winter hours:
You will see me again
I shall laugh at you then,
Out of the eyes of a hundred flowers."
Edith M. Thomas.

The Dairy Cow.

The American farmer has ever had before him the prospect of a vast area of fertile virgin soil awaiting his hand. The problem for him to solve, as he has interpreted it, was how to subject and till the most acres with the least work. He accepted the cow for an assistant, partly for herself, but mainly as the necessary parent of her denatured son, the Great American Steer. These could render valuable service in subduing the prairie sod, in browsing the sprouts and killing the stumps on the cut-over forest land, and in consuming the cornstalks, straw and other littering waste of the farm, which would otherwise be a nuisance requiring the expenditure of valuable human labor to remove. If the hardships of the task and the rigors of winter proved too severe, and the cattle succumbed, their hides and bones had a market value; but if, with more favorable fortune, the fall of the year found him with a surplus of fat stock, he could market them for a goodly sum with which to buy more land and continue the work of subduing nature.

But in this programme there was no place for the dairy cow. She would be a positive hindrance rather than a help. A man working fourteen hours a day in an effort to make every acre under his control realize it was being farmed, could not put in the other ten milking and caring for a lot of cows. Neither could a cow devote her time to dairy work and consuming feed with a market value, undermining her constitution with indoor work in the winter, and at the same time do her full duty as a mother of steers, and assist in the work of renovating the farm. If, by some freak of nature, she exhibited an unusual tendency to give milk, it was rather to her discredit, and certainly to her discomfort, bringing its own punishment in an inflamed and congested udder, which her offspring could not relieve, though he hammered it with all his might, indifferent to her torture. Thus the cow that no more than supplied the needs of her calf, that was the best rustler and brought the most money when she was dead, became the preferred type, and environment and heredity tended to fix it.

The human mind clings with strange tenacity to the established. A false idea, left unchallenged for long, becomes

accepted truth, and positive proof of the error, demonstrated times without number, will fail to dislodge it. Aristotle, the Greek philosopher, taught the speed of falling bodies is in exact proportion to their weight; a proposition which the dullest urchin in his school at Athens could have proven false. Galileo, two thousand years later, patiently demonstrated the error to the learned professors of the University of Pisa, by simultaneously dropping two iron balls of different weight from the top of the leaning tower. The wise ones saw them start together, fall side by side and strike the ground together; but they shook their heads at the mystery, and quoted Aristotle to prove that what they had just witnessed could not be true.

To my mind these are the reasons why the farmers are so slow to comprehend the dairy cow; to recognize wherein she differs to his advantage from the scrub cow, the beef cow, or that delusive combination of the last two, the dual purpose cow; to realize her value, her capabilities, her characteristics, her needs, her proper treatment, or the many other things pertaining to her profitable keep. For generations he has acquired his ideas of a cow from an entirely different standpoint, and it will take generations to come, and many, many patient demonstrations before the old notions will die out and be replaced with ideas more in keeping with changed and changing conditions, for the problem of the American farm has surely changed. It is now a question of how to restore and maintain its fertility, preserve and increase its value as a permanent investment, and make it yield the most profit possible from each acre. As an assistant in this work the dairy cow is eminently qualified, when in the hands of one who can understand her; but here is where the serious phase of the question comes in. Very many farmers are beginning to see the necessity for changed methods, and are looking thoughtfully toward the cow; but their vision is so clogged with the dust and cobwebs of their old, ingrown prejudices and false notions of a cow, that what they see would hardly be recognized by a dairyman as a friend.

The city man, with no previous knowledge of farm life, stands a better chance of making a successful dairyman than the average middle-aged farmer, anchored to old-time notions and customs, and without dairy experience. The former, realizing he has all to learn, will, if he has a scrap of intelligence, go to reliable sources for his instruction, and study his problem; but the latter, assuming in his conceit that he already knows enough and more than they can tell him, will spurn with contempt the advice of "editors," "professors," and "book-farmers," and either stubbornly worry along, blind to the fact that his cows are beating their board bill, or, suspecting the truth, and blaming the whole cow tribe and everybody but himself, turn the calves again with the cows and declare that "dairyin' don't pay" because he has tried it, and knows.

This farmer will have his cows come fresh with the grass in spring, because that is the time-honored way. His best cow is the one that makes the most foam overflow the rim of the "bucket" when fresh. He never weighs her milk. "Too much bother, but she gives a runnin' over bucketful at a milkin'." This same farmer, who was so quick to recognize the value of the self-binder and adopted it in its infancy with ready comprehension of its somewhat intricate interior, looks on the Babcock tester as a whirling fuming mystery, designed to be used in some occult manner by a creameryman to defraud him of a portion of his due; but as a measure of a cow's value, its use is much less comprehensible than the influence of the moon or the signs of the zodiac on the successful weaning of a calf. If, in a vague groping after knowledge, he brings you a sample of his cream, and you test it for him with a result of, say, 35 per cent, he will inquire, with a sudden show of interest, if you consider that a pretty

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good test? And when you stammer out an evasive reply (for what can you say to such a question?) he becomes the more convinced that the whole thing is a fraud. The silo is a foolish fad, and silage unfit for anything to eat. He doesn't like the smell of it, and if the cow does, that only proves the cow's poor judgment. 'Plenty of good, well-matured Timothy hay and ear corn is good enough for any cow, though there ain't any money in feeding such good grain worth cash on the market, to cows.'

Is this picture overdrawn? No. It is an outline, to which many more details might be added, typical of an altogether too large 'class. If it represented the whole farming class, it would indeed be a gloomy picture; but there are very many exceptions, which are growing more numerous all the time; and to these exceptions let those earnest souls who are giving of their best for the uplift of the farmer and his noble ally, the dairy cow, lift up their eyes, as unto the hills, from whence cometh their help. These exceptions, the farmers who have connected their wires to the main line and are using the energizing current for their own progress, are charging the atmosphere about them; and one by one those skeptical ones, who do not believe in modern methods, will yet become electrified by induction in spite of themselves, if such power-houses as Hoard's Dairyman are kept running with their dynamos cool and well oiled and the lines in good order. Wm. B. Goodrich.

Ease for the Wife.

A farmer once told me how he happened to become interested in labor-saving implements.

"I was pretty mad at you women who held the Woman's Institute here last year," he said. "Some of you talked about different machines to help in the work of the house, what they cost, and all that, and you succeeded in getting my wife to thinking that she must have them. She hinted a good deal, but I pretended never to notice. One day when I came in to dinner she had a mighty good meal for me—all the things I liked best. After we had finished eating she said, 'John, how much did that new machine of yours cost?'"

"And I, not suspecting, said, 'Seventy-five dollars, and I wouldn't take \$100 for it. It saves the work of two men.'

"How much do you use it during the year?" she asked me, kind of pensive-like, as though she hardly noticed what she was saying, and I, like a goose, never saw her point.

"Well," said I, 'harvesting lasts about four or five weeks, and I'll use it more or less during harvesting.'

"Do you think we can afford it, John?" she inquired next.

"Afford it," said I, a little nettled. "Why, it's economy, Mirandy, economy. You women never can see how saving time is saving money. That machine saves time and labor, consequently it's saving money."

"Yes," murmured 'Mirandy, softly, 'I'm beginning to see—several things.'

"That made me a little uneasy, but Mirandy was looking off out of the window, and sort of smiling; so I didn't worry.

Mirandy Begins to Economize.

"That afternoon when I came in from work, Mirandy pointed to the rocking-chair and said: 'Sit down, John; I want to talk to you. You said this noon that saving time is saving money. Now, I've been looking through the house and I'm ashamed to see how I have wasted time, and consequently money, by not having labor-saving devices; and I'm going to begin to economize right now! Here is a list of things I am going to buy to economize with,' and she handed me a paper.

"Well, you could have knocked me over with a feather. On that paper was written:

Washing machine with wringer..\$15.00
Sewing machine 18.00
Alcohol flatiron 5.00
Vacuum cleaner 5.00
Carpet sweeper 2.50
Fireless cooker 15.00

Bread mixer 1.50
Small articles 5.00

Total\$67.00

"As I read it I began to get riled. 'Where did you find out about all this nonsense?' said I.

"At the Woman's Institute,' she answered, calmly. 'The speaker from Cornell university told us of many of these things, and the domestic science lecturer told of some, and different women told of different implements they have and what they cost.'

Stirring Up Insurrection.

"Those women ought to be suppressed," said I, 'running round the country stirring up insurrection in the family, and—

"Nonsense," interrupted Mirandy, tossing her head, 'I'm your wife, not your servant. You married me, you didn't hire me. If you had hired me, I'd have had money saved up by this time to buy half your old farm. Now, the point is just here, John; I must have the tools to do the work with, or you must hire someone else to do the work. My conscience will not let me waste money any longer. This is according to your own doctrine, too.' And Mirandy settled herself in her chair, with a look in her eyes that doesn't come there often, but when it does—well, that is not a good time to argue with her.

"I thought it was about time to go out and feed the cows, so I banged out of the house, and on my way to the barn I could hear Mirandy singing.

"What's sauce for the goose, the goosey, goosey goose,
Is sauce for the gander, too."

"But I kept on thinking. After all, was she unreasonable? All the contraptions she wanted didn't cost as much as my one machine, and she used them all the year round, while I used mine only a short time. And I want to tell you right now, the longer I thought about it, the smaller I got in my own estimation and the meaner and more selfish I appeared. Why, Mirandy had done the cooking and washing and ironing, she had nursed me when I was sick, and kept up my courage when I was blue. She had been a good wife, and Mirandy was breaking down. There were more wrinkles in Mirandy's face than ought to be there. There was a tired droop to her mouth and a weary look around her eyes—shadows that had crept there without my noticing them before; and the longer I thought about it the worse I seemed, until I felt ashamed to look a skunk in the face.

"Mirandy, the woman I loved, the girl I married, promising to shield and protect her, and here I was grudging giving her the money she wanted to buy tools with which to work for me? It was half hers, anyway, for marriage is a partnership that extends to the pocket-book—I'd always said that; she never dictated how I was to spend my share. Who was I, to presume to dictate to her?

"Well, the upshot of the matter was that we drove into town and Mirandy bought the whole business, and some

extras, and the whole of it only came to about \$70. And I tell you, it's wonderful how much more time Mirandy gets and how much easier the work is done.

"I don't know but I'm getting the benefit as much as she is, for now when I want her to go anywhere she just puts the dinner in the fireless cooker, puts on her bonnet and off we go. We've joined the Grange. We've always wanted to, but Mirandy was always too tired to go; but now we both go, and I tell you we're getting real frisky and enjoying ourselves more than we have for years," and he grinned delightedly. "So I want to say to you women, keep it up—stir up the women to realize their needs and whack away at 'em till they can see that working tools are needed inside the house as well as outside."

This was the voice of only one farmer. All over the country similar statements are made to the workers for the Woman's institute. The farmers' wives are awakening; but, better still, the farmers themselves are aroused to the great things that are being accomplished for them.

Good Word for the Crow.

A great story comes from Nebraska of crows robbing nests and even dropping pebbles, in their flight, on to hens to frighten them from the nest and expose the eggs. This does not agree with the official report of government ex-

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You know what it would mean to us were Psychine a preparation without a definite, beneficial action.

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And we would go out of business. But we're not going out of business, and our confidence that we're not is based upon our third of a century's experience with Psychine.

Ten years after Confederation we commenced compounding Psychine.

Since that time, we have sold many millions of bottles.

We have cured many hundreds of thousands of virulent and oftentimes fatal cases of diseases.

We have in our files many hundreds of thousands of unsolicited testimonials.

And we have grown from a small beginning to be one of the largest proprietary manufacturers in this country.

Here then is proof that we have in Psychine a preparation with abundant and demonstrated effectiveness, more so than any other preparation we, or anyone else, ever heard of.

Here then is the reason of our unalterable confidence in Psychine, that it is in fact the greatest preparation of its kind in the world.

Here then is why we have inaugurated a policy of actually buying hundreds of thousands of bottles of Psychine to give to those who should use.

To those who are blindly groping in the dark for relief from their misery, who may perhaps be using wrong methods to recover their health and their strength.

* * *

LAGRIPPE.

The greatest and most effective agents for the bodily health are the white corpuscles, phagocytes.

These white corpuscles eat any germ of disease that gains an entrance to the body, when they're in large enough numbers and sufficiently strong.

When they're not sufficiently strong, the disease germs devour them and disease holds the body.

* * *

For centuries almost, herbs, nature's own remedies, have been the most efficient foe to disease.

We have not known very definitely just how.

But now science tells us that certain of these herbs increase the number of the white corpuscles and their strength.

These certain herbs are incorporated in Psychine.

We go to the ends of the earth for these herbs—to Arabia, to South America, to China and to Japan.

They are compounded in the most costly chemical appliances in this country.

And the result is Psychine—for a third of a century the most effective vitality-builder the world has known.

The one preparation that has cured many thousands of the following diseases:

La Grippe	Bronchial Coughs
Bronchitis	Weak Lungs
Hemorrhages	Weak Voice
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Anaemia	Early Decline
Female Weakness	Catarrhal Affections
Indigestion	Catarrh of Stomach
Poor Appetite	Night Sweats
Chills and Fevers	Obstinate Coughs
Sleeplessness and	Laryngitis and
Nervous Troubles	Dyspepsia
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La Grippe	

Now we don't ask you to take our word for the tremendously beneficial effect of Psychine. Fill out the coupon below, mail it to us and we'll give your druggist an order (for which we pay him the regular retail price) for a 50-cent bottle of Psychine to be given you free of cost.

We will undoubtedly buy and distribute in this manner hundreds of thousands of these 50-cent bottles of Psychine.

And we do that to show our entire confidence in this wonderful preparation.

A confidence that has been based on our 30 years' experience with this splendid preparation, with a full knowledge of the hundreds of thousands of cures it has made.

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I accept your offer to try a 50c. bottle of Psychine (pronounced Si-keen) at your expense. I have not had a 50c. bottle of Psychine under this plan. Kindly advise my druggist to deliver this bottle to me.

My Name.....

Town

Street and Number.....

My Druggist's Name.....

Street and Number.....

This coupon is not good for a 50c. bottle of Psychine if presented to the druggist—it must be sent us—we will then buy the 50c. bottle of Psychine from your druggist and direct him to deliver it to you. This offer may be withdrawn at any time without notice. Send coupon to-day.

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In the fall of 1908, at Lexington, Ky., I bought the finest saddle and carriage horse that it was ever my pleasure to own. During the winter he threw out as large a thoroughpin as I ever saw. I had heard of your remedy and bought one bottle, with the result that the lump on both sides of the hock is entirely gone and has been a matter of comment on the part of everyone that has seen it. The hock is today absolutely clean and there is no indication of thoroughpin, and I shall be glad to show this horse to show that there is no trace of the trouble. Very truly,
W. P. MURRAY.

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perts on the habits of the crow as follows:

"The crow is a much abused bird, and it is time someone said a good word for his old black coat," remarked Dr. C. Hart Merriam, chief of the biological survey.

"Instead of being an enemy of the farmer, as is generally believed," continued Dr. Merriam, "the crow is one of his best friends and the protector of his crops. True, during corn planting time, the crow's bill is turned against the farmer—during one month, and that month only, he is his enemy. But during the other eleven months the crow is really working overtime for him. It eats thousands upon thousands of destructive insects and bugs every week, and when it comes to feeding its young, gives them a diet composed almost entirely of worms and insects that prey upon the crops.

"Therefore, it makes me righteously indignant every time I see anyone try to kill a crow. These trials, however, are not very often crowned with success, for the crow has become one of the wisest of wild creatures, the result of hundreds of years of persecution and misunderstanding. The value of many of our birds is unfortunately unknown to the farmers whom they are striving so hard to protect. The oriole, for instance, is the only bird that will eat the fuzzy caterpillars which are so destructive to many varieties of trees. Were it not for the woodpeckers there would be no forests, for they go after and keep down the enormous numbers of worms that attack the trees."

Does Education Pay?

It has come to our attention that within the last year a young man who took the creamery course at the Pennsylvania dairy school, and who was employed at a salary of \$60 per month asked for a small raise in wages. His employer short-sightedly refused, and the young man accepted another position. A new man was hired at a salary of \$50 per month, thus saving the creamery \$10. During the month the new man handled 49,000 pounds of butter fat, but the over-run fell from 19 to 13 per cent. Alarmed at this decrease, the proprietor asked the former butter maker to return and help him restore the over-run. He came back for a month and put the over-run up where it had been before, thus demonstrating that it was his skill which secured the higher over-run.

Six per cent. over-run lost on 49,000 pounds of butter fat, would amount to at least 3,469 pounds of butter. Allowing that this butter sold for 25c. a pound, which, as a matter of fact, was below the market price for that month, the loss to that creamery in one month was over \$869, but they saved \$10 by putting in the cheap butter maker, and lost \$869 in butter.

This instance carries two lessons, one for the creamery management which refuses to pay a fair salary to the man who earns it by demonstrating that he can deliver the goods.

The butter maker is worth to himself all that he can get; he is worth to the creamery in proportion to the money he can make for them.

The butter maker must first equip himself to do the work in such a way as to be worth to the creamery what he asks, as did this young man.

This year this young man will receive at least a half more salary than he did before he and his former employer realized his efficiency.

An interesting contrast to this story is that of a co-operative creamery in our state employing another student of the dairy school. When he asked for a little raise the manager refused, and proposed to secure a cheaper man. The patrons heard about it, demanded that the directors take action and the result was a new manager. The butter maker got his increase. At the same time that this information came to my attention, it was said that this butter maker had done more for the general agricultural advancement in the community tributary to his creamery than any one man who had ever been in the community.—H. E. Van Norman, Professor of Dairy Husbandry.

Weeds and Soil Fertility.

Some of our common weeds contain a large amount of plant food. Common purslane and pigweed are richer in nitrogen than clover. Thus such weeds not only interfere with the growth of farm crops, but also rob the soil. For instance, when weeds are grown and cut with a grain crop they often take more nitrogen out of the soil than the grain does. Some farmers think they are safe in growing a crop of weeds, cutting them and burning. As the burning drives off all the nitrogen we can see what a wasteful practice this is. For some years we have used weeds for mulching around young trees, and the results have been surprising. We have long believed that our common ragweed is a potash plant, capable of obtaining large quantities of that element from the soil. When plowed under before the seed head is formed this weed makes an excellent green manure. A few sheep to eat up the weeds in fence corners and odd places will prove more useful than many a hired man.—Exchange.

Killing the Canadian Thistle.

There are several ways of fighting the Canadian thistle in the Maritime Provinces. Since it spreads rapidly from the root, merely keeping the plants from going to seed does not eradicate the thistle. Where a field or pasture is infected with only a few plants, the best and surest way is to entirely remove the plant, roots and all. The only known method of getting rid of this thistle where any considerable acres are thickly overgrown with it, is to strangle or choke it out of existence. Keep the leaves or shoots from getting any air, without which no plant can live.

Where the areas are not too large, a simple and inexpensive method is to cover with tar paper. This should cover the entire area so that no plants will survive. Lap the strips of paper and weigh down with dirt or rocks, though dirt is much more handy and serves the purpose just as well. In two months or even less the patch of thistles will be no more.

If there are numerous patches of this pest in a field, plant to roots and give thorough and frequent surface cultivation. Use a cultivator with cutting blades rather than the ordinary shovels; for there is less danger of uprooting and dragging the plants along only to start another patch. Where a plant can not get a good growth of foliage the root must necessarily die. Continue to cultivate after roots have been harvested, if there are any thistles left. Do everything possible to eradicate this weed or it will cause much trouble.

Flax Growing.

It is well known to most persons interested in flax that the crop has never been a permanent one in any section excepting, possibly, certain small areas of Belgium and Holland. The seed crop used for oil and the various by-products has never been a constant crop anywhere. It has, on the contrary, been looked upon as a crop especially suited to new lands; and the farmers have usually assumed that it could only be raised on new land. Many men of considerable ability have asserted that the crop is very destructive to soil fertility and explain the loss of the crop after the third or fourth year as being due to the withdrawal by the flax plant of certain types of soil fertility. It may be said that practically all of the old theories with regard to this matter of flax cropping have been found to be without ground. It has been found that flax does not draw more nourishment from the soil or even as much as any one of our other cereal crops. It has been found that it does not need rich land in the same sense that some of these crops do. It has been found that it does not need loose soil, as is usually advocated for it. Indeed, it has been found that most of the troubles of the crop are due to the presence of diseases which are introduced into the soil by way of the seed and which remain there



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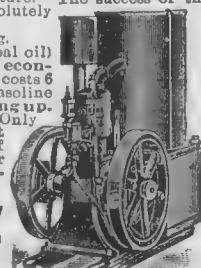
Demand is overwhelming. Kerosene (common coal oil) runs it with wonderful economy. Kerosene generally costs 6 to 15c less per gallon than gasoline—and gasoline is still going up. Runs on any engine fuel. Only three moving parts. Light and portable. Does work of engines weighing four times as much. Run every-thing.

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PER PAIR \$4.75, CARRIAGE PAID. Send size (or draw outline of foot) and Money Order payable at Strathmiglo P. O., Scotland. SEND FOR THE "FIFE" FAMILY CATALOGUE, FREE. A. I. Hogg, 108 Strathmiglo, Fife, Scotland. The Pioneer and Leader of "Boots by Post" trade.

in the form of an all-pervading mould, which, upon coming in contact with the roots of a flax plant soon causes it to wilt. Gradually all of the plants on such soil disappear, die away, and dry up. Hence such ground has been spoken of as "flax-sick" or "flax-tired" or "worn out for flax," etc.

Many experiments here at the North Dakota Experiment Station have demonstrated three very important points: First, the diseases may be distributed by the seed and in many other ways, as by farm machinery, by wind and by wash water, and that the reason why the crop is dying out so rapidly in the older regions of the Dakotas and Minnesota is due to the presence of these wilt fungi in the soil and to the fact that such fungi stay in the soil and develop there, after the same manner as the potato scab fungus, so that after a few crops no ordinary flax can grow in such soil. Second, I have proved that by proper grading of the seed so that only plump seed is left, and by properly treating this seed by the use of formaldehyde at the rate of 1 pound to 40 gallons of water, that there is no need of introducing the disease to new lands where it does not already exist, and that this mode of treatment increases the yield very largely, even though the seed perhaps be free from other kinds of diseases. It is probable that there are many types of flax diseases that are so distributed by the seed. Third, we have learned that by breeding and selecting flax plants, always on the sick land, that we can get strains of flax which are so resistant to the flax diseases that they will grow on the very sickest land that we know of, and produce a complete crop. We have so far advanced with this work, after a great many trials and discouraging destructions of the crop by hail, rain and other difficulties, that there is now about a thousand bushels of this seed in the hands of some thirty farmers. These men planted it only upon flax-sick soil, soil upon which ordinary flax would not live more than a few weeks from the seed. The average yield from seed in twenty farms in different parts of the state, growing upon such sick land was 14.4 bushels per acre. It should be noted that this crop was raised upon soil upon which other types of flax were tried alongside and found unable to live. This is what is meant by "resistant flax." Resistant flax does not mean "wilt-proof flax," for I have been able to find in almost every such crop indications that the plants are more or less attacked by the fungus, but nevertheless are able to produce plump seed and a normal yield.

The results of our co-operative experiments may be summarized in such manner as to allow us to state that better crops of this resistant flax can be grown upon old flax lands than is ordinarily produced on new lands by ordinary flax. A part of this, may, perhaps, be accounted for by the fact that each one of the types of resistant flax with which we are experimenting is pure-bred, coming from a parentage of an individual seed.

Thus there would seem to be great hope that the farmers of the Northwest will be able to maintain the flax crop as a permanent element in a permanent agriculture, but they can only do this by careful selection of their seed until it is plump and of good form, and treating it each year and sowing it upon their own soil; that is, by selecting and grading their own seed. There is also much to be hoped that by continuing the processes of seed breeding now being entered into by a number of farmers in co-operation we shall soon have flax seed of much more resistant ability to these diseases than that which has previously been used. It must, however, be remembered that the appearance of the seed is not different from ordinary flax seed, and when farmers have once obtained it they must continue to improve it by saving only the plumpest and best and by growing it on their own land. They must discontinue selling the best seed because they can get a few more cents per bushel for it. They must discontinue sowing the poor shrivelled seeds from sick mother plants, because the elevator man refuses to give them quite as much per bushel as for the number one north-western.

Dominion Forestry Convention.

Ottawa, Dec. 8.

Sir,—Since Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Premier of Canada, has issued a call to a Dominion Forestry Convention to be held in the city of Quebec, Jan. 19, 1911, the work of preparation has been going forward rapidly.

The Convention is to be held under the auspices of the Canadian Forestry Association, of which His Excellency Earl Grey is the Patron, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Honorary President, and Hon. W. C. Edwards, the great Ottawa lumberman, President. The Ministers of Crown lands in the various provinces are territorial Vice-Presidents, and Mr. R. L. Borden, M.P., is on the Board of Directors which includes leading lumbermen, forest administrators and forestry educationists.

The Commission of Conservation, of which Hon. Clifford Sifton is chairman, will hold its annual meeting in the city of Quebec on Jan 17th, so that the ancient capital will that week be the Mecca of all interested in the preservation of forests and all that depends upon them, such as navigation, water-powers, agriculture, fish and game, recreation, health and tourist travel. The absolute dependence of the miner upon the forest for pit props will also be fully dealt with. The Commission of Conservation, which has been all year gathering information about all of Canada's natural resources, will, through its experts, indicate the present state of each. The Forestry Convention will discuss and make clear the duty of the public, the press and the governments to Canada's forests.

The premier of Quebec, Sir Lomer Gouin, and the members of the government are enthusiastically taking up the project, the details of which will come under the direction of Hon. Jules Allard, the minister of Lands and Forests, Mr. James Lawler, the secretary of the Canadian Forestry Association, whose headquarters are in Ottawa, and to whom enquiries about the programme, etc., may be addressed, will visit Quebec frequently between now and the date of the convention to confer with Mr. Allard and the committee of the association there to see that no detail of the work is left undone.

Everything points to the largest and most practical forestry convention ever held in Canada. The legislature of Quebec will be in session at this time. Railways have granted special rates, and a strong programme is being prepared, the details of which will be announced later, or may be had from the secretary.

A Too Familiar Jingle.

In a village school, the rector's wife was questioning a mixed class of boys and girls on certain branches of their religious knowledge. Presently she came to the subject of Noah's Ark. After having touched briefly on that, she asked the children whether they knew of any other ark mentioned in the Bible.

"Yes," answered one eager little girl, "the Ark of the Covenant."

"Quite right," said the lady, much pleased. And then, thinking of the ark of bulrushes in connection with the baby Moses, she asked, "And can you mention any other?"

The child, after a few minutes hard thought, cried out, "Oh, yes, ma'am, 'ark the herald angels sing!'"

Vulgar Fractions.

A lady cookery-teacher was giving her girls a demonstration lesson, as it is called, on different kinds of meat pies and how to make them. Presently she said, "You see, girls, here I have a pound of steak for making a pie. If I cut it into four equal parts, what will those parts be?"

"Quarters," answered a girl. "And if I cut the pieces equally again?"

"Eighths," answered the next girl. "And if I cut them again?"

"Sixteenths," answered the next. "And if I cut them once more?"

"Mince-meat, ma'am!" answered the third girl.

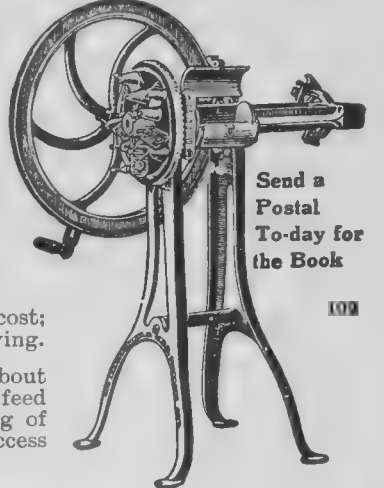
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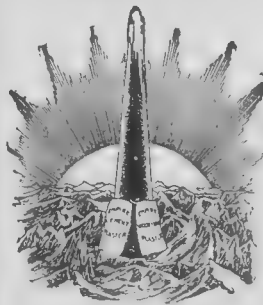
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Caused Dizziness, Weakness and Smothering Spells.

Through one cause or another a large majority of the people are troubled, more or less, with some form of heart trouble. Wherever there are sickly people with weak hearts, Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills will be found to be the most effective medicine on the market.

Mrs. F. Leslie Craig, 114 Erie Ave., Brantford, Ont., writes:—"It is with the greatest of pleasure I write you stating the benefit I have received by using Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. I suffered greatly from heart trouble which caused dizziness, weakness and smothering spells. I used a great deal of Dr.'s medicine but received no benefit. A friend advised me to buy a box of your pills, which I did, and before I had finished one box I felt so much better I continued their use by taking two boxes. I highly recommend these pills to any one suffering from heart and nerve trouble."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50 cents per box, or 3 for \$1.25, at all dealers, or mailed direct by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

TOBACCO HABIT

Dr. McTaggart's tobacco remedy removes all desire for the weed in a few days. A vegetable medicine and only requires touching the tongue with it occasionally. Price \$2.00.

LIQUOR HABIT

Marvelous results from taking his remedy for the liquor habit. Safe and inexpensive home treatment; no hypodermic injections, no publicity, no loss of time from business, and a cure certain. Address or consult Dr. McTaggart, 75 Yonge St., Toronto, Canada.

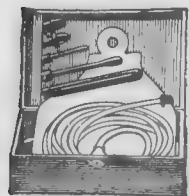
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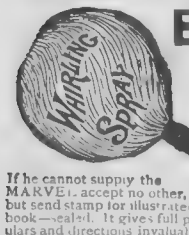
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MARVEL Whirling Spray
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APIOL & STEEL PILLS

Are the acknowledged leading remedy for all Female complaints. Recommended by the Medical Faculty. The genuine bear the signature of WM MARTIN (registered without which none are genuine). No lady should be without them. Sold by all Chemists & Stores
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Temperance Talk.

The School Children's Drinking Cup.

We hope that parents will realize the danger that lurks in a common drinking cup for the children and see to it that their own are supplied with a cup. Our school boards seem very diligent in the matter of safeguarding the health of our children, and when a contagious disease gets started in the school, they quarantine and disinfect, but nothing is done for an ever present evil. It is worse in the country than in the city, for the children remain through the noon hour, and of necessity drink more frequently. This drinking vessel is seldom, if ever, washed, a rinsing in cold water being given occasionally by the teacher, who may or may not have a cup of her own.

An outbreak of diphtheria was traced recently to the cup used in the school after twenty-four scholars had taken the disease. The mouth is a natural lurking place for bacteria, and is the first to show symptoms of contagious diseases. Here the physician looks for evidence of measles and scarlet fever, also diphtheria. Influenza and common colds are carried by germs from one person to another, and what better evidence do we need when we enter a school room where half the children are coughing at once than this, that they have a common drinking cup, and the parents who love their little ones are thoughtless or ignorant of danger and do not furnish them each with a cup from which to drink. A little cup that collapses and can be carried in the pocket, can be bought for fifteen cents, and, having a cover can be kept clean and wholesome in the boys' pocket, and washed each day at home.

At the railroad stations now they are trying to do away with the common drinking cup, why not in the schools, also? While we are careful about the milk which we supply to our children being pure, let us not forget the water. Free schools are the pride of our land, but surely we can give to each of our little ones a cup that is their very own, and teach them that the laws of health require them to use it and keep it clean.
—Ruth Raymond.

Effects of Alcohol.

Among the most notable of the works accomplished by modern science is the overthrow by accurate experiment of the time honored idea, entertained not only by people generally, but by physicians, that alcohol possesses certain medicinal qualities which make it a necessary adjunct to the treatment of disease.

In the October number of McClure's magazine this subject is treated very fully. Certain brain tests mentioned were made with and without alcohol and with the stimulant in varying quantities, and it was found without exception that alcohol instead of stimulating the action of the brain acts invariably as a narcotic,

the numbing of the perceptive qualities being in proportion to the amount of stimulants administered.

These laboratory experiments, though carried on as nearly as possible to simulate the conditions of actual work, were not taken as conclusive, but were seconded by data secured of the mental efficiency of men in different pursuits, who were habitual or periodic users of alcohol.

These tests were made in Germany where the drinking of beer and wine is common. The working efficiency in type setters was found by the administration of a small quantity of beer or wine daily to be reduced 10 per cent. These men were not affected on account of an unusual stimulant, for they were all habitual drinkers, moderately on week-days and usually in excess Sundays. They all admitted an incapacity for normal work on Mondays.

Children from families who served beer or wine on their tables were found by a careful record of scholarship in Vienna to be below the average in their studies. In this country, people generally are enough enlightened to keep liquor away from the little people and the experiment to determine its effect on growth and development had to be determined by noting its action on small animals.

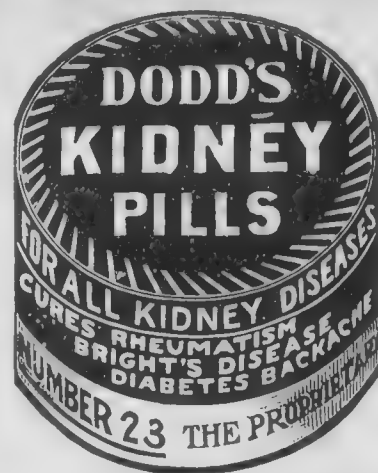
In Clark University, kittens fed alcohol became sluggish and lost all their playful characteristics. They did not purr or frisk, or keep the fur clean and showed no interest in mice, but spent the time eating and sleeping.

The idea has always been prevalent that alcohol inspired courage. A thorough test carried out on dogs controverts this theory, dogs given alcohol being not only more sluggish and having less spontaneity, but being given to sudden panics and showing great timidity without cause. The effect of this fear delirium did not depart on the discontinuance of the drug, being probably a more or less mild form of the disease affecting human dipsomaniacs, delirium tremens. Physicians are beginning to class alcohol where it properly belongs, among the narcotic poisons, and it is admitted that the mortality is much greater in diseases of the liver, kidneys, heart and nerve centres, in those using, than in those refraining from it.

Its effect seems to be to destroy the recuperative cells and energy producing tissues and replace them with inert masses of fatty or dead matter, thus increasing the danger of blood poison and being of particular menace to the wounded.

In tuberculosis the claim of its benefit has been refuted with overwhelming evidence; it being ascertained that five or six times as many succumb among alcohol users as among abstainers.

Foul air, starvation, in fact, anything that undermines the vitality, predisposes one to the ravages of the white plague. It developed upon inquiry that the use of alcohol, either in the individual or the parent, in a large number of cases has preceded the introduction of consumption.



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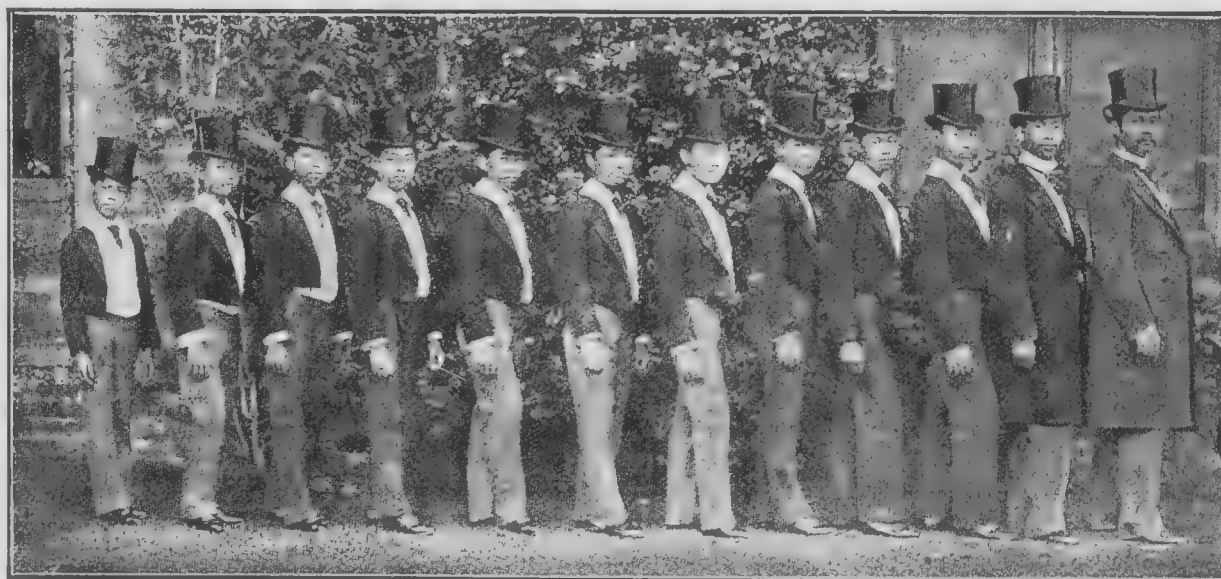
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YOUR HEART



Does it Flutter, Palpitate or Skip Beats? Have you Shortness of Breath, Tenderness, Numbness or Pain in left side, Dizziness, Fainting Spells, Spots before the eyes, Sudden Starting in sleep, Nightmare, Hungry or Weak Spells, Oppressed Feeling in chest, Choking Sensation in throat, Painful to lie on left side, Cold Hands or Feet, Difficult Breathing, Dropsy, Swelling of the feet or ankles, or Neuralgia around the heart? If you have one or more of the above symptoms of heart disease, don't fail to use Dr. Kinsman's Celebrated Heart Tablets, the remedy which has made so many marvelous cures. Not a secret or "patent" medicine. One out of four has a weak or diseased heart. Three-fourths of these do not know it, and thousands die who have been wrongfully treated for the Stomach, Lungs, Kidneys or Nerves. Don't drop dead like hundreds of others when Dr. Kinsman's Heart Tablets will cure you. Here is a sample of what they are daily doing:

"Upon my word as a minister of the gospel I could not have lived had it not been for your Tablets. I had heart trouble severely for fifteen years and many doctors had failed. I could scarcely walk fifty steps, could not lie on my left side, had fluttering and pains most excruciating. I am now well."—W. H. Thompson, Adams, Ky.

One thousand other recent genuine endorsements will be mailed you with the free treatment.

FREE TREATMENT COUPON

Any sufferer mailing this coupon, with their name and P. O. address, to Dr. F. G. Kinsman, Box 957, Augusta, Maine, will receive a box of Heart Tablets for trial, by return mail, postpaid, free of charge. Don't risk death by delay.

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An Unprecedented Offer

For \$5.00 we will sell, during a limited period, our \$40.00 Electric Belt.

This offer is made to any man or woman who wishes to regain their energy, strength and vitality. This Electric Belt is the best electric belt on the market. It is fully guaranteed to cure all organic weakness and to supply vitality.

Ask for booklet and literature. ADDRESS

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Superfluous Hair Secret, harmless formula that removed it beautifully from my face three years ago—no return—mailed on request. Address: ALICE SMITH, 2908 1/2 Richmond Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

I Cured My Rupture

I Will Show You How To Cure Yours FREE!

I was helpless and bed-ridden for years from a double rupture. No truss could hold. Doctors said I would die if not operated on. I fooled them all and cured myself by a simple discovery. I will send the cure free by mail if you write for it. It cured me and has since cured thousands. It will cure you.

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Dear Sir:—Please send me free of all cost your New Discovery for the Cure of Rupture.

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The Famous Hymn's New Rendering.

At a recent P.S.A. meeting the speaker suggested to the brothers the following new and witty, but wise, rendering of a well known Band of Hope chorus:

Dare to be a Daniel,
Dare to stand alone,
Dare to pass the public-house
And take your money home.

The Danger of the Drop.

"Come on, Patrick, and take a drop of something."

"I have quit the dropping business, Mike," replied Pat. "I have seen so many good fellows when whisky had the drop on them. They took just a drop from the bottle, and they dropped into the gutter, and then dropped into the grave. No drinkseller can get a drop on me any more, and if you don't drop him, Mike, he will drop you."

Banish the Bar.

No one can surely in this day be found to defend or even excuse drunkenness. It is a form of intermittent insanity. It enfeebles the body and kills the mind; it turns the husband into a menace, the

merely that he may satisfy a by no means noble appetite marks him as either callous or cowardly.

The bar is the place where a man drinks out of the sight of his family. When the European goes to his beer garden or his "cafe" he takes his family with him. He has no fear that he will get drunk, for he does not intend to swallow spirits or to indulge further than a mild thirst may tempt him.

What is the difference? One of the most obvious is the character of the drinking place. The Briton drinks in a bar where he has little comfort and speedily gets tipsy. The German or the Latin sips his light drink slowly in a comfortable garden or hall with music to tempt him to stay and his family about him to keep his potations within limits. We are frankly of the opinion that it would be better if the German and Latin did not drink at all. But we are aware that the community is not a unit on this point.

The demand for the abolition of the bar should not arouse the antagonism of the defenders of the traffic as a respectable trade. The bar has more to do with making it disreputable than any other single detail. It is at the bar that men usually get drunk. It is from the bar that they are spilled out upon the streets in a state to arouse public resentment. The treating system finds its home in the bar-room. A man drinking in his own home does not take more than he wants simply through sociability. A community which has no bars is looked upon as a sober community, though it may have many cellars. This shows in what esteem ordinary people regard the bar. It is the danger sign of the drink traffic—the chief menace to sobriety.

The decent community as a whole would support legislation to "abolish the bar." There is no surer road to popularity for any political party. We can only account for the reluctance of practical politicians to take it up by crediting it to some mysterious influence which paralyzes their usually astute judgments. Politicians are by no means safe guides to the popularity of real fighting issues. They prefer to be "carried to the skies on flowery beds of ease." They like "safe" questions which can antagonize no one.

We do not believe that there is a rural constituency in Canada which could not be swept by the cry "Banish the Bar." Nothing but party feeling could save any candidate who opposed this policy. Party feeling will do much, but, if it can delude parents into allowing a standing temptation to confront their growing boys, the punishment which will follow will no more than fit the crime. No man has a right to abdicate his sacred place on the throne of his own judgment in so vital a matter for the sake of a dozen parties. Barring partizanship, there is nothing in the rural communities to support the bar. The friends of the retail sale of liquor are always found in the cities.

But if we give the towns and cities to the men who support the bar, or are supported by it—we still have victory in our hands if the farmers will prove but true. They can vote this menace to young manhood, this machine for making drunkards, this foe of the family, out of existence.

A Question of Inflection.

The masculine and feminine genders of nouns and pronouns often prove a great difficulty with children.

A certain inspector, after eliciting from a class of London boys that the feminine of Jew was Jewess, of Master, Mistress, etc., proceeded to give some rather harder questions.

"What is the feminine of inspector?" he asked, pointing to a ragged little urchin in front.

"It ain't got none," said the lad, thinking, possibly, that the gentleman was laying a trap for him.

"Oh, yes, it has," said the inspector; "lady inspectors are plentiful enough. For instance, I dare say you know there is a lady who inspects the laundry work in the girls' department of this school. Now, what do you call her?"

"Why," answered the lad, "a washer-woman, of course!"

Had Severe Pains In Back.

Felt As If It Must Break.

Mr. Alfred E. Davis, Gorrie, Ont., writes:—"For some years I suffered from severe pains in my back, and could hardly work at all, and when I stooped down to pick up anything felt as if my back must break. I was advised to try Doan's Kidney Pills and after taking two boxes was entirely cured, and I feel that I cannot speak too highly in their favor."

"This was nearly four years ago and I still remain cured."

For Backache, Lame Back, Weak Back, there is no remedy equal to Doan's Kidney Pills for taking out the stitches, twinges and twinges, limbering up the stiff back and giving perfect comfort.

Doan's Kidney Pills are 50 cents per box or 3 boxes for \$1.25, at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

In ordering direct specify "Doan's."

SKIN SUFFERER SAYS

"IF I HAD ONLY KNOWN"

"If I had only known how quickly Eczema can be cured, what long years of awful suffering it would have saved me," writes F. A. Will, of 2506 Washington Street, San Francisco.

This, after 40 years of suffering and after using less than one bottle of the Oil of Wintergreen-Thymol D. D. D. Prescription.

Try at least a trial bottle. Write for it today to the D. D. D. Laboratories, Dept. M., 49 Colborne St., Toronto. To our certain knowledge, D. D. D. Prescription always gives instant relief—absolute relief inside of ten seconds!

For sale by all druggists.

This Home-Made Cough Syrup will Surprise You

Stops Even Whooping Cough Quickly.
A Family Supply at Small Cost

Here is a home-made remedy that takes hold of a cough instantly and will usually cure the most stubborn case in 24 hours. This recipe makes sixteen ounces—a family supply. You couldn't buy as much or as good ready-made cough syrup for \$2.50.

Mix two cups of granulated sugar with one cup of warm water, and stir 2 minutes. Put 2½ ounces of Pinex (fifty cents' worth) in a sixteen ounce bottle, and add the Sugar Syrup. This keeps perfectly and has a pleasant taste—children like it. Braces up the appetite and is slightly laxative, which helps end a cough.

You probably know the medical value of pine in treating asthma, bronchitis, and other throat troubles, sore lungs, etc. There is nothing better Pinex is the most valuable concentrated compound of Norway white pine extract, rich in guaicol and all the natural healing pine elements. Other preparations will not work in this formula.

The prompt results from this inexpensive remedy have made friends for it in thousands of homes in the United States and Canada, which explains why the plan has been imitated often, but never successfully.

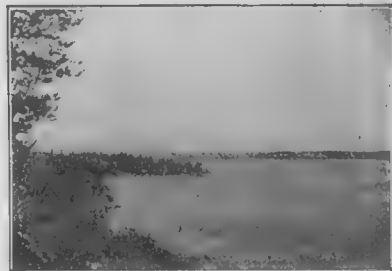
A guarantee of absolute satisfaction, or money promptly refunded, goes with this recipe. Your druggist has Pinex or will get it for you. If no send to The Pinex Co., Toronto, Ont.

25 Wedding Invitations \$2.50 Announcements

50 for \$3.00 100 for \$7.50

Cash with order. Satisfaction or money back. Reference: Traders Bank.

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Views of Lake George V

bread-winner into a burden, the home into a hell. So far as the drink traffic is manufacturer of drunkards, it should be outlawed. Those who defend it for the moderate drinker would never think of apologising for it when it bestializes its victims. Now, the bar is the poorest possible arrangement for catering to the moderate drinker, and the most ingenious device for "filling up" the drunkard. Who would suffer if the bar were abolished? Certainly not the man who tells you that he must have a little ale with his dinner. The other sort of individual who needs a "night cap" to make him sleep never thinks of dressing and going out to the nearest bar for it. He keeps it far handier. The bar is the resort of the man who is ashamed to drink at home because his family know that he should never touch the stuff at all.

No man has a right to drink if it prevents him from fulfilling his obligation to his family. No such man can call himself "a moderate drinker." But, in any case, the man whose family dreads to see him with a glass of liquor in his hands, should be man enough to take this terror out of the minds of the people he has sworn to love and protect. To shadow their lives with a great dread

All Skin Diseases Can be Directly Traced To BAD BLOOD.

Therefore to get rid of these skin diseases it is absolutely necessary that the blood should be thoroughly cleansed of the accumulated poisons, and for this purpose there is nothing to equal Burdock Blood Bitters.

This remedy has been on the market for over thirty-five years and when you use it you are not experimenting with some new and untried remedy.

Miss Stella Eichel, Maitland Forks, N.S., writes:—"I have been bothered with Salt Rheum on my hands for three years and it itched so I didn't know what to do. I tried everything but nothing seemed to be any good. I heard of Burdock Blood Bitters and bought two bottles of it, and now I am perfectly cured and have no Salt Rheum on my hands any more. I cannot speak too highly of Burdock Blood Bitters."

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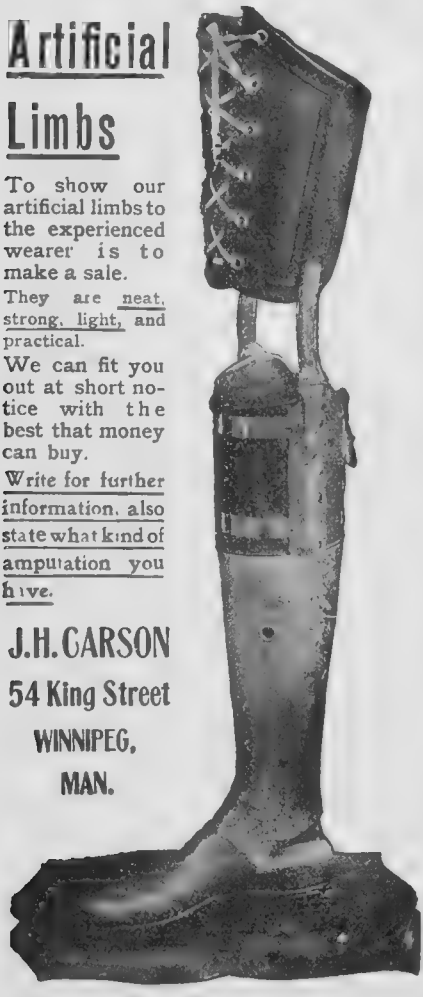
To show our artificial limbs to the experienced wearer is to make a sale.

They are neat, strong, light, and practical.

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TOOTHACHE HEADACHE RHEUMATISM
CURED INSTANTLY WITH

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This wonderful remedy which removes instantly all pains coming from the nerves

PRICE: 25 CENTS

If your druggist has not it, write to

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Washclean Washes Clothes Without Rubbing

Ladies' Greatest Labor Saver ever invented. Non-injurious to clothes or hands. Send 10c for trial package postpaid.

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An Admirer of the W.H.M.

Noble, Alta.

Sir.—I have been a subscriber to the W. H. M. for over a year, and have derived much pleasure and profit from reading its pages, especially the page under the heading, "The Young Man and His Problem." Also, I take great interest in the correspondence, and have at last decided to ask admission to the ranks of your correspondents. I have lived in the West ever since I was a small child, so am quite a stranger to the East. I consider the West an ideal place for an ambitious young man to get along, and have no intention of seeking better fields for myself for I do not think better can be found. I am not going to follow the custom and give a description of myself, but my looks have not frightened any one away just yet. I don't believe in the use of tobacco or intoxicating liquor, but am fond of dancing, skating, music, horseback riding, and in general, most outdoor sports. I would like to write to, or exchange postcards with, any of either sex who care to correspond with one who has lived 19 years in the West. I would like to have the addresses of "Violet," "Heavenly Twins," "Merry English Lassie," "Sunny Nell," "Auricula," "Brown Eyed Belle," and "Wild Rose," whose letters appear in the July number of the W. H. M. My address is with the editor. Hoping to see this in print, I will close by wishing the

women, and I feel sure the effort would be more than repaid by the brighter atmosphere in the home which is almost certain to result. As a description of one's personal appearance seems to be the rule I will fall in line. Age 24, height 5 ft. 6 in., weight 140 lbs., dark complexion, dark hair, blue eyes, inclined to look on the bright side of affairs. Fond of reading, dancing, a lover of music and take a great interest in outdoor sports. In conclusion, I would say that my address is with the Editor, and should any of the ladies care to write me I shall try and reply promptly. Thanking you, sir, for your space, and wishing the W.H.M. every success—I remain.

Acadian.

Who Will Help Aderf?

Brunetta, Alta.

Sir,—I am much interested in your paper, especially in the correspondence, which seems excellent for making people acquainted. I wonder if any of your kind correspondents could inform me how to obtain a situation on a farm, where I could continue dairy and poultry farming, which I like very much, and enjoy the work, milking and butter making. I can also cook. I came from England with a friend to stay with friends, who subscribe to the W.H.M. I like Canada very much, and think that if I can get experience in dairy farming, should like to make my home here. I should prefer somewhere in the



—Alpine Club Party, Camp at Foot of Robson Glacier.

W. H. M. every success, and will sign myself

"A Westerner."

Acadian Writes a Nice Letter.

Calgary.

Sir.—Being an interested reader of your valuable magazine, I make bold to send you a few lines, hoping you may find time to read them, and, perchance, if fortune favors, to publish them. I think your correspondence column affords a splendid chance for young men and women to become acquainted, whom otherwise might never have the opportunity. I have been deeply impressed by some of the letters, amused by others, and, I must confess, not a little incensed at the attitude displayed by some of my sex who would assign to their wives the part of "a household drudge." With the last-mentioned class I have no sympathy whatever and certainly think they should remain bachelors until their ideals are changed. To my mind a woman should be a man's companion and stay, but that should not entail upon her the labor of doing outside work, in fact, she should be given aid in the many tasks which confront her in and around the home. Could more of our young men perceive the tact, patience and endurance which is required on the part of a woman to manage a home, I think their views on this point would be broadened and much of the unnecessary friction which occurs in the home life would be avoided. Hence, I say, let us endeavour to lighten the tasks of the

neighborhood of Calgary, so that I could keep in touch with my girl friend. I am 18 years old. This is my first letter and I hope soon that my friend and self will be regular correspondents. My address is with the editor. Wishing the Western Home Monthly every success, I am

"Aderf."

Sweet William wants to Wed.

Ranchvale, Man.

Sir.—I have been an interested reader for some time, although I am not a subscriber. I would like to join the correspondence list as it is very interesting to read the letters. I am fond of any kind of sport and music and am, permit me to say, a fairly good dancer. I am in the matrimonial market to be sure, and if any of the ladies care to write, they will find my address with the editor. I enclose three letters which you will kindly forward to their right destinations. Wishing your paper every success, I sign myself "Sweet William."

All the Way From B.C.

Victoria, B.C.

Sir.—I have been a constant reader of your interesting and most valuable paper for two years, and I don't think I could get along without it now. It would be too much like losing an old friend. This is the first time I have ventured to pen an epistle for the correspondence column, so I hope you will find a little corner for it. I notice in most of the letters it is customary

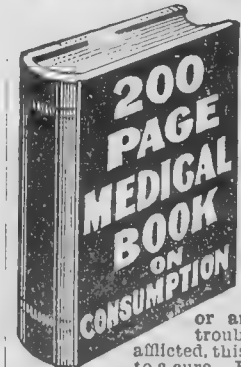
The Great English Remedy GRASSHOPPER OINTMENT and PILLS



a Poisoned Hand, Abscess, Tumor, Piles, Glandular Swelling, Eczema, Blocked and Inflamed Veins, Synovitis, Bunions, Ringworm or Diseases of Bone, I can cure you. I do not say perhaps, but I will. Because others have failed it is no reason I should. You may have attended Hospitals and been advised to submit to amputation, but do not, for I can cure you. Send at once to the Drug Stores for a box of Grasshopper Ointment and Pills, which are a certain cure for Bad Legs, etc. See the Trade Mark of a "Grasshopper" on a green label.—Prepared by ALBERT & Co., Albert House, 73 Farringdon Street, London, England (copyright).

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This valuable medical book tells in plain, simple language how Consumption can be cured in your own home. If you know of any one suffering from Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma or any throat or lung trouble, or are yourself afflicted, this book will help you to a cure. Even if you are in the advanced stage of the disease and feel there is no hope, this book will show you how others have cured themselves after all remedies they had tried failed, and they believed their case hopeless.

Write at once to the Yonkerman Consumption Remedy Co., 1602 Rose Street, Kalamazoo, Mich., and they will send you from their Canadian Depot the book and a generous supply of the New Treatment, absolutely free, for they want every sufferer to have this wonderful cure before it is too late. Don't wait—write today. It may mean the saving of your life.

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to give a description of the writer, so I suppose I may as well follow suit. My height is 5 ft. 5 in., complexion fair, blue eyes, bronze colored hair, and age 22. I am particularly fond of music and am considered a splendid singer, with a mezzo-soprano voice. I have been living in B.C. for over two years and I like it immensely. I also lived in Cape Breton four years, but I prefer B.C. by all means, although I belong neither to East or West as my birthplace is far away in Bonnie Scotland, "that's where ma heart maun be." I was brought up on a farm in Lanarkshire, Scotland. When I arrived in B.C. I went into a training school for nursing, intending to follow up that profession, and I may say that I am never happier than when I am at my work trying to aid the suffering. It used to be my belief that nurses were very hard hearted, but I know now from lots of experience that it isn't the case, and I hope those who read my letter won't think me any exception to the rule. As this is my first letter I won't make it too long, and if I see this in print I won't be so long about writing again. I have just finished reading the latest issue of W. H. M.

grain, how long would the doctors and lawyers and implement men keep their business up? I often hear the remark passed about the farmer among the bank dudes and doctors, "Look, there goes that old hayseed of a farmer." If it wasn't for him and the other "Hayseeds" as they are called, how long would they go around with white-washed linens on and soft clothes? I am a farmer myself, and I think we are all right, and so would anyone else with any sense. Doctors and lawyers and bankers and other business men are all right in their place, but they ought to keep their places and leave sensible people alone. I guess I have said enough about them for this time. Mr. Editor, I hope I have not taken up too much space in your magazine. I will ring off, wishing your magazine every success.

"Rambler."

Criticizes the Doctor.

Lawrence, Alta.

Sir.—Allow me to pen a few lines to your valuable magazine, which I think is improving every issue. In reading the February issue, I read a letter



[Photo "Canadian Alpine Club Journal, 1910." Climbing on Pinnacle Mount.

I find, as per usual, some very interesting letters. I particularly like the one signed "Inky," and would be pleased to hear from him, or any other, of either sex, if they would care to write. My address will be found with the editor. So wishing your paper every success, I will sign myself "Scotch Bluebell."

The Doctor Seems Unpopular.

Swift Current.

Sir,—Please send enclosed letter to "Moonshine Molly," of the May issue. I am a subscriber to your valuable magazine and I think there are lots of fine reading in it. The stories are very interesting and the other reading is all good and sensible reading. Any person can spend a good many lonely hours reading the W.H.M. I like reading the correspondence columns as the letters from different parts of the country are interesting. I do not like the way "The Doctor," in the February number, runs down the farmers, but I like the way that "Just a Bachelor" and "Farmer" stick up for them and don't think that "The Doctor" has any right to run down the farmers as they are the only men of today. If the farmers all quit raising

signed by "The Doctor," who seems to think that if he could only reach his ideal he would be so much better than the ordinary people, especially the ox-drivers. As I am one of those, I feel a little hurt at the expression. There are lots of people just as good as he will ever be who started first by working oxen. Many a wealthy man to-day started the same way. I live a free life and do not have to depend on people getting sick to get a living as a doctor does. Where would he get his money to get his education? Perhaps from his father, who worked oxen at one time himself. What good is the doctor who doesn't take well with the people? There are good and poor as well as in any other business. Let me give an example: right here, in a town not very far away, there are three doctors, two in partnership and one singly. The one gets all the practice and the other two had to go into other businesses. So if my friend happened to be one of the kind that did not take with the people what good would his study of medicine be to him? As to description, I am 24. 5 ft. 9 in. in height, weigh about 150 lbs., am fair, with dark hair and dark blue eyes. Am jolly and full of fun if in

Seventy Nine Years Young

"Fruit-a-tives" Keeps Health Perfect

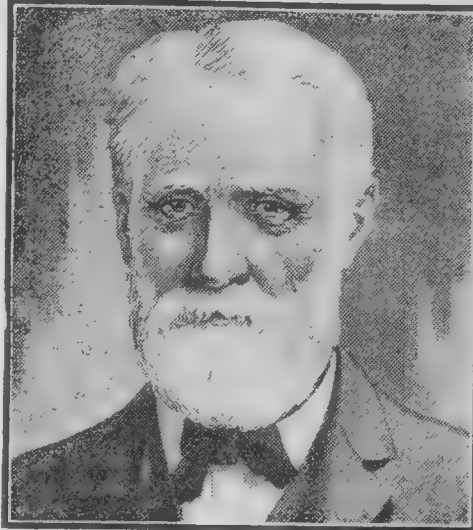
OTTERVILLE, Ont.,
July 8th 1910.

"I am a seventy-nine year old man, and a great believer in, and user of "Fruit-a-tives". It is the only medicine I take, and I can truly say that "Fruit-a-tives" and exercise keep me in my present good health.

Stricture of the Bowels, was the complaint I suffered from and I found "Fruit-a-tives" to do me more good than any other remedy. My doctor advised me to stick to "Fruit-a-tives" and I have done so with the best results.

I have been in business here for a good many years and have been a resident of Otterville for over fifty years, so that if you think this little reference from me will serve to induce some others to try "Fruit-a-tives", I hereby authorize its publication.

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WILLIAM PARSONS, Esq.

Obstinate Constipation, Paralysis of the Bowels and Stricture of the Bowels can never be cured by common purgatives, salts, senna, "liver pills" and oil have positively no action on the liver. They do not increase the secretion of Bile, which nature provides to move the bowels. They merely irritate the membranes lining the intestines. One may as well try to cure a headache by pounding one's head against a stone wall, as to try to cure Constipation with common purgatives. "Fruit-a-tives" is the only true liver stimulant. "Fruit-a-tives" is fruit juices and nerve tonics, and will always restore the liver to its proper condition and cure the most obstinate cases of Constipation.

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If you have any of these sure symptoms, something's wrong with your heart, and this fine treatment is just what you need. Don't make the mistake of thinking it's only your Stomach, Kidneys or Bowels that are troubling you. Lots of people make that mistake. They say, "It don't amount to anything—it will go away of itself,"—and some day, all of a sudden, they drop dead of Heart Disease—just as you read and hear of every day.

Six out of every ten persons have Heart Trouble! Sixty thousand people die of it every year. They doctor the Stomach, Kidneys, or Female Organs when it's really the Heart that's causing all the trouble, and that's crippling these other organs.

Don't take any more chances, no matter what you may think your trouble is, but if you have the slightest symptom of Heart Trouble, write us today for this full free treatment and book. We will send both by mail in plain package, securely sealed, postpaid, and there will be

NO CHARGE WHATEVER

for it in any way. Remember, this isn't just a little "sample" but a generous, genuine, full-size treatment. No matter how bad off you are—no matter if you think Heart Disease incurable—no matter if some common doctor has said that you can't be cured, be fair to yourself, give us a chance—don't fail to test this grand treatment! It has cured—we don't mean just helped, but cured—thousands of cases of Heart Trouble, many of which were thought hopeless.

It will set your stomach right, remove constipation, clear your blood, steady your nerves and build up your whole system, besides strengthening and curing the Heart.

Don't let this chance go by—accept our offer NOW!

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Read the questions carefully, write your name and address plainly in the Free Treatment Coupon, cut it out and mail to us TO-DAY. We will send you the full free Treatment and Illustrated book at once. Address



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Read these questions carefully. If you can answer "Yes" to any one of them you need this Heart and Nerve Treatment that we are giving away FREE

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- Does your Heart flutter?
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- Are you short of breath?
- Do you feel "weak and run down"?
- Do you have numb spells?
- Do you have dizzy spells?
- Do you have weak, sinking spells?
- Are you nervous and irritable?
- Do your feet, legs or ankles swell?
- Does your Stomach have an "all gone" feeling?
- Have pain in your Heart, side or shoulder blade?

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It easy to sell the whole lot in an hour. Send us the money you get for these and we will send you, by Return Mail, this beautiful, warm Fur Scarf, over 50 inches long, made from selected skins of fine, soft, fluffy fur, with 6 full length tails, and a secure chain fastener at neck. This dainty Lady's Watch has warranted Swiss Works, is stem wind, and stem set, has solid silver nickel case, fancy dial and gold hands. The case is beautifully enamelled with roses, buds and leaves, in natural colors, and we will give it to you for selling only 36 packets of our beautiful cards. Take your choice and write to-day. Address

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YOUR SKATES SHARPENED

and kept sharpened ALL WINTER by the LITTLE WONDER hand machine. Great success - 50c. It saves you dollars. E. HANRAHAN, 125 14 St. Brandon, Man.

the right company. Am fond of music, play the violin, and am considered a good dancer. Wish "The Doctor" would come this way, I would show him some good-looking girls; he says he never saw one.

Pansy is Enthusiastic about Canada.

Saskatoon.

Sir,—Some girls think of nothing but sports and amusements. I guess when a man thinks of marrying he wants a woman to make a home for him, knowing that much of what formerly gave them both pleasure will be beyond their reach after marriage. I wonder if girls always realize that. One of your correspondents in the August number does not believe in love between man and woman, but there are thousands of women to-day to whom it is a real and tangible thing. A marriage without love will never bring that happiness that women desire. This letter is a protest against such a thing. I enjoyed "Ambition's" letter very much. It encourages one to make a fresh start to find someone else doing the same. "To use our lowly and painful tasks as stepping stones to higher things." I will conclude with the usual description. I am 22, 5 ft. 8 ins. tall, weigh about 112 lbs., very fond of music but do not play myself. Very fond of reading, do not dance or believe in cards, hate drink and swearing; am English but very enthusiastic about everything Canadian.

"Pansy No. 2."

A Satisfied Prize Winner.

La Riviere, Man.

Sir,—I beg to acknowledge the promptness with which the prize money I won in your Post Office competition was placed to my credit with the business houses I mentioned in my letter to you, and, may I say, I received full satisfaction in every way in dealing with these firms. I was pleasantly surprised when notified by you that I had won a first place in the competition, as I had little expectation of such success. I enjoyed the competition immensely for its own sake as I found it interesting, entertaining and instructive, and think it must have helped in many a home or District throughout the west to make the winter evenings seem ever so much shorter. I am sure your magazine is worthy of a place in at least every western home. Every article is good and wholesome and with your splendid illustrations (not forgetting the attractive and seasonable cover designs) the whole is so well edited and made up as to furnish not only food for the mind, but also something to delight and stimulate the imagination. I trust that your circulation will, as it deserves, increase by leaps and bounds. I am sure that the high standard you have set up will always be maintained.—Sincerely yours, Henry E. Gilbert.

Does Not Want Girls Who Dance

Calgary, Alta.

Sir,—As this is my second attempt I hope you will find space for my letter. I would like to express my thoughts on the correspondence page, which although a very helpful page to your paper I think some of the people who write to it a little bit too fast. Fancy a girl or boy of 16 or 17 wanting to get married. It is all right, I think, to correspond with the boys or bachelors, but marriages should

not be thought of until the girl is at least 22 years of age. I do not believe a person can judge properly at the age of 16 and as for me I would have to know a girl a long time before I would think of marrying her. I do not want to be tied for life to a woman who would deceive a man. Neither should a girl marry a man with whom she has only corresponded. People are more apt to fall in love with a man's letters than with the man himself, but thinking they love the man they marry him and in a few months find out their mistake. The letter from an Unsatisfied Wife shows this to be true. I would warn the young girls who write to this page to be careful, for some men will deceive you and before you know it they will win your affection through correspondence and after you have once given your heart it is hard work to withdraw it and by a little bit more scheming that man will win you and you would lead a very unhappy life, for once you pronounce the ceremony there is nothing on earth that can lawfully separate you. As this letter is getting long I must soon close, but would like to add that if anyone would wish to write to me I will answer all letters. A special invitation is given to those who are poor and those who are sick and unhappy and those who are lonesome. I think I might cheer some poor sick heart by a letter occasionally and if there is anyone in this wide world who would wish for my friendship I will gladly give it. I am a young Christian and would like a few lady correspondents who can write interesting letters for a short time, but do not like girls who dance and play cards or who would associate with men that break the temperance laws. Editor, please send enclosed letter No. 1 to "Sunny Mayflower" in the October issue and letter No. 2 to "Judith" in the December issue. Wishing your paper great success I will sign myself "Hiawatha."

Short and Sweet.

Vernon, B.C.

Sir,—Like a great many others, I have decided to send a letter to the correspondence column of the W.H.M. I am a young girl, 19 years of age, black hair, gray eyes, height 5ft. 4in., and weigh about 105 lbs. This letter is my first venture, and I would like through these pages to work up a friendly correspondence with a number of the readers of the W.H.M. who would care to exchange letters with me. Address with Editor. Please forward enclosed letter to "Manchester."

Pick-me-up.

This Attempt Successful.

Edmonton, Alta.

Sir,—This is my second attempt at joining your interesting correspondence column; my first evidently found its way in to the w.p.b., but hope this will meet with better luck. I am an Englishman, and have lived in various parts of the Dominion for five years. In my estimation Sunny Alberta is easily the best in Alberta. The wild hay is the only crop that has suffered with the drought, the rest being A1. Perhaps I had better give a little information about myself. Age 24, average height, fair complexion, very fond of sport of any kind, music and reading. I indulge in a pipe occasionally, and cigars when the crop is good. I had better finish off now, or this will follow the first attempt, which would be

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IN YOUR OWN HOME

SPECIAL OFFER TO READERS OF THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

In order to make their home study courses known in every locality the famous International Institute of Music of New York will give free to our readers, 48 or 96 lessons for either Piano, Organ, Violin, Mandolin, Guitar, Banjo or Cornet. In return they simply ask you to recommend their Institute to your friends after you learn to play.

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You will receive one lesson weekly, and your only expense during the time you take the lessons will be the cost of postage, and the music you use, which is small.

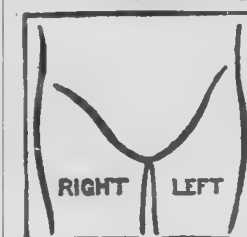
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Mark on the diagram the location of the rupture. Answer the questions and mail this to

DR. W. S. RICE, 55 Main Street, Adams, N. Y.

Age _____ Time Ruptured _____

Name _____

Address _____

Does rupture pain? _____ Do you wear a Truss? _____



The Brandon Insane Asylum destroyed by Fire Nov. 4th. Photograph taken for the Western Home Monthly at 7.30 p.m., during the progress of the Fire.

most disheartening. I enclose a letter to "Pansy" of September number, and hope you will forward as soon as possible. I forgot to say I am not married, or inclined to be until Miss Right comes along. Wishing the W.H.M. every success.
Dewsburian.

Two of a Kind.

Kenaston, Sask.

Sir,—We live in rather an uncivilized part of the West, and find it somewhat lonely. We aren't old maids, but too modest to describe ourselves. Afraid we couldn't do ourselves justice. We're fond of dancing and card-playing, and don't mind if the boys smoke. We would like correspondents for fun, and want to exchange photos. Yours for a good time—
Moll and Trix.

All the Way from Nova Scotia.

Baker's Settlement, N.S.

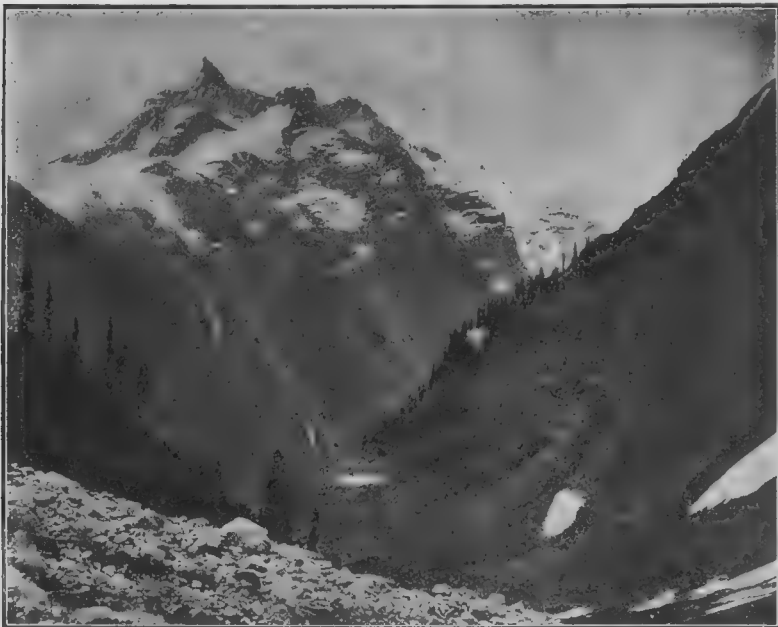
Sir,—Will you kindly admit a shy Enne Esse girl to your charming club? I am a subscriber to your paper, and find it contains interesting and valuable readings, helpful bits of information, etc., and the club—well, it's O.K. As every person is privileged to give their opinion without being asked, I am going to give mine on the "chores" subject. Here goes: Hubby do the chores when he has time; wifey when she has time, and he has not; both when neither has time. Will some of your Western boys please write to me? I will answer

most of the readers, I would like a few correspondents of either sex for pastime. I have noticed that some would correspond with a view to matrimony. Now, for my part, I think that is a little risky, for most people would like to see what they are getting. Of course, if they were all like their descriptions they would be perfectly lovely; but are they? Now, I will give a brief description of myself, which is true to life. Well, to begin with, I am eighteen years of age and a stenographer. I am five feet five inches, weigh 125 lbs., fair hair and blue eyes. I would prefer that my correspondents should not be over 24 years of age, and should be a bit of a sport. My address is with the Editor.
Lulu.

Who Will Take Pity on Stroller?

Indian Head, Sask.

Sir,—For some time past I have awaited the arrival of the W.H.M. at the office with much interest, as each issue contains a wealth of news for anyone, old or young. The correspondence column is a unique addition, which no doubt affords a good deal of amusement for a great many, not missing myself from the number. As this is a first letter, I suppose it is customary to give a short biographical sketch of oneself. I am within an ace of being six feet tall, fair complexion, weigh about 165 lbs., and I don't figure myself a handsome creature, although I was



[Photo "Canadian Alpine Club Journal, 1910.
Looking Down Battle Creek.

all letters at least once. I would like to exchange p.c.'s also. I am twenty years old, have—well, any person caring to know more can do so by writing to me. Thanking you for the valuable space I have taken, I am—
Dell.

Another Maiden from Virden.

Virden, Man.

Sir,—It is with the greatest interest that I have been reading your paper, especially the correspondence column. I think some of the boy writers are perfectly sweet (on paper). Well, matrimony seems to be the most important question in your columns. I am very averse to it, and intend residing in a "lone hut on the banks of a wooded stream" when I have earned enough. I am eighteen, at present taking up second-class work, and very fond of music and reading. I am fairly tall, weigh 115 lbs., have light brown hair, blue eyes, red cheeks, and fair complexion. Is that description enough? I am not fond of the boys, but would like a few nice correspondents of either sex, between seventeen and twenty. Boys must be sensible and act gentlemanly.
Ruth.

A Jolly Western Girl.

Virden Man.

Sir,—Here comes another jolly Western girl to join your charming club. I have been reading the correspondence page for some time, but never got up courage enough to write till now. Like

never told of being ugly, so I guess a half-way will catch me. I would like to get in touch with "Peaches and Cream," "A Lonesome Kid," and "Forget-Me-Not," all of the September issue, as I have all kinds of spare time and it might just as well be occupied in corresponding with young ladies as not. Skating will soon be coming around again and a great many of the readers will not be sorry; at least, I won't. A good game of hockey would be very bracing. Wishing you and your readers every success, I must conclude, trusting I have not intruded on too much space in your valuable paper.
Stroller.

Words of Praise from England.

Birkenhead, Eng.

Sir,—We have read your paper for the last three years and think it most interesting, in fact, our descriptive powers are too inadequate to express our appreciation of your valuable magazine. The correspondence column in particular has certainly swelled out during the last two years. You must be blessed with the patience of Job to wade through all the letters you receive from different parts of the globe. We are desirous of having correspondents, and with your kind help that is what we hope to obtain. Living in a country place where there are no amusements, time hangs rather heavy, and surely there is nothing more pleasant than trying to cheer up others, especially if they feel at all "down in the dumps."

LET US MAKE YOU FAT

50c Box Free

We Will Prove at Our Own Expense That It Is No Longer Necessary to Be Thin, Scrawny, and Undeveloped.



WHAT SARGOL HAS DONE FOR OTHERS

When we mail you the Free 50-cent package of Sargol, we will send you copies of letters received from grateful patrons, reporting actual gains in solid, healthy, permanent flesh, of from ten to over thirty pounds.

We give here a few interesting figures from reports which are being received daily.

C. E. Crouner gained	15 lbs.	in 30 days.
Thomas Davis	10 "	" 16 "
Leonore Patton	16 "	" 30 "
Mrs. Seim	13 "	" 20 "
Mrs. A. Arnott	10 "	" 40 "
F. A. Myrick	20 "	" 30 "
Philip Drapeau	9 "	" 30 "
Mrs. S. E. Murray	30 "	" 40 "
Mary Bland	18 "	" 40 "
W. W. Allis	36 "	" 50 "
Wm. Carmichael	5 "	" 10 "
Arthur Stewart	5 "	" 12 "
Mrs. C. E. Craig	13 "	" 30 "
Mrs. N. Galliger	18 "	" 35 "

Send to-day for our free 50-cent package and let us prove that

SARGOL SHOULD DO THE SAME FOR YOU



This is a generous offer to every thin man or woman reader of the Home Monthly. We positively guarantee to increase your weight to your own satisfaction or no pay. Think this over—think what it means. At our own risk, we offer to put 10, 15, yes, 30 pounds of good solid "stay there" flesh on your bones, to fill out hollows in cheeks, neck, bust, to get rid of that "peaked" look, to rejuvenate and revitalize your whole body until it tingles with vibrant energy; to do this without drastic diet, "tonics," severe physical culture "stunts," detention from business or any irksome requirements—if we fail it costs you nothing.

We particularly wish to hear from the excessively thin, those who know the humiliation and embarrassment which only skinny people have to suffer in silence. We want to send a free 50-cent package of our new discovery to the people who are called "slats" and "bean poles," to bony women, whose clothes never look "anyhow," no matter how expensively dressed, to the skinny men who fail to gain social or business recognition on account of their starved appearance. We care not whether you have been thin from birth, whether you have lost flesh through sickness, how many flesh builders you have experimented with. We take the risk and assume it cheerfully. If we cannot put pounds and pounds of healthy flesh on your frame we don't want your money.

The new treatment increases the red corpuscles in the blood, strengthens the nerves and puts the digestive tract into such shape that your food is assimilated and turned into good, solid, healthy flesh instead of passing through the system undigested and unassimilated. It

is a thoroughly scientific principle, this Sargol, and builds up the thin, weak and debilitated without any nauseous dosing. In many conditions it is better than cod liver oil and certainly is much pleasanter to take.

Send for the 50-cent box to day. Convince us by your prompt acceptance of this offer that you are writing in good faith and really desire to gain in weight. The 50-cent package which we will send you free will be an eye opener to you. We send it that you may see the simple, harmless nature of our new discovery, how easy it is to take, how you gain flesh privately without knowledge of friends or family until you astonish them by the prompt and unmistakable results.

We could not publish this offer in the Home Monthly if we were not prepared to live up to it. It is only the astounding results of our new method of treatment that make such an offer and such a guarantee possible on our part. So cut off the coupon to-day and mail it at once to The Sargol Company, 5-A Herald Bldg., Binghamton, N.Y., and please inclose 10c. with your letter to help pay distribution expenses. Take our word, you'll never regret it.

Free Sargol Coupon

This certificate, with ten cents to help pay postage and distribution expenses, entitles the holder to one 50-cent package of Sargol, the Flesh Builder. The Sargol Co., 5-A, Herald Bldg., Binghamton, N.Y.

ELECTROLYSIS

is the ONLY successful process for destroying Superfluous Hair without danger of injury to the Skin.

Proper massage with pure, clean, harmless, nourishing Flesh Food, is the only safe way to remove wrinkles.

Pimples, Eczema, and Blackheads are permanently cured by my "Ideal" Acne Cure.

Write for Booklet. Consultation Free.

MRS. E. COATES COLEMAN

224 SMITH STREET (SOUTH, PORTAGE AVENUE), WINNIPEG

HANDSOME WATCH FREE.



A Gents' or Ladies' Solid Gold Watch costs from \$25 to \$50. Do not throw your money away. If you desire to secure a Watch which to keep time and last well will be equal to any Solid Gold Watch send us your name and address immediately and agree to sell 10 boxes only of Dr. Maturin's Famous Vegetable Pills at 25c. a box. They are the greatest remedy on earth for the cure of poor and impure blood, indigestion, headaches, constipation, nervous troubles, liver, bladder and kidney diseases, and all female weaknesses; they are the Great Blood Purifier and Invigorator, a Grand Tonic and Life Builder. With the Pills we send 10 articles of jewelry to give away with the pills—this makes them easy to sell. This is the chance of a lifetime. Do not miss it. Send us your order and we will send you the 10 boxes, post paid. When you have sold them send us the money (\$2.50) and we will send you

A GENTS or LADIES WATCH

the same day the money is received. We are giving these beautiful Watches to advertise our Remedies. This is a grand opportunity to secure a valuable Watch without having to spend a cent. And our Watch is a stem wind and stem set and not the cheap back wind article generally given as premiums. Send for our pills without delay. Address

THE DR. MATURIN MEDICINE CO. Watch Dept. 224 Toronto, Ont.

LOCAL TREATMENT FOR WOMEN'S DISORDERS



The health we enjoy depends very largely upon how the blood circulates in our bodies; in other words, if we have perfect circulation we will have perfect health. There is a constant wearing out of the tissues in every part of the body. The blood flowing through the veins carries off this waste or dead matter, while the blood coming from the heart through the arteries brings the fresh new living tissue, the essence of the food we have digested, to replace what has been carried off. This constant wearing out and expelling of the dead matter and the replacing of it with new matter, atom by atom, goes on day and night, until in about 7 years a complete change has been effected. Thus every man and woman has an entirely different body in every particle of it from what he or she had 7 years before.

It sometimes happens, however, from a variety of causes, that the blood becomes congested in certain portions of the body. This means that the blood vessels in these parts become weakened, and the circulation in that section of the body becomes sluggish and stagnant. The consequence is that the dead matter in that part of the body is only partially carried away, and that but little of the new, vital matter is introduced there to build up and strengthen the tissues and nerves.

This condition invariably exists in all cases of female disorders. The dead matter retained in the circulation, which should have been expelled, causes irritation and inflammation of the delicate membrane, and oppresses the nerve centres. This condition is the cause of the grievous physical and mental suffering which accompanies female troubles.

To obtain relief it is evident that the first thing to be done is to get rid of the dead matter which is being held in the circulation. If this dead matter is introduced there to build up and strengthen the tissues and nerves.

allowed to remain there a species of blood poisoning will result and nature will endeavor to get rid of it by forming ulcers, tumors, etc.

The above explanation will also show why **ORANGE LILY** is so successful in curing this condition. It is a local treatment, and is applied direct to the affected organs. Its curative elements are absorbed into the congested tissue, and from the very start the dead matter begins to be discharged. A feeling of immense relief, both mental and physical, accompanies it, and the improvement is constant and positive. This feature of the expelling of the dead matter is always present to a greater or less extent, and in some cases it is so marked as to be amazing. The case described in the following letter is not exceptional:

Dr. Coonley—I am thankful to Mrs. F. E. Currah, your Canadian representative, for my health restored by your wonderful remedy. I have suffered for 17 years, but not so bad until 3 years ago. Then I had a doctor, who told me I had a tumor, and could live no more than a year. If I went through an operation I would not live through it. A year later I sent for him again, and he gave me up to die. My husband then sent for another doctor, who performed an operation, and it did me much good. I doctored with him 3 or 4 months, but became so bad again that I thought I could live no longer, and I began to long to die. One day my husband came home and threw a slip of paper to me with Mrs. Currah's address and told me a lady had advised him to write to her for a treatment that would cure me. I said it was too late, that I would die anyway. I could not lift a teacup without hurting me. Then the first doctor told me I was worse than ever. However, my husband sent for **ORANGE LILY**, and the third treatment brought away one tumor. Others followed, until 7 tumors had been expelled, 3 large ones and 4 small ones. I know if it had not been for **ORANGE LILY** I would have died, for I could not live much longer. I would have thought it cheap at one hundred dollars for a month's treatment, instead of one dollar. It is worth its weight in gold.—MRS. GEO. LEWIS, Huntsville, Ont.

The above letter is published with Mrs. Lewis' permission. All letters received are treated as being sacredly confidential, but occasionally some patient feels so grateful for being cured that she is willing to make the matter known for the benefit and encouragement of her suffering sisters.

ORANGE LILY is a positive, scientific remedy for all disorders of the female functions. As explained above these troubles are of local origin, and require local treatment. It is just as sensible to take medicine internally for female troubles as it would be to take medicine internally for a bruise, a boil or an ulcerated tooth. In all these cases some dead matter is being retained, and the cure is effected by employing local methods for expelling the dead matter. **ORANGE LILY** has antiseptic, soothing and healing properties, and also tones up and invigorates blood vessels and nerves. I am so anxious that every suffering woman may satisfy herself, without cost to her, that **ORANGE LILY** will cure her, that I hereby make the following



FREE TRIAL OFFER

I will send, without charge, to every reader of this notice who suffers in any way from any of the troubles peculiar to women, if she will send me her address, enough of the **ORANGE LILY** treatment to last her ten days. In many cases this trial treatment is all that is necessary to effect a complete cure, and in every instance it will give very noticeable relief. If you are a sufferer, you owe it to yourself, to your family and to your friends to take advantage of this offer and get cured in the privacy of your home, without doctors' bills or expense of any kind. Address **MRS. FRANCES E. CURRAH, Windsor, Ont.**

FREE TO YOU—MY SISTER



FREE TO YOU AND EVERY SISTER SUFFERING FROM WOMEN'S AILMENTS.

I am a woman.
I know woman's sufferings.
I have found the cure.

I will mail, free of any charge, my home treatment with full instructions to any sufferer from women's ailments. I want to tell all women about this cure—you, my reader, for yourself, your daughter, your mother, or your sister. I want to tell you how to cure yourselves at home without the help of a doctor. Men cannot understand women's sufferings. What we women know from experience, we know better than any doctor. I know that my home treatment is a safe and sure cure for Leucorrhœa or Whitish discharges, Ulceration, Displacement or Falling of the Womb, Profuse, Scanty or Painful Periods, Uterine or Ovarian Tumors or Growths, also pains in the head, back and bowels, bearing down feelings, nervousness, creeping feeling up the spine, melancholy, desire to cry, hot flashes, weariness, kidney and bladder troubles where caused by weaknesses peculiar to our sex.

I want to send you a complete 10 days' treatment entirely free to prove to you that you can cure yourself at home, easily, quickly and surely. Remember, that it will cost you nothing to give the treatment

a complete trial; and if you should wish to continue, it will cost you only about 12 cents a week, or less than two cents a day. It will not interfere with your work or occupation. Just send me your name and address, tell me how you suffer, if you wish, and I will send you the treatment for your case, entirely free, in plain wrapper, by return mail. I will also send you free of cost my book—"**WOMAN'S OWN MEDICAL ADVISER**" with explanatory illustrations showing why women suffer, and how they can easily cure themselves at home. Every woman should have it, and learn to think for herself. Then when the doctor says—"You must have an operation," you can decide for yourself. Thousands of women have cured themselves with my home remedy. It cures all, old or young. To Mothers of Daughters, I will explain a simple home treatment which speedily and effectually cures Leucorrhœa, Green Sickness and Painful or Irregular Menstruation in Young Ladies. Plumpness and health always result from its use.

Wherever you live, I can refer you to ladies of your own locality who know and will gladly tell any sufferer that this Home Treatment really cures all woman's diseases and makes women well, strong, plump and robust. Just send me your address, and the free ten days' treatment is yours, also the book. Write to-day, as you may not see this offer again. Address: **MRS. M. SUMMERS, Box H. 86 WINDSOR, Ont.**

We can fully sympathize with them. Anyone who cares to write will find our addresses with the Editor, thanking him in anticipation. We will answer letters or cards from either sex. Wishing the W.M.M. still further success—We remain,

Dignity and Impudence.

Two Wives Wanted.

Minnedosa, Man.

Sir,—Being old subscribers of the W.H.M., we thought it was near time we made an appearance in the correspondence column. We are two Manitoba bachelors, having a section between us. We live together, for it seems more like home. We have all the necessities of life but a wife, and that is something we would be proud to have. We would be pleased to exchange postcards or photos with any of the fair sex who correspond with the W.H.M. We would like to hear from "Peachy," "Starlight," and also from "Agatha." We hope to hear from "Agatha," as she seems to be one of our own class. We would gladly exchange photos with her. We are sending a postcard for "An English Kiddie," and one for "Crack Shot," if the Editor will kindly address them. We do not wish to take up too much space, as we would like to see our letter published. We now close, wishing the W.H.M. every success. We leave our addresses with the Editor.

Mexican Jim and Bohemian Joe.

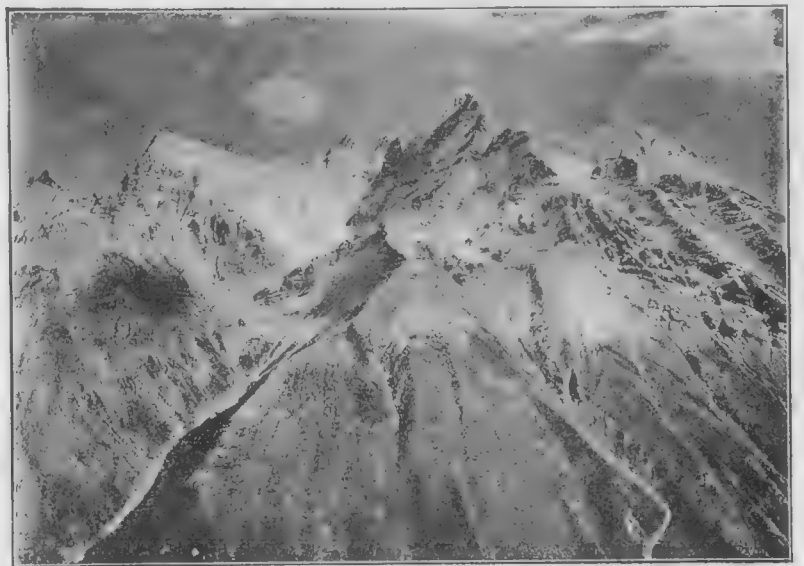
column and wish very much to join your charming club. I have lived on the farm the greater part of my life, and have also taken a course in the correspondence college. I have my choice of settling on the farm or in the city. I might say that I am fond of all sport, shooting, dancing, playing hockey, baseball, and football. I would like to correspond with some of the fair sex. I wish "Peaches and Cream" would write. I would not ask them to milk cows, as I don't think that is a woman's job anyway. If they care to write, or any other pretty girl, they will find my address with the Editor.

Sport.

Happy Wife Gives Advice.

Shellbrook, Sask.

Sir,—"Sunny Jim" of the August number has asked the opinion of some of the married people, and I am going to give him mine. As for the use of tobacco and alcoholic drinks, I say, for the former, if a girl waits to find a husband who does not use the weed, she will be old and gray before she finds him. Perhaps he doesn't smoke where she is, and later she finds it out, but all too late. As for liquors, if a man can take one or two drinks and knows when he has had enough, it is all right; but when he gets "full," why, he had better leave it alone. I think some girls are too hard on the fellows, and others I think are silly. If a person can't get



North Towers of Goodsir.

[Photo "Canadian Alpine Club Journal, 1910." From Indian Valley.]

Cananea, Sask.

Sir,—As a subscriber and regular reader of your excellent paper, will you allow me a little space in your correspondence column. I enjoy reading the W.H.M., especially the correspondence columns, and find in it valuable information, both for young and old. As I have never written before, and seeing so many letters from lonely bachelors like myself, I thought I would try my hand just for fun. I am a homesteader like many others in this part of the country, and like it fine, if it were not so lonesome and cheerless a life. However, if I had a nice little wife to cheer me up and dandy up my home, I would not exchange it for anything else in the world. Now, girls, write me a line and find out what a nice sort of fellow I am. Will be pleased to hear from any one under 25. Well, as space is limited in the W.H.M., I will have to conclude, hoping to see my letter in print soon. Those wishing to correspond will find my address with the Editor. I will sign myself—

Lucky Jim.

From Sunny Alberta.

Taber, Alta.

Sir,—I am a Western homesteader, 24 years old. I can play a mandoline and piano. Very fond of music and sports. Would like to correspond with any of the fair sex about my age or younger. Any girl wishing to write, my address is with the Editor. Wishing the W.H.M. the best of success. Respectfully yours—

The Cheyenne Kid.

An All-Round Sport.

Emerson, Man.

Sir,—I have been a reader of your valuable paper for a short time. I am much interested in the correspondence

a helpmate without advertising that person can't be much good, and besides, the marriage vows are far too serious to be treated lightly. I will sign myself—

A Happy Wife.

Thinks Western Star is O.K.

Prince Albert, Sask.

Sir,—I am an interested reader of the Western Home Monthly including the correspondence column, and would like to exchange letters with some of the correspondents. I like the style of Western Star's letter in the September number, and think she is just O.K. As to doing chores, I don't think it is a woman's place to work outside. My idea is if a woman attends to her housework properly she is doing remarkably well. I hope to see this in print, and if any lady correspondents care to write to this lonely bachelor I will be pleased to answer all letters promptly. Lonely.

Fond of both Work and Play.

Regina, Sask.

Sir,—I have been an interested reader of your paper for about two years, and take great delight in reading the correspondence pages. In some of the letters I notice that the gentlemen say they would like to correspond with some of the "fairer" sex. Now, when we ladies want to correspond with them should we say the "fairest sex"? The gentlemen say in some of their letters that they wouldn't want their wives to do chores, but I have heard people talk like that before, and their wives do the chores. I think it would be better for us girls to say we would be willing to do chores and then perhaps we would escape them. I am 5ft. 3in. tall, have dark hair and blue eyes, and am 19 years old. I am fond of both work and amusement.

Puella Bona.

In Lighter Vein.

Spurgeon's Definition of Gout.

Mr. C. H. Spurgeon once said to a friend:

"I have inherited most of my father's excellences, and the gout with them."

"What is gout like?" was the enquiry.

"If you put your land into a vice," replied Mr. Spurgeon, "and let a man press as hard as he can, that is rheumatism; and if he can be got to press a little harder, that is gout."

As a Last Resort.

"Well, doctor," said the patient, who was an incessant talker, "why in the world don't you look at my tongue if you want to, instead of writing away like a newspaper editor? How long do you expect I am going to sit here with my mouth wide open?"

"Just one moment more, please, madam," replied the doctor; "I only wanted you to keep still long enough so that I could write this prescription."

He Announced His Intentions.

A young man and his lady-love attended a protracted meeting which was being held in the village church. Arriving late they found the church filled, but a gentleman arose and gave the

Party," and that each person was expected to propound at least one conundrum of his own devising.

When his turn came he asked to be excused until later in the evening, saying that he must have time to think up a good one. So he was passed over until the very last, when the master of ceremonies asked him if he were ready.

"I am," he said. "Why is this conundrum like the first meal you eat on your first trip across the ocean?"

And when everybody said they would give it up he said that was the answer.

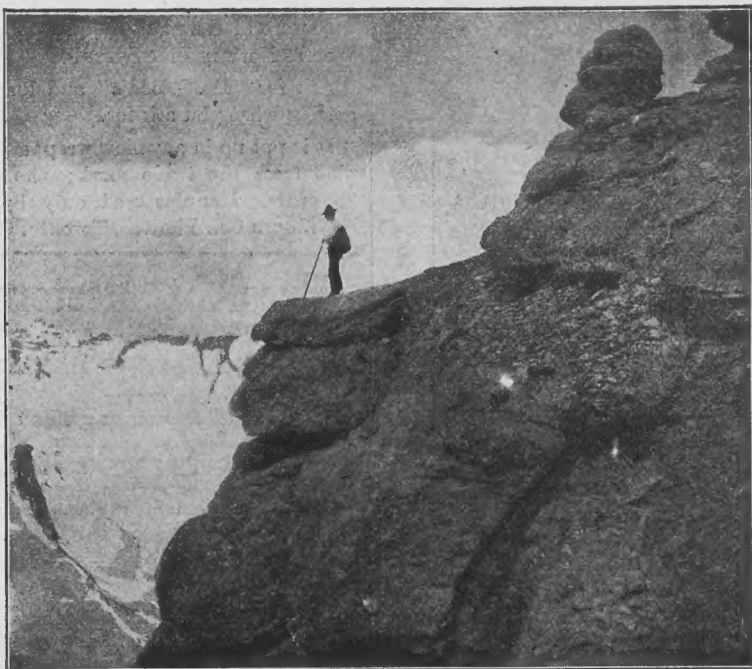
More than he Bargained For.

"Madam," said a nervous passenger to the mother of a howling imp in the express train, "is there anything any of us can do to pacify your little boy?"

"Oh, thank you, yes," said the mother of the spoiled child. "You see the dear little pet just wants to throw his jam tart at the passengers, and I was afraid they wouldn't like it. Please to stand where you are. Now, stop crying, darling. This kind gentleman wants to play with you."

Billy Made a Guess at It.

Having arranged with his wife to make a long-promised call a faithful



—[Photo "Canadian Alpine Club Journal, 1910." Donald Philips on Mt. Robson at Altitude, 12,000.]

lady his seat, while the young man was ushered far away to a seat in another part of the building.

The service grew warm and impressive.

"Will those who want our prayers please stand up?" said the preacher.

At this juncture the young man thought it was getting late and he would get his sweetheart and go home, but not just knowing where she sat he rose to his feet and looked over the audience.

The minister, mistaking his intentions, asked: "Young man, are you seeking salvation?"

To which the young man responded: "At present I am seeking Sal Jackson!"

Too Far Back for Him.

Tommy had been punished. "Mamma," he sobbed, "did your mamma whip you when you were little?"

"Yes, when I was naughty."

"And did her mamma whip her when she was little?"

"Yes, Tommy."

"And was she whipped when she was little?"

"Yes."

"Well, who started the darned thing, anyway?"

His Conundrum.

The young man had been invited to attend a church social, and when he arrived he found it was a "Conundrum

husband arrived home in the afternoon only to find his better half out and no message left to explain her absence.

Finally the husband inquired of their trusted handy man.

"Oh, Billy," he said, "can you tell me anything of my wife's whereabouts?"

"Well, I don't know, sir," said Billy, respectfully, "But I suppose they're in the wash."

No Trouble at All.

When the young man who sold chickens, cleaned and dressed, called one morning on his usual rounds, says the Boston Herald, the young housekeeper who was about to buy remarked:

"I should think you would hate to cut off the heads of those poor chickens."

"I do," replied the man, "but I manage to get around that pretty well."

"How?" asked the tender-hearted purchaser.

"Chop the chickens off," was the reply.

Silenced.

A worthy monk riding on a donkey along a country road was overtaken by a young man mounted on horseback, who, thinking to have a joke at the expense of the old man, said:

"Good morning, father! How goes the ass?"

The monk at once replied: "On horseback, my son."

The joker collapsed.

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BI-CENTENARY 1910

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Let Me Tell You How to Regain All Your Old Vim, Vigor and Manly Strength. Be a "Health Belt Man;" Feel Young for Balance of Your Life. Age Doesn't Count if You Have the Vitality.



"I could shout for joy. After years of suffering and debility, your wonderful Health Belt cured me. I am a man again. Use my name as you see fit."

C. SIMPSON,
Pilot Mound, Man.

Perpetual youth. That is precisely what I mean. I say as man to man give my Health Belt a reasonable chance, and it will carry you through any business, mental or physical strain you may be under. It doesn't stimulate; it simply adds the electrotonic element to your bone, nerves, tissue and blood; all the force and strength which has been drained from your system by some earlier indiscretion. My Health Belt is essentially a strength giver. It overcomes the private symptoms of weakness in men which sap the vitality. If you are nervous and lack manly vigor, you are passing away thousands of brain cells every day. Ask your physician if this is not true. I stop this awful, weakening process. You wear my Health Belt nights; while sleeping a great stream of soft electricity passes into your body at the small of the back; it cures backache in one application; you feel better immediately; inside of an hour; two months will make a new man of you. No drugs; no privations; no restrictions except that you must give up all dissipation. Let me restore your vitality and you will be able to face the world with new ambitions. The Health Belt cures other ailments, too. A positive remedy for rheumatism in any part of the body, sciatica, lumbago, kidney, liver, stomach disorders.

Special attachments furnished, and worn by women as well as men.



Let Me Send You These Two Books FREE

They fully describe my Health Belt and contain much valuable information. One is called "Health in Nature," and deals with various ailments common to both men and women, such as rheumatism, kidney, liver, stomach, bladder disorders. The other, "Strength," is a private treatise for men only. Both sent upon application, free, sealed, by mail.

If in or near this city, take the time to drop in at my office that you may see, examine and try the Belt. If you cannot call, fill in the coupon and get the free booklets by return mail. It is better than a fortune for any one needing new vigor.

Dr. W. A. Sanden, 140 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

Dear Sir: Please forward me your Book as advertised, free.

NAME

ADDRESS

When purchasing from Western Home Monthly advertisers, be sure and mention the paper.

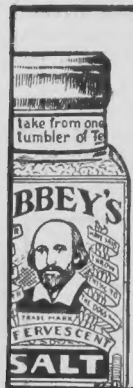


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Old Dutch Cleanser

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Folling His Impulses.

A well-known preacher in the Irish church is justly famed for his eloquence. Particularly does he shine in this respect when he is making an appeal for any charitable object. Recently two country tradesmen went to hear him and on their way home were comparing notes.

"Man, Bradley," said one, "that was a grand discourse entirely! Oi cudn't help giving half-a-crown at the collection."

"Well, yez see," replied Bradley, "Oi hed the advantage ave ye this toime, fur Oi've heard him afore. Whin I was puttin' on me Sunday clothes, shure Oi left everything out ave me pocket but wan sixpence. Man, he has a powerful way wid him altogether!"

Fully Reciprocated.

In a national school near Ballybeg the principal ruled his pupils with a rod of iron. Although a really good teacher, he was somewhat harsh in his punishments and rarely appeared to have a due appreciation of youthful spirits. One day he had occasion to reprimand some senior boys for unseemly conduct and ended his remarks—

"Owen Girvan, you are a worthless lad, and there is a bad end before you; I am glad that I'm not your father."

"Yer nawt half as glad as Oi am, sorr!" was Owen's undutiful reply.



—[Photo "Canadian Alpine Club Journal, 1910."
—Mount Purty. Showing Battle Pass on extreme left.

A Pluralist.

Upon his accession to the throne the Emperor of Russia was appointed Colonel-in-chief of the Royal Scots Greys. Whilst dressing for dinner an enthusiastic subaltern communicated the information to his servant.

"Donald," he said, "have you heard that the new Emperor of Russia has been appointed colonel of the regiment?"

"Indeed, sir!" replied Donald. "It's a vera prood thing." Then, after a pause, he inquired—"Beg pardon, sir, but will he be able to keep both places?"

Their Power was Limited.

"Your cousin's medical practice, I suppose, is not very extensive as yet?"

"No, I am sorry to say. We relatives do all we can, but, of course, we can't be ill all the time!"

A Sceptic.

Elsie: "Melville is very great on platonic friendship, you know. He says he shall never marry."

Maud: "Oh, I used to know a man who said that, too."

Elsie: "Did you? Where is he now?"

Maud: "Upstairs—playing horse with baby."

A Rara Avis.

Recently a motor-car ran down and killed a hen. The driver, a conscientious man, instead of racing along unmindful of the owner of the hen, immediately stopped, got out, tenderly picked up the fowl, and rang the bell at a farmhouse near. A woman opened the door.

"I am very sorry to inform you," remarked the motor-man, "that I have unintentionally killed this hen of yours." He held the fowl up to her view. "Now I am quite willing to pay the value—" "Oh, I'm so much obliged to you!" interrupted the woman. "I have been trying to catch that bird for three days to cook it for dinner, and I never could so much as lay a hand the thing. Thank you, sir, thank you!"

"If She Had Only Known!"

An amusing reminiscence of the experiences of the King when, as Prince of Wales, he hunted with the Pytchley forty-six years ago has been recalled. After a good gallop in the crisp, wintry air the Prince accompanied by the Master, Earl Spencer, passed by Holdenby Lodge, a farmhouse, where the good-wife was preparing the mid-day meal. The appetizing smell of beefsteak and onions was filling the air as the Prince and Earl rode up. They entered the yard and Earl Spencer said to the landlady, who was unaware of the Prince's identity, "My friend here has been attracted by the savory aroma of your cooking, and fancies a taste of it."

"With pleasure, my lord!" said the landlady. "Ask him in and we will soon have it ready."

They were ushered into the kitchen and sat on the homely chairs. The cloth was laid and the farmer was called in.

Caught a Cold Which Ended in a Severe Attack of Pneumonia.

Too much stress cannot be laid on the fact that when a person catches cold it must be attended to immediately, or serious results are liable to follow.

Bronchitis, Pneumonia and Consumption are all caused by neglecting to cure the simple cold.

Mrs. G. W. Bowman, Pattullo, Ont., writes:—"Three years ago I caught a cold which ended in a severe attack of Pneumonia. Since that time at the beginning of each winter I seem to catch cold very easily. I have been so hoarse I was unable to speak loud enough to be heard across the room. Last winter, however, a friend advised me to try Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, saying it had helped her. I bought a bottle and before it was half used I was completely cured. I also find it a good medicine for the children when they have colds."

Beware of the many imitations of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup.

Ask for "Dr. Wood's" and insist on getting what you ask for.

It is put up in a yellow wrapper; three pine trees the trade mark; the price, 25 cents. Manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Eyesight Restored

Eye-glasses May be Abandoned

A Wonderful Discovery That Corrects Afflictions of the Eye Without Cutting or Drugging.

There is no need of cutting, drugging or probing the eye for the relief of most forms of disease, as a new method—the Actina treatment—has been discovered, which eliminates the necessity of former torturous methods. There is no risk or necessity of experiment, as many people report having been cured of failing eyesight, cataracts, granulated lids and other afflictions of the eye, after being pronounced incurable.

F. W. Brooks, Bauchene, P. Q., Canada, writes: "Owing to having severely strained my eyes writing and checking at night, my eyes became very painful, and I could not bear the light. After using 'Actina' less than four months, I can read and write as well as ever."

Amauda G. Dumphy, Narhwaak Village N. B., Canada, writes: "I have used 'Actina' as directed and I can truly say it has done more for my eyes than I expected. I wore glasses for five years and suffered much pain. Since using 'Actina' I can sew or read without glasses and my eyes do not pain me."

Mr. Harry E. Hendryx, Whitneyville, Conn., writes: "One of the leading eye professors told my wife that she would never see with her left eye again. But Actina has restored the sight, and it is now as good as the right one."

Hundreds of other testimonials will be sent on application. "Actina" is purely a home treatment, and is easily used. It will be sent on trial, post paid. If you will send your name and address to the Actina Appliance Co., Dept. 848, 811 Walnut St., Kansas City, Mo., you will receive, absolutely free, a valuable book—Prof. Wilson's Treatise on Disease.

BETTER THAN SPANKING.

Spanking does not cure children of bed-wetting. There is a constitutional cause for this trouble. Mrs. M. Summers, Box W. 86, Windsor, Ont., will send free to any mother her successful home treatment with full instructions. Send no money but write her today if your children trouble you in this way. Don't blame the child, the chances are it can't help it. This treatment also cures adults and aged persons troubled with urine difficulties by day or night.

He put some ale upon the table, of which the Prince took a draught, and he tasted of the beefsteak and onions. As they rose to leave the Prince whispered to the Earl that he might introduce the landlady to him, and as he did so she was so amazed at entertaining England's future ruler unawares that all she could stammer out was, "Oh, dear! If I had only known I would have had the knives cleaned!"

Metaphorical Murder.

"I wonder why time is said to fly?" "Probably it is because so many people are trying to kill it!"

Remarkable Generosity.

"You say O'Hannagan leaves the Orphans' Home a large legacy?"

"Bedad, it's purty large."

"How much?"

"Twelve children and a goat, be-gorra!"

Theory and Practice.

"Do you desire my professional advice?" said a doctor to a seedy looking visitor.

"I merely desire confirmation of a pet notion of mine that thorough mastication is essential to digestion?"

"Certainly it is!"

"Exactly! I am glad to find we are in agreement! Perhaps you could spare me a shilling? I'd like to put our admirable theory into practice!"

Deception one can not see through.—A glass eye.

Why Tudhope's Selected for Canada the "EVERITT"

We Needed a Car

In our 60 years of building horse vehicles, pressure from our customers demanded that the Tudhopes produce in Canada a horseless vehicle—a motor car—which would be in that field of transportation as superior as the various Tudhope horse-drawn vehicles are in theirs.

We wanted an ideal car at a low price—a car that would be handsome, comfortable, safe, efficient, simple and strong. This would answer the demands on us.

Points? Cost? Worth?

After months of searching, testing, judging and comparing, we decided that the car for Canada was the "Everitt."

We had to get a car that would stand Canadian roads without breakdown, would have a high clearance for the roughest roads, would have a staunch simple motor that wouldn't break down twenty miles from anywhere, would be operated and fixed easily by the owner himself. This car had to be comfortable under all conditions—light enough to be easy on tires. We found cars that nearly met these demands, but with selling prices high above fair intrinsic values. Slow methods of making and costly experiments made these high prices. We would avoid them for Canada. We would cut out the experiments and slow factory methods, and give a car the equal of cars usually sold at \$2,500.

Same price as
in U.S.

\$1,450

Two Years'
Guarantee

With Extra Tire and Special Equipment

You Pay EXACTLY U.S. Prices

Canadians are not charged \$250 to \$400 over American prices in the "Everitt" car. The cost of the "Everitt" with extra tire and special Canadian equipment in the U.S. is \$1,450. The Canadian special equipment costs extra there—is not furnished in the United States—is furnished in Canada. \$100 extra is charged in the United States for the extra tire and special equipment that come with the Canadian "Everitt."

You pay the same price here as in the United States—no "duty" to add—no extra cost.

How Simple The Motor Is

The motor is simple in other ways, too. The oiling, for instance, is automatic. All four connecting-rod bearings dip in the bottom half of the crank-shaft housing. This is like a dish, with oil in it.

The bearings dash into this oil each revolution. They oil themselves. The splash oils the pistons, and the pistons oil the cylinders. The splash also oils the crank-shaft bearings, the cam-shaft, the cams, the push-rods. You personally need have only one care—to fill the oil chamber.

Power At The Tires

The power transmission in the "Everitt" is "flexible." We mean by that that the motor, clutch, shaft and speed-gear box, leading to the rear-axle drive, have "give and take" in them. If a rear wheel rises over a rock in the road, the axle tilts, the gear box and shaft rise slightly, the clutch accommodates itself—there isn't an ounce of strain on motor, shafting, tire and wheel.

To show how much power the "Everitt" can really get to the rear tires, we use only two universal joints, just behind the clutch. Universal joints consume power as they are out of line. In the "Everitt," unlike many shaft-drive machines, the transmission gears are placed at the rear axle, doing away with one universal joint. The clutch and its universal joints are at the far end of the propeller shaft, where the movement is least. Minimum universal joint movement is in this design. Little power is lost. It means speed, and little strain on motor, shaft or rear axle. It is almost the only way to build a car for the roughest roads in Canada.

Big Wheels, Wide Bodies, Low Hung Car

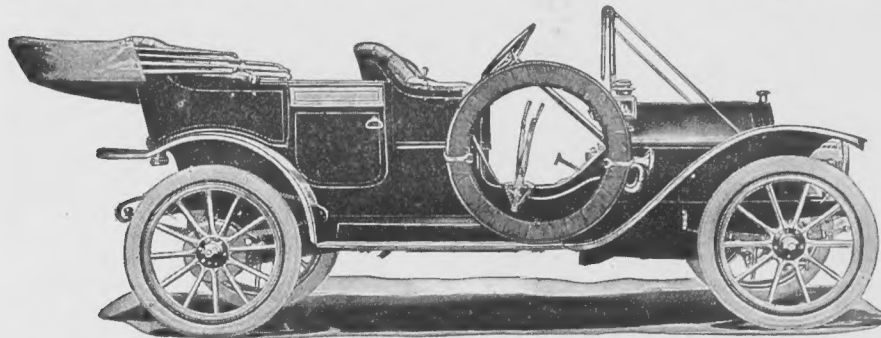
We wanted the "Everitt" to be far ahead of anything ever offered either in Canada or the United States. The "Everitt" has 34-inch wheels. You find such construction only in \$3,000 models and higher.

Rear seats are extra wide, easily taking 3 passengers. This is a luxurious feature. All upholstery is hand-buffed leather—a feature not to be looked for in cars under \$3,500. Long wheel base and short-turning features make an easily handled car. The double-drop "Everitt" frame permits a low centre of gravity, pulling the load close to the ground, preventing skidding, at the same time permitting 11½ in. road clearance.

We Meet High-Price Standards

Jigs and fixtures both standardize and lower cost. "Everitt" cost savings allow us to use 3½% nickel steel. This gives you \$4,000 car material in a \$1,450-machine.

We meet high-price car standards in essential points. Cars at as high as \$3,000 offer no more than the "Everitt" \$1,450.



"EVERITT" STANDARD TOURING 1911 MODEL, \$1,450

Double-drop frame, 110 in. wheel base, 56-in. gauge, 34 in. wheels, 3½ in. tires, universal rims, internal and external brakes on rear wheels, Bosch high-tension magneto, improved adjustable cone clutch, selective speeds, 3 forward, 1 reverse. Motor: 4 cylinder, 4 cycle, long stroke on block, 4 in. x 4½, self-lubricating. Equipment: magneto, horn, 5 gas and oil lamps, generator, extra tire, tire cover, brackets, foot-rest, robe-rail, shock absorbers and tool kit. (Mohair top, dust cover and windshield, \$125.00 extra.) F.O.B., Orillia.

Yet, though we gave \$2,500 value, as understood in quality and perfection, we aimed to make the price \$2,000 or less. The problem was first one of design, then one of manufacturing methods.

We Sought "High-Price" Standards

In our search we planned to make a car that in material, design and wearing quality would be a de luxe car. This meant using 3½% nickel steel in transmission gears, for instance, getting Bosch magnetos, large wheels, and other "high price" details. It had to be a long-stroke, large-capacity, four-cycle engine, simple and long-wearing. We wanted our car to be consistently good, through and through.

Jigs and Tools

These things added to car value immensely—made the car better. But they also added to cost. Could manufacturing cost—labor cost and material—be reduced, and how? We found they could be by using "jigs." "Jigs" are glass-hard metal fixtures. These hold each automobile part absolutely true while being made. They guide drills, planers, and other machines working up these parts to plane, drill, etc., exactly right. These parts must not vary 1-1000th of an inch, are always absolutely true. A jig is a rigid, exact guide that forces absolute accuracy of work, so no pieces are spoiled, no pieces are imperfect, no pieces vary, no labor-time is lost, no time is consumed in adjustment.

The first cost is great. The labor-saving is immense. The speed of production is tremendous, once work is started, after jigs are made.

We Find How To Give Canada Car Value

This was the new way to make automobiles. The old way was to make pieces roughly by working drawings, assemble these pieces, and fit them together by slow and laborious processes, and slowly turn out a few cars at a high cost per car.

The design of the car being correct, the car we would give Canada would be a "jig" car. We could turn out a hundred such cars at the labor cost of turning out a score of cars made the ordinary way, and fitted together. This reduced cost. It gave value. It gave room for value in materials—in the quality of metals used.

If we could get such a car, we could give Canada the greatest value known in car manufacturing. We could reduce the price. We could entirely make such a car in Canada, having its "jigs" already designed for us.

This is something new in Canada—making a car entirely from "jigs."

We Find The Car

Lack of "jigs" for making such a car as we wanted cut out many cars. Finally we found the "Everitt" a car of perfect design for Canadian roads, with 782 special jigs to build it by. Experiments on both car and jigs were avoided.

Our search was ended. We selected the "Everitt." It was right. It met Canadian needs, the Canadian market price, the substantiality and accommodation needed to give a "consistent" car. We took the car itself. We erected a special factory. We built the 782 special fixtures, duplicates of the Detroit fixtures. The "Everitt" car has behind it all the advantages of fifteen years' automobile design, and of modern making, without the cost of experimental work. By doing this we make in Canada, entirely out of Canadian raw material, a car with \$2,400 value and \$3,000 quality in bearings, etc., at \$1,450.

Equipment Complete

We equip the "Everitt" to be a complete car at \$1,450.

You don't have to spend \$100 to \$200 extra after you get your machine.

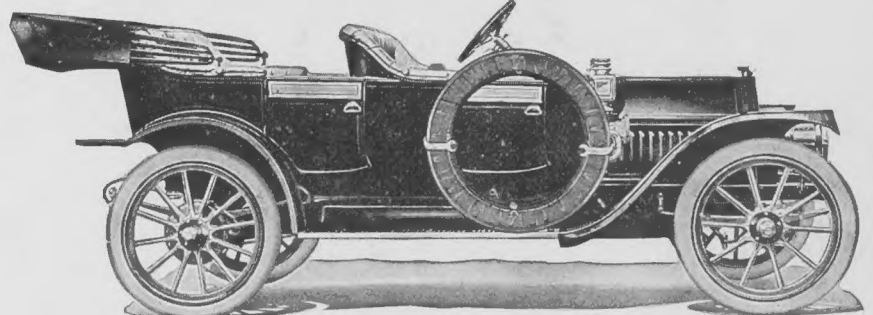
A complete extra tire, with brackets and cover, is included.

Set of 5 lamps and gas generator are included.

Shock absorbers on rear springs are regular equipment. Robe-rail and foot-rest are regular equipment.

The "Everitt" is a complete car at \$1,450 "as is." No other car approaches it.

This regular equipment is the most liberal and complete ever offered.



"EVERITT" FORE DOOR TOURING 1911 MODEL, \$1,500

Double-drop frame, 110 in. wheel base, 56-in. gauge, 34 in. wheels, 3½ in. tires, universal rims, internal and external brakes on rear wheels, Bosch high-tension magneto, improved adjustable cone clutch, selective speeds, 3 forward, 1 reverse. Motor: 4 cylinder, 4 cycle, long stroke on block, 4 in. x 4½, self-lubricating. Equipment: magneto, horn, 5 gas and oil lamps, generator, extra tire, tire cover, brackets, foot-rest, robe-rail, shock absorbers and tool kit. (Mohair top, dust cover and windshield, \$125.00 extra.) F.O.B., Orillia.

The "Everitt" — Two Years' Guarantee

5 Models

"Everitt" Chassis—the mechanical part of the car, engine and framework—is identical for the following models which we will make in Canada for 1911.

The 5-PASSENGER TOURING model will be beautiful finish and design. The FORE-DOOR TOURING Model with 5-passenger body, inside control.

The DEMI-TONNEAU Model, with detachable tonneau, transforms the car as desired to a two-passenger roadster.

The TORPEDO ROADSTER Model will have gasoline tank behind driver's seat. The LIGHT DELIVERY Model conforms in general lines to the best standards.

Perfect Motor

Four-cylinder, 4-cycle, long-stroke motor has cylinders, valve chambers, valve seats, magneto and pump, and upper half of crank-case and seats for upper half of crank-shaft bearings, cam-shaft bearings and push-rod bearings in one piece.

This prevents racking of motor and lost motion between parts. Motor has long life.

CAMS are large, lessening wear by doubling area of frictional contact, and giving long life to cam-shaft and motor, with perfect valve action at all times.

CRANK-SHAFT. Drop forging, 2½ in. throw, 4½ in. stroke; 3 nickel babbit die-cast bearings.

CAM-SHAFT. Drop forging, 1½ in. diameter, cam forged integral. VALVES. Operated by push-rods leading through upper half of crank-case to valve stems. All valves on left side of motor.

CARBURETOR. Special "Everitt" design, on right side of motor.

SPLASH OILING. Lower half of crank-case is an oil container, and auxiliary oil reservoir, vacuum type, keeps oil at constant level.

LOWER HALF OF CRANK-CASE is aluminum, and by removal gives access to all parts of motor individually.

PUMP. Centrifugal, gear-driven. BOSCH MAGNETO. High-tension duplex model, driven by pump shaft.

BATTERY ignition in reserve.

TAKE DOWN SIMPLICITY. All parts of "Everitt" 4-cylinder engine accessible to owner for inspection or adjustment by removing lower-half of crank-shaft housing with 16 bolts. Any piston, connecting rod, valve, etc., may be removed without disturbing any

other part or disturbing timing. Replacements absolutely true to gauge, all parts being standardized.

CONE CLUTCH of aluminum with bulging facings of chrome-laned leather to prevent clutch gripping suddenly.

STEERING. Worm and sector type, with knuckle protected by front axle; 17 in. wheel, with throttle and spark levers on sector below wheel.

FRAME. Double-drop type, giving low centre of gravity, 11½ in. clearance. Best channel steel side members, 1½ x 4 in.

SPRINGS. 36 in. semi-elliptic at front, and 40 in. full scroll elliptic at rear.

FRONT AXLE 1-beam drop forging with drop between springs.

REAR AXLE and TRANSMISSION incorporated in one unit.

REAR AXLE SHAFTS encased in seamless steel tubing.

BRAKES. 2 sets on rear hubs—internal expanding and external contracting.

CONTROL. Gear shifting lever and brake lever at driver's seat. Direct pull on all gear and brake rods beneath body of car. Service brake operated by push-pedal.

CAR LUBRICATION by dope and oiling devices, requiring little attention and easy of access.

Ultra Class Features

These are not found in cars that class with or near the \$1,450 "Everitt" in price.

Large 34-in. wheels.

Large brake capacity.

Nickel-steel transmission gears. All parts standardized to within 1-1000th inch.

Long-stroke motor.

Motor simplicity.

Wide rear seats.

Two Years' Guarantee

The "Everitt" is made throughout from the best materials and entirely manufactured with "jigs," by which all parts are interchangeable and an absolute fit without machining or hand work.

On the "Everitt" car this ex-

trême quality and perfection of design enables the makers to offer a guarantee of two years—12 times as long a guarantee as on ordinary cars.

Comfort Devices

DEEP UPHOLSTERING on all seats, doors padded. Upholstering best hand-buffed leather, straps on seat.

SHOCK ABSORBERS supplied on "Everitt" car as regular equipment.

LOW HUNG BODY gives low centre of gravity, but double-drop frame gives high road clearance of 11½ inches.

SPRING equipment, full scroll elliptic springs at rear.

DOUBLE-DROP FRAME allows "Everitt" to accommodate itself to road inequalities.

LONG-STROKE MOTOR reduces motor vibration, found in no other \$1,450 cars.

LARGE WHEELS reduce road shocks by bridging ruts.

STEERING COLUMN set at comfortable angle—avoids shoulder strain.

Large 17-in. wheel.

DOORS open 90 degrees, giving easy access to car.

INTERNAL BRAKE RODS leave running board clear, no tripping.

GASOLINE GAUGE at footboard shows amount in tank without trouble.

Deliveries

The "Everitt" car, being made by means of 782 special "jigs," templates, fixtures, etc., as explained, not only has individual parts made very rapidly, but many of the smaller parts are made on automatic machines.

This speed in making absolutely standard parts that are interchangeable from one "Everitt" car to another means easy and early commencement of "setting up."

Unlike cars made by old methods, building an "Everitt" car from its parts simply means joining by their proper bolts and other attachments pieces that are already true, and a perfect fit.

This means deliveries.

"Everitt" cars will be finished and ready on delivery dates promised.

An Owner's Car

In considering a car purchase, remember that the "Everitt" is entirely Canadian-made. It is consistent, reliable, made of as few pieces as possible, especially the motor. You get with your "Everitt" a complete equipment.

You can operate the car and do all the inspection it needs, all the adjusting, all the minor attentions it may need. You do not necessarily need either a chauffeur or a machinist. It is an owner's car in every sense.

The \$1,450 you pay for your "Everitt" with its extra tire, and other regular equipment, means an absolutely complete purchase at the same price you would pay in the United States for the car and its Canadian equipment. Without this equipment you would be compelled to purchase a similar equipment, in purchasing any car. This is explained in the catalogue.

Two Years' Guarantee

In place of a 60-day guarantee, the "Everitt" car is guaranteed for two years. This is possible because each part is inspected many times during the process of making, and each part that is finally put into stock, is a perfect part.

This means to you ample time to bring out any flaws in the material of the car that may have escaped inspection. It means that the Tudhopes stand behind the car.

Tudhope, Anderson & Co.
Western Showrooms
Winnipeg Calgary Saskatoon Regina

TUDHOPE

MOTOR COMPANY, LIMITED

ORILLIA

Tudhope, Anderson & Co.
Western Showrooms
Winnipeg Calgary Saskatoon Regina

Write
for
Catalogue 14

Agency Applications being Received and Territorial Allotments Now being Made for the "Everitt" Car for 1911.



Gently but firmly
INSIST ON

**PURITY
FLOUR**

ALWAYS MAKES
MORE BREAD AND BETTER BREAD
— USE IT —